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Collier's

THE NATIONA Y

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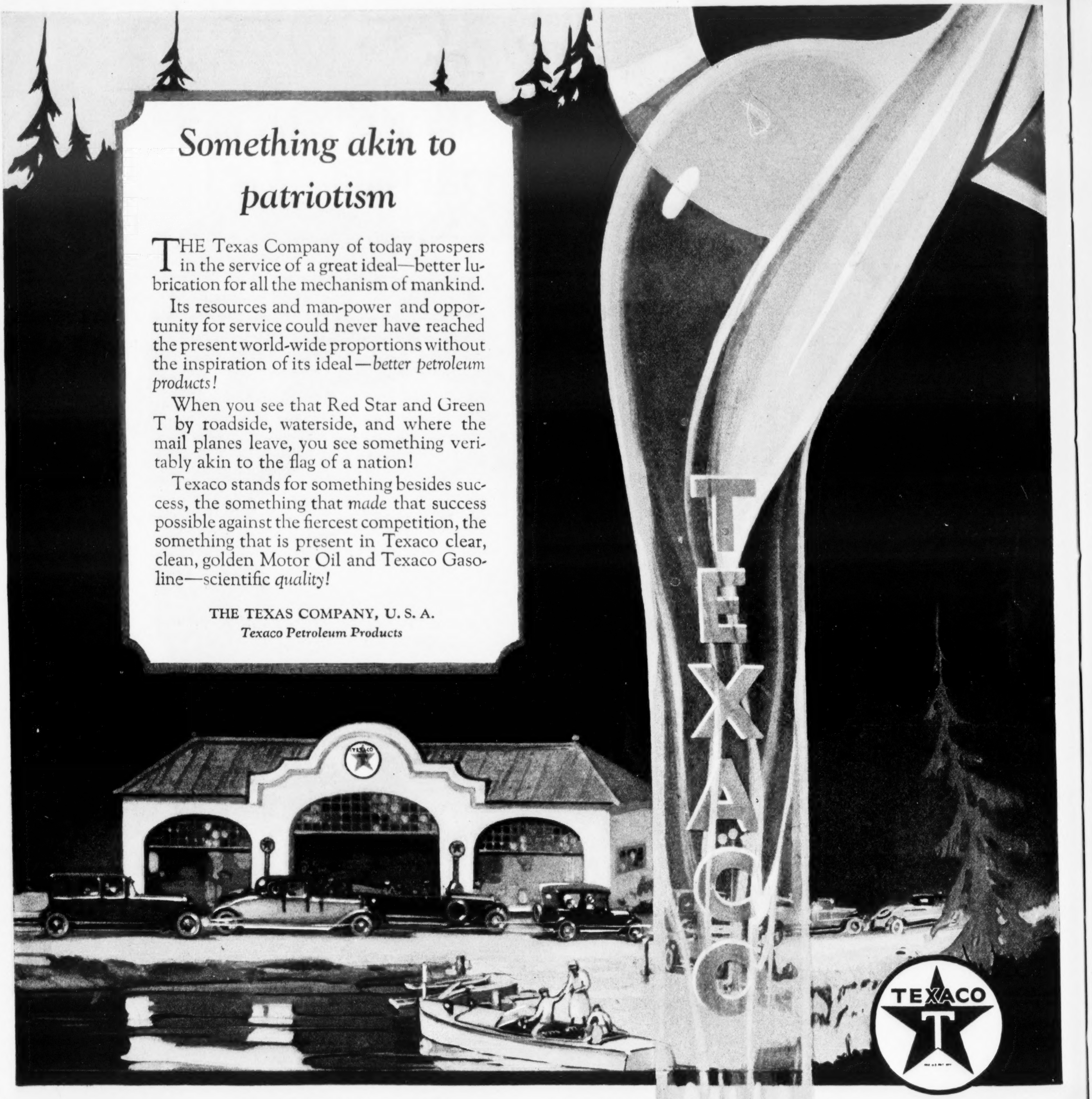

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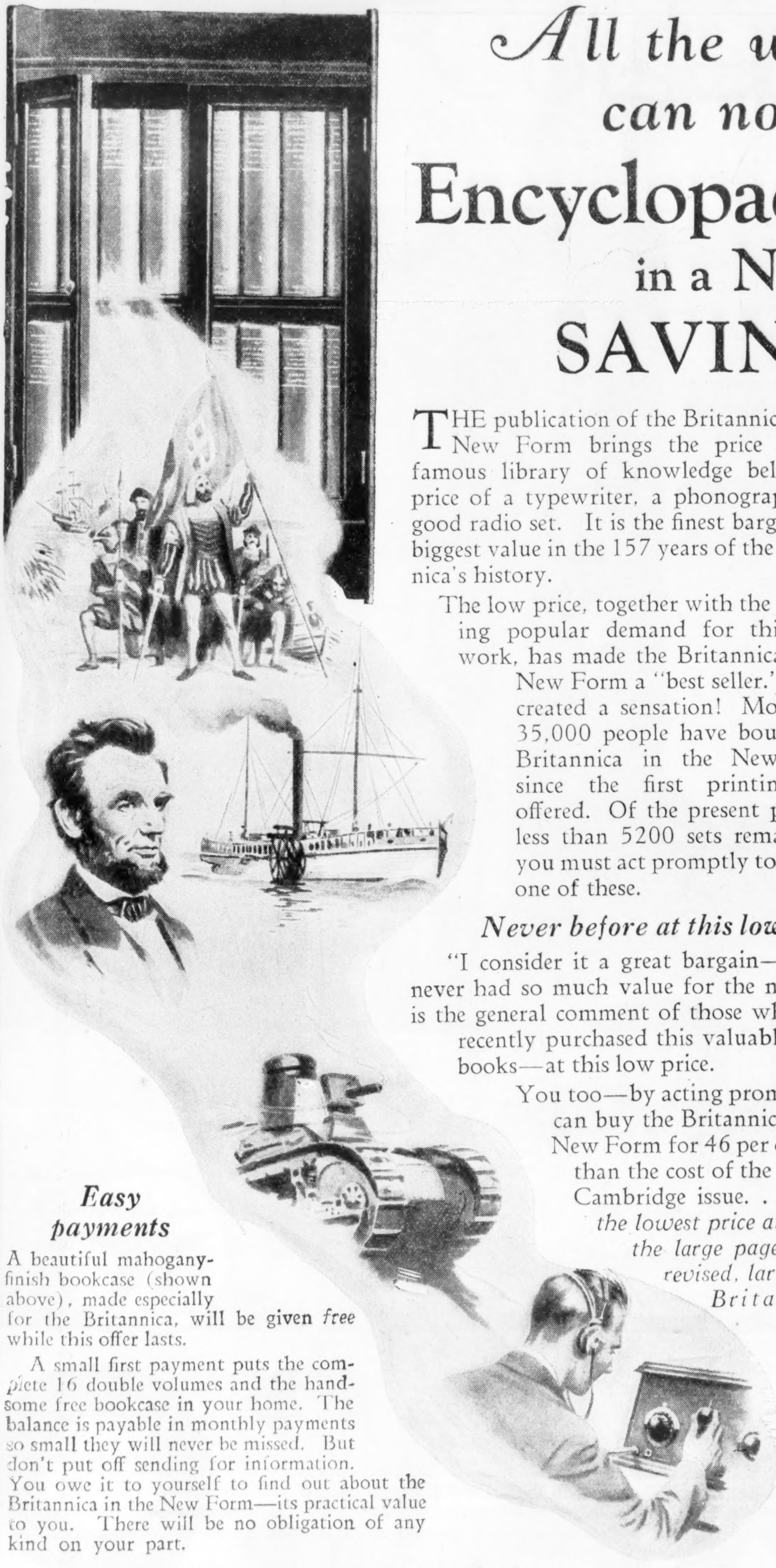

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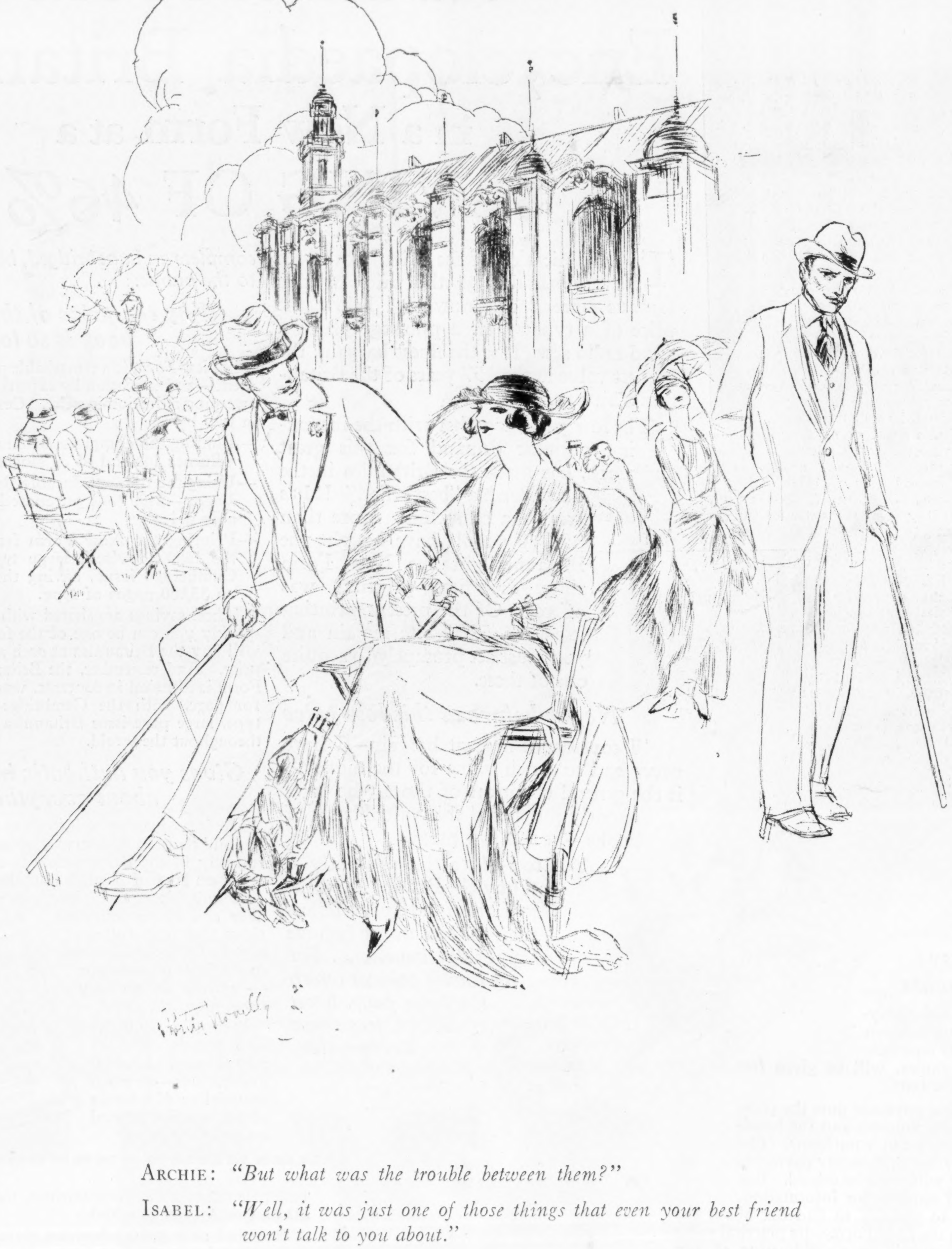

ARCHIE: *"But what was the trouble between them?"*

ISABEL: *"Well, it was just one of those things that even your best friend won't talk to you about."*

Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).

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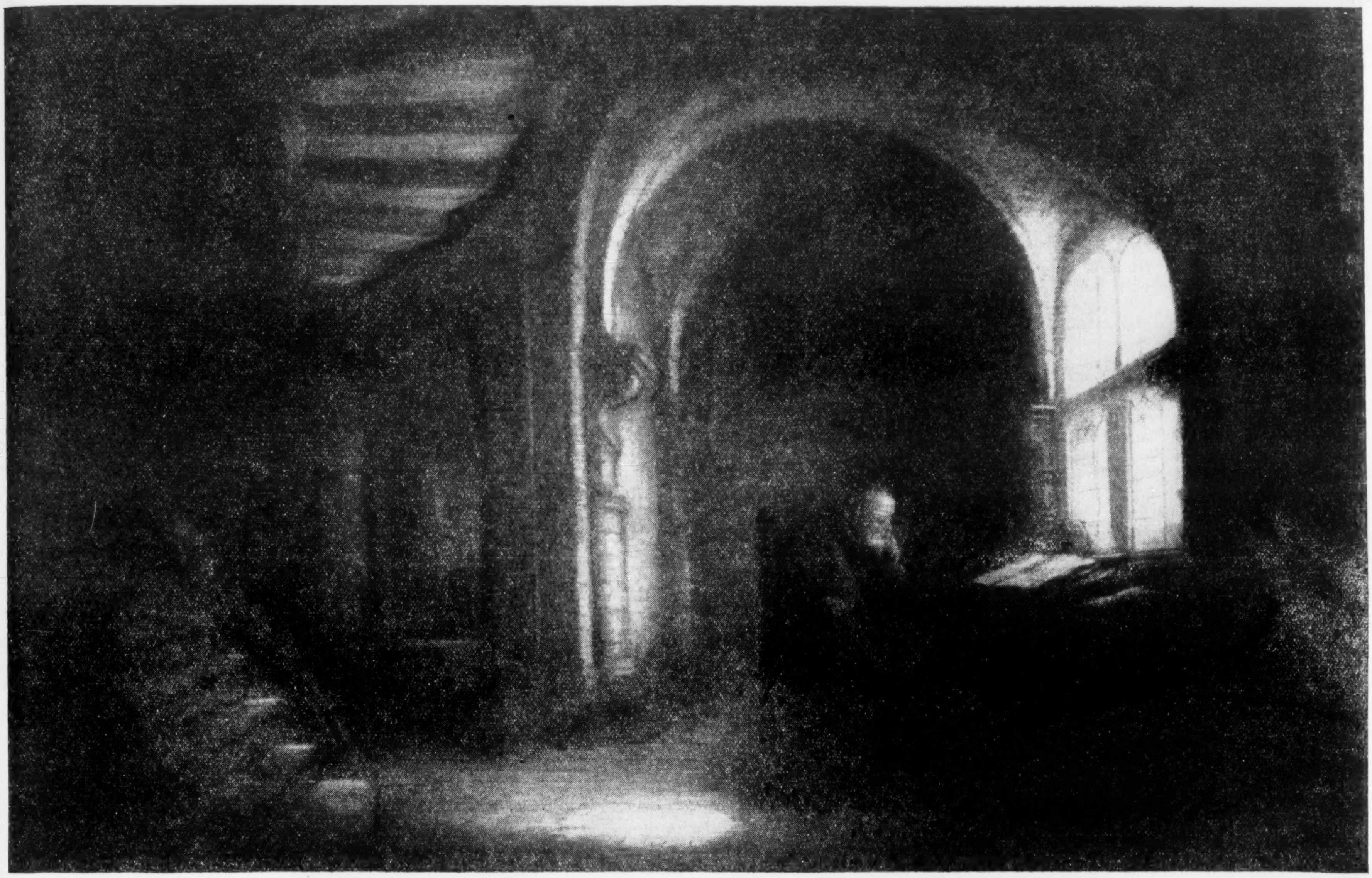


"The Philosopher in Meditation." A famous Rembrandt

A Scientist's God

An interview with
ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN, Ph. D., Sc. D
By
SAMUEL CROWTHER

"I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God," says Dr. Millikan, the distinguished American who was awarded a Nobel Prize for his revolutionary discoveries in electricity. Regardless of what your religious convictions may be you will be interested in this article. Dr. Millikan gives his answer to the question, Is science opposed to religion?

"I CANNOT explain why I am alive rather than dead. Physiologists can tell me a great deal about the mechanical and the chemical processes of my body, but they cannot say why I am alive. But would it not be utterly absurd for me to deny I am alive?

"Our scientific knowledge compared with what we knew a hundred years ago is very great, but compared with what there is to be known it is trivial. The map of the earth used to have on it many great, blank spaces marked 'unexplored.' Now there are very few of them.

Our Chart is Nearly Blank

THE map of science is still a great blank sheet with only here and there a dot to show what has been charted, and the more we investigate the more we see how far we are from any real comprehension of it all and the clearer we see that in the very admission of our ignorance and finiteness we recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being in whom and because of whom we live and move and have our being—a Creator by whatever name we may call Him.

"I am not much concerned as to whether I agree precisely with you in my conception of that Creator or not, for 'Canst thou by searching find out God?'

"Both your conception and mine must in the nature of the case be vague and indefinite.

"Least of all am I disposed to quarrel with the man who spiritualizes nature and says that God is to him the soul of the universe, for spirit, personality and all these abstract conceptions which go with it, like love, duty and beauty, exist for you and for me just as much as do iron, wood and water. They are in every way as real for us as are the physical things which we handle.

"No man, therefore, can picture nature as devoid of these attributes which are a part of your experience and mine, and which you and I know are in nature.

"If you, then, in your conception identify God with nature, you must perforce attribute to Him consciousness and personality or, better, superconsciousness and superpersonality. You cannot possibly synthesize nature and leave out its most outstanding attributes. Nor can you get these potentialities out of nature, no matter how far back you go in time.

"In other words, materialism, as commonly understood, is an altogether absurd and an utterly irrational philosophy, and is indeed so regarded by most thoughtful men.

Thinking is Believing

"WITHOUT attempting, then, to go farther in defining what in the nature of the case in undefinable, let me reassert my conviction that although you may not believe in some particular conception of God which I may try to give expression to, and although it is unquestionably true that many of our conceptions are sometimes childishly anthropomorphic, everyone who is sufficiently in possession of his faculties to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence bows his head in the presence of the Nature, if you will—the God, I prefer to say—who is behind it all and whose attributes are partially revealed to us in it all, so that it pains me as much as it did Kelvin 'to hear crudely atheistic views expressed by men who have never known the deeper side of existence.'

"Let me, then, henceforth use the word God to describe that which is behind the mystery of existence and that which gives meaning to it.

"I think you will not misunderstand me, then, when I say that I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God.

What We Thought We Knew

"HOW little we know about the ultimate nature of things is strikingly shown by the changes in our conceptions which have come about within the past thirty years. When I started my graduate work in 1893 we were very sure that the physical foundations of the world were built with some seventy unchangeable, indestructible elements.

"Also we made a sharp distinction between matter-physics and ether-physics. We believed in the conservation of energy, the conservation of mass, and the conservation of momentum, and we knew exactly how, with the aid of these principles, the universe managed to keep going. But we are much less certain about this now than we were then.

"In 1895 the X-ray came in as an absolutely new phenomenon and then came radio-activity, which has shown us that 'the elements' are not at all ultimate things, that atoms are continually undergoing change, and are not indestructible. It appears now that the electro-magnetic laws no longer hold in the interaction of electrons within atoms. Einstein has concluded that mass and energy are interchangeable terms and we all now agree that the former distinctions between material, electrical and ethereal phenomena must be discarded. And so I am very chary about declaring that our present scientific conceptions and hypotheses are going to last forever, and I am a good deal more chary about making dogmatic denials or affirmations in the field of religion—a field which by general assent lies outside the region in which intellectual knowledge is possible.

"This much I can say with definiteness—namely, that there is no scientific basis for the denial of religion—nor is there in my judgment any excuse for a conflict between science and religion, for their fields are entirely different. Men who know very little of science and men who know very little of religion do indeed get to quarreling, and the onlookers imagine that there is a conflict between science and religion, whereas the conflict is only between two different species of ignorance.

"The first important quarrel of this sort arose over the advancing by Copernicus of his theory that the earth, instead of being a flat plane and the center of the universe, was actually only one of a number of little planets, rotating once a day upon its axis and circling once a year about the sun. Copernicus was a priest—the canon of a cathedral—and he was primarily a religious rather than a scientific man. He knew that the foundations of real religion are not laid where scientific discoveries of any kind can disturb them. He was persecuted, not because he went against the teachings of religion but because under his theory man was not the center of the universe and this was most displeasing news to quite a number of egoists.

"The Christian church, or that part of it which is possessed of intelligence and understanding, no longer has any theological interest either in astronomy or in evolution. These are in fact purely scientific matters about which our ideas necessarily change as our knowledge increases.

"We firmly believed for many years that the sun was merely a white-hot body gradually cooling off. Now we know that if it were merely that it would have cooled off long ago, and we are searching for the source of its continuous supply of heat and are inclined to the belief that it is due to some form of sub-atomic change. Our discoveries in this realm are as revolutionary as were those of Copernicus, but no one thinks of them as anti-religious.

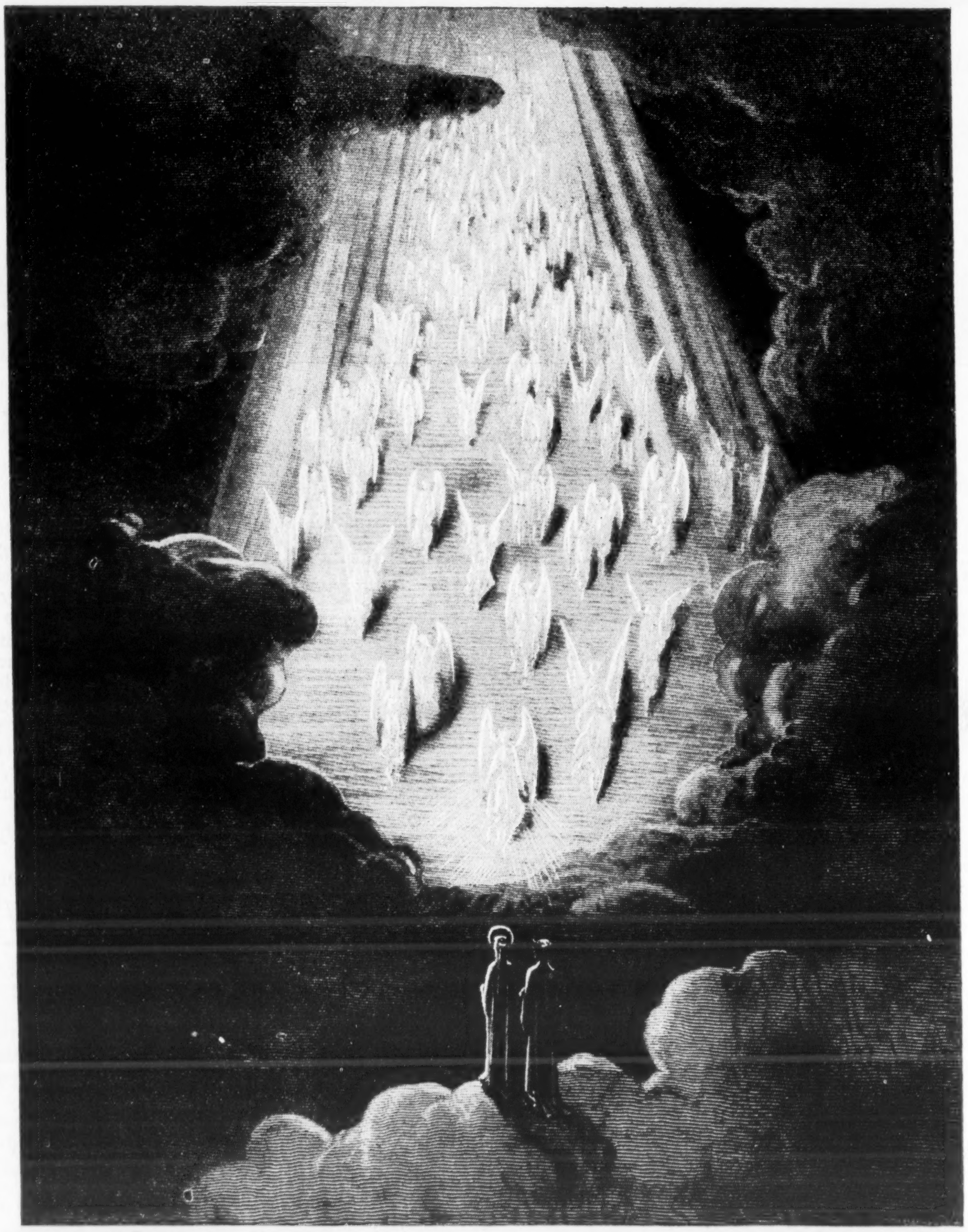
"The impossibility of real science and real religion ever conflicting becomes evident when one examines the purpose of science and the purpose of religion. The purpose of science is to develop without prejudice or preconception of any kind a knowledge of the facts, the laws and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals and the aspirations of mankind.

"Many of our great scientists have actually been men of profound religious convictions and life. Lord Kelvin's estimate of the age of the earth at around a hundred million years did not seem to him or to the church to be in conflict with the first chapters of Genesis. He said:

"'I believe that the more thoroughly science is studied the further does it take us from anything comparable to atheism.' And again: 'If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find it not antagonistic but helpful to religion.'

The Process of the Suns

"TAKE other great scientific leaders—Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, James Clerk-Maxwell, Louis Pasteur. All these men were not only religious men but they were also faithful members of their communions. For the most important thing in the world is a belief in moral and spiritual values—a belief that there is a significance and a meaning to existence—a belief that we are going somewhere! These men could scarcely have been so great had they been lacking in this belief.



A picturesque conception of heaven by Gustave Doré for Dante's Divine Comedy

"And it is because of this belief that men are willing to work and to die for causes. Men and women prefer to die rather than to live in the consciousness of having played the coward, of having failed to play their part worthily in the great scheme of things. It is true that not all men are like that, but I am optimist enough to think that most men are. Why? Simply because most men believe that there is a world scheme, that they are a part of it, that their deaths are going to contribute to its development; in short, because most men believe in God.

"This is the obvious inference from the fact that men are willing to die for a cause. They may not know whether there is a personal immortality for them or not, but they do know with absolute certainty that they live on in memory and in influence; many of them, too, have faith to believe that they live on in consciousness, but in either case they are a part of a plan of development which gives meaning to life. In other words, men who have the stuff in them which makes heroes all believe in God—in a power in the world which makes for righteousness.

"And it is becoming more and more clear that to man himself has been assigned a very large rôle in the scheme of development. The processes of evolution have been enormously accelerated since man became conscious of himself and of his powers. We seem to be approaching, through science, nearer and nearer to the control of our own destinies. We are now building plants and fruits and even animals to our taste. We make drought-resisting wheat and seedless oranges and grapes. We breed cattle and sheep and hogs for the climate they are to live in and for the ends which we wish them to serve. The common laborer in this country receives roughly twenty times the wage of a similar class of laborers in China or India, because science has provided him slaves of iron and steel.

"Through the discovery of radio-activity we have gained a new conception of the universe and of the way matter is behaving. The amount of heat given off from one gram of radium in disintegrating into lead is three hundred thousand times as much as the amount of heat given off in the burning of one gram of coal. There is not enough radium in the world to make the energy derived from it of much practical value, but similar energy must be locked up in other atoms which we have not yet tamed. Somewhere, somehow, it is probable that what we know as the elements are continually forming—that they are being put together somewhere in the laboratories of the stars. Can we learn to control the process? Only research can tell.

"It is not beyond belief that we may some time be able to do in our laboratories what the sun is doing in its laboratory. Then it is conceivable that science could, if given the chance, transform this world within a generation.

"But to what end? Without the moral background of religion, without the spirit of service which is the essence of religion, our new powers will only be the means of our destruction."

Nothing ever happens in town

Suppose, in borrowed, precious trousers, you were setting out for the first reception by Her Parents. Would you evade arrest?

By EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PRESTON

JERRY TINKER balanced himself skillfully on one glistening foot, slid the other into the appropriate leg of his flawless evening trousers, and pulled up. He felt the heel catch, and a sickening sound as of broadcloth ripping smote his ears.

With trembling hands he spread the suspected pantaloons out on the bed and surveyed the damage. It was worse than he had feared. Back of the knee there was a rectangular tear—a hole he could have put his fist through.

Jerry Tinker sank weakly to the bed beside the trousers. He gulped three times in rapid succession. He stated aloud that he would be something he could not possibly have been.

He got up and rolled the trousers into a ball and flung them to the floor with all his might. He yanked the telephone from the table and howled a number at the blandly nasal operator.

The tailor did not answer. Jerry found another in the telephone book and called him, but with the same lack of success. He slapped the receiver back and lighted a cigarette. He paced up and down the room through the clouds of smoke that came from his mouth and nose. He went into the bedroom, untangled the trousers and examined the hole again.

It was just as big as ever. He hurled the garment from him and stalked back to the telephone.

This time he got results.

"Chick," he said in a voice hoarse with emotion, "I've ripped my dress trousers."

"Who is this?" inquired the voice at the other end.

"Jerry. Chick, can you let me have your trousers?"

"What do you mean? Haven't you got two pairs of 'em?" Chick was unsympathetic.

"Dress trousers, Chick. The only decent ones I had. Will you lend me yours?"

"I *will* not. I've got 'em on."

"Oh, come on. Be a good egg!" Jerry's voice cracked with the strain.

"Where do you get that stuff? Do you suppose I put 'em on for exercise? I'm stepping out."

"But this is important. I'm going to dinner at the Gordons'. I'm getting looked over by the parents. This is the big test. . . . Be a good egg! Let me have 'em. Just for to-night."

"Let you have 'em? Do you think I'd look any better than you at dinner in my undies? I tell you mine are occupied."

"But you can get out of it. This dinner I'm going to is the most important dinner in the world!" Harsh laughter came over the wire.

"Run into the dining-room quick and pull the tablecloth around you. Nobody'll ever notice. Good-by." Chick was gone.

Jerry worked the hook up and down and called another number, then another and another. Bill Blair suggested that Jerry had an exceptionally fine pair of legs and that to wear trousers would be to hide his light under a bushel. Harvey Fulton was of the opinion that a man's family-in-law-to-be would be put at ease by a little well-chosen informality. Martin Trask and Vincent Higgins had fanciful remarks for him, but no trousers.

Finally persistence was rewarded: Dud Perry was laid up with a twisted knee and would part with his dress trousers for the evening. Dud Perry was three or four inches shorter than Jerry and considerably bulgier about the middle, but this was no time for choosiness. It was 6:50 and dinner was to be at 7:15 in Eleventh Street. Jerry would have accepted the trousers of a circus midget.

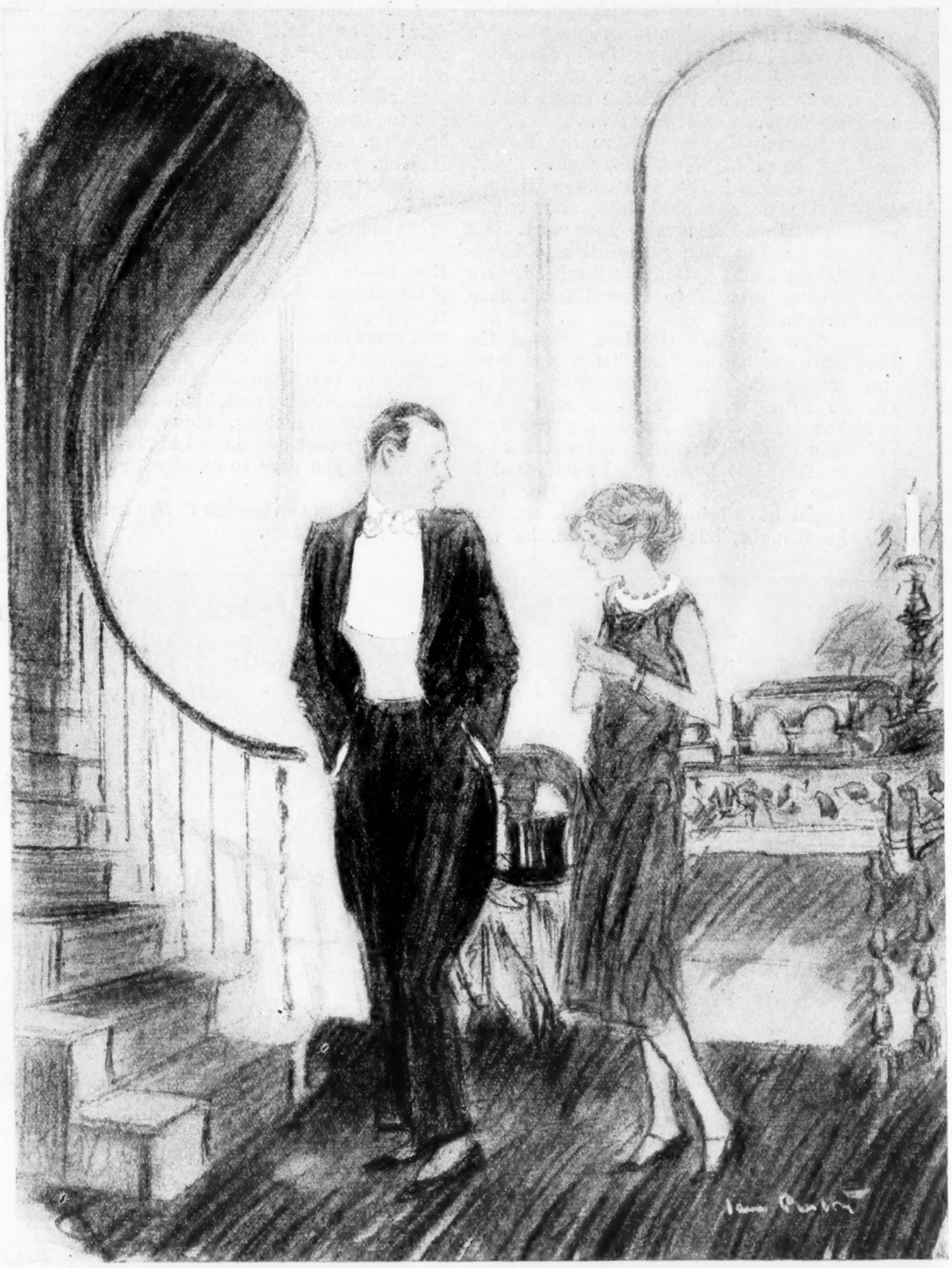
It took perhaps two minutes to get his street clothes on over his dress shirt. Another two to find a taxi. Seven more to get to the hotel in Forty-fifth Street in which his friend lay hors de combat. It was 7:01 when Jerry Tinker burst into Dud Perry's room and 7:07 when he left wearing Dud Perry's evening clothes—in as much haste as their fit permitted. It was 7:11 when he caught a taxi at the corner of Fifth Avenue and got in, urging the driver to go with all possible speed. . . .

Between Forty-fifth Street and the Public Library permit me to explain about Jerry's two engagements, one for dinner that June evening and the other to be married at some later time. Jerry had known Phyllis Gordon through late March, April and May, which in itself was dangerous. Phyllis was small and dark and smooth to the eye and to the touch, which was much more dangerous. Jerry had asked Phyllis to marry him and Phyllis had referred him to her father, largely as a matter of curiosity. Her father had invited Jerry to dinner to meet Mrs. Gordon.

Add to that the facts that Phyllis' father was notorious in upper legal strata for being an Old Crab; that he always insisted on beginning dinner on time, whether the guests had arrived or not; that he believed the first attribute of a worth-while young man to be Punctuality; and that Phyllis had mentioned all of these facts more or less pointedly to Jerry—and you have all the background you need. Now go on with the story.

As the taxi crossed Forty-second Street Jerry observed that the traffic tower clock showed 7:13. He opened the little front window and howled for more speed. He mentioned double fares and enormous tips as bonuses for celerity. He was eloquent in his plea.

And effective. The driver was so intrigued that he forgot everything but the necessity of covering blocks per minute. The policeman at Forty-first Street held up his hand, and Jerry's taxi passed him by without so much as a bow of recognition.


"Up—up to the boudoir?" She seemed to lack enthusiasm

THE policeman blew a series of short, sharp notes on his whistle. The taxi driver looked back over his shoulder with terror-stricken eyes. The policeman waved a penal hand toward the curb and moved his lips in fortunately inaudible words.

Jerry Tinker swore fervently. He called the driver every name that came to his tongue and then sat back, grieved at the inadequacy of the language. From mid-avenue the officer surveyed the taxi with utter scorn while the lights changed from red to green and the north-and-south traffic started again. Then he swaggered over in a leisurely fashion and addressed the driver.

"Who told you you could drive a taxi?" he inquired by way of opening the discussion. The taxi man pulled his head in like a turtle and said nothing. "Come on," said the cop. "Let's see your license." The taxi man cringed slowly from his seat to the sidewalk and began fumbling in his pockets.

Jerry Tinker got out and approached the policeman.

"It was my fault, Officer," he began soothingly.

"I didn't ask for no remarks from you," said the policeman.

"But—but—I'm in a terrible hurry—"

The policeman deigned to turn to him.

"Lay off," he said simply.

He turned back to the driver. "Where's your license?" The taxi man continued to fumble from pocket to pocket. The policeman produced a small tablet of legal forms and began making notes with the stub of a pencil. Jerry pictured the Gordons bending to work on their soup in Eleventh Street.

IT BECAME 7:21 by Jerry Tinker's watch. The soup plates were being tipped by this time, if the Gordons went in for that sort of thing. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were undoubtedly directing dirty looks at Phyllis. They would soon be making comments about unpunctuality. This was no time for halfway measures. The policeman's back was turned. He was giving the taxi driver a few helpful hints.

" . . . why they let you guys loose on the streets, I don't—" Jerry overheard.

Jerry considered only an instant. He sauntered to the taxi at the curb, put his foot on the running board and leaned in, as if making a casual inspection of the equipment on the dash. He glanced over his shoulder and found the officer still engaged in talk. Very quietly he slipped into the driver's seat.

He stepped on the right things and threw the gear-shift lever the right way. With a jerk and a rush and a roar, the taxi was off, hurtling down the avenue. In three screams and a jump it was at Fortieth Street.

And something had to be done. The north-and-south traffic was held up again. The policeman in front of the library had recovered his senses and was blowing his whistle into a howl of outraged authority. His colleague at Fortieth was trying to discover what all the row was about. He was still unable to understand when Jerry's cab turned east into Fortieth Street on one front wheel.

At the corner of Park Avenue he turned south and sped on by the mysterious mercy of Providence. He groped for a plan of action, but none came. All his mind would tell him was: "You fool! You fool! Why did you do it?"

As he came to Thirty-eighth, the tumult in the rear grew audible again. He tried for better speed, but the taxi failed to respond. He must do something else. And do it quickly. . . .

HE HAD just passed Thirty-seventh Street. He yanked the car to the sidewalk and jammed on the brakes. Here was a bold stroke, worthy of the favor of the gods. He set his hat jauntily, straightened his tie and brushed off his trousers. He stepped to the sidewalk and walked uptown. His gait was that of a young gentleman on his way to dinner in the neighborhood—an athletic young man who scorned the use of motor vehicles. He turned his head and looked back, indicating mild interest in the taxi which had drawn up at the curb so suddenly.

The pursuit was half a block north, coming like the fire department, only more so. Jerry swung left into Thirty-seventh Street. His manner was still jaunty, leisurely.

A young woman burst from the front door of a house not fifty feet ahead of him. She reached the middle of the sidewalk, stopped there, wrung her hands. Suddenly she spotted Jerry.

She ran to him. At the risk of seeming rude, he continued to walk, turning his head to her as she plucked at his sleeve and came along beside him.

"Help!" she said faintly. Jerry raised his eyebrows.

"Help?" he asked. She caught his arm in both her hands.

"There is a burglar in my house!" she burst out. "You must help me.' I don't know where to find a policeman." Jerry Tinker stopped in his tracks and looked down at this girl. He knew where she could find a number of policemen, but it seemed inexpedient to tell her. Salvation was in sight. A burglar in her house. Jerry made up his mind.

"A burglar?" he said. "In your house? You have come to the right man. I'll handle him for you. Come!"

THE front door was wide open, as she had left it when she came out. He steered her into the vestibule, closed the door behind them. Just before it closed he thought he heard the sound of the bloodhounds on the scent. . . .

"Merely indicate where the burglar is," he said. "Just show me. . . ."

He closed the blessedly curtained inside door behind him and wilted against it. His voice gave way. He produced a monogrammed silk handkerchief and patted his forehead. He treated himself to several good, deep breaths.

The girl was standing against the wall staring at him. Her lips were trembling. Her hands were knotted into little fists with frightened white knuckles. Jerry noted that her hair was blond and curly. He would have preferred it dark, but he admitted it was attractive as it was. Her nose might have been just a shade smaller, he thought, but there, again, he was willing to yield a point. She was pretty. . . . She took a step toward him. Her hands opened in suppliance. At last she became articulate.

"The—the—the burglar. . . ." she suggested. Jerry Tinker jumped. He nearly dropped his hat. He caught his under lip between his thumb and forefinger in an attitude of thought.

"Oh, yes," he said. "The burglar. There is a burglar, isn't there?" The girl came a step closer.

"You—you said that you'd handle him. . . ."

"Yes. Yes, so I did. . . . Well, well —burglar." Jerry scratched the back of his neck with one finger. "You—ah —you didn't happen to notice—ah— you didn't notice his size? I mean, that is, is he a large burglar? Say—" Jerry held out a hand about seven feet from the floor. "Say—that high? Or perhaps a little smaller?"

"I didn't see him," she said. "I only heard him. He rattled the silver in my boudoir. . . ." Jerry rubbed his hands.

"I see," he said like a doctor listening to symptoms. "In your boudoir, eh? No place for him. In your boudoir! The idea!" He looked indignant. But the girl was not to be put off.

"Hadn't you better—handle him?" she inquired. Her voice was soft and trusting. Jerry felt taller and better-looking.

"Of course," he said.

"I was thinking he might get away," said the girl.

"So was I," said Jerry. "I mean— that is—it would be rotten to let him get away, wouldn't it? After his rattling the silver in your boudoir, I mean, and everything." He gave her what he considered a strong, comforting smile.

"It's up two flights." The girl clung to her idea. Jerry took his hat and laid it carefully on a chair. He removed his light outer coat and dusted his hands.

"Would you care to come with me?" he asked.

"Up—up to the boudoir?" She seemed to lack enthusiasm.

"I mean," said Jerry, "it would be a shame for me to—ah—blunder into the wrong room and miss him." He tapped the tips of his fingers together. The girl contracted her fists again.

"I'll go—up to the drawing-room with you," she said. "The boudoir is at the top of the stairs on the third floor. We'd better go quietly." She led the way up the first flight, tiptoeing. Jerry walked close behind her, not tiptoeing at all. He kicked the backs of the stairs. He coughed convulsively.

Perhaps the burglar was deaf. . . .

They reached the top and the girl walked noiselessly along the hall, Jerry following. She reached the door of the drawing-room, turned and pointed up the stairs to a door at the top.

"That's it," she whispered. She stepped into the drawing-room and closed the door behind her.

Alone in the hall, Jerry looked at the blank white panels of the door and thought. There were the stairs he had just come up. The street was at the bottom of them. Not two miles south was the residence of the Gordons—who must have arrived at the meat by this time. His bride-to-be was waiting for him. His prospective parents-in-law were waiting for him. That way lay peace and health and all that sort of thing. A little snooting, perhaps, but perfectly safe. This way was the route to a hospital or to a mortuary parlor. In Dud Perry's evening clothes.

HE WISHED the girl would come out and look at him that way again —with those trusting blue eyes above that trembling mouth.

The door behind him opened softly. He turned to meet the eyes of the girl he must champion. They were trusting eyes.

"Which door?" he whispered, loudly enough, he hoped, to reach comfortably to the roof. She pointed again at the door at the top of the stairs.

He marched up.

"Who's there?" Jerry said, at least an octave lower than he had ever heard himself before. There was not a sound. The burglar had heard his warnings, he supposed, and gone. Still, he wished the hall light had been a little brighter.

"Who's there?" he asked again, although he did not really expect the burglar, if any, to make his presence known.

The silence was thick and throbbing.

Jerry Tinker stepped into an almost pitch-black room. He saw his shadow moving enormously before him. He caught sight of looming, shapeless masses in the gloom about him. He took two more steps forward and tried to locate a light of some sort. . . .

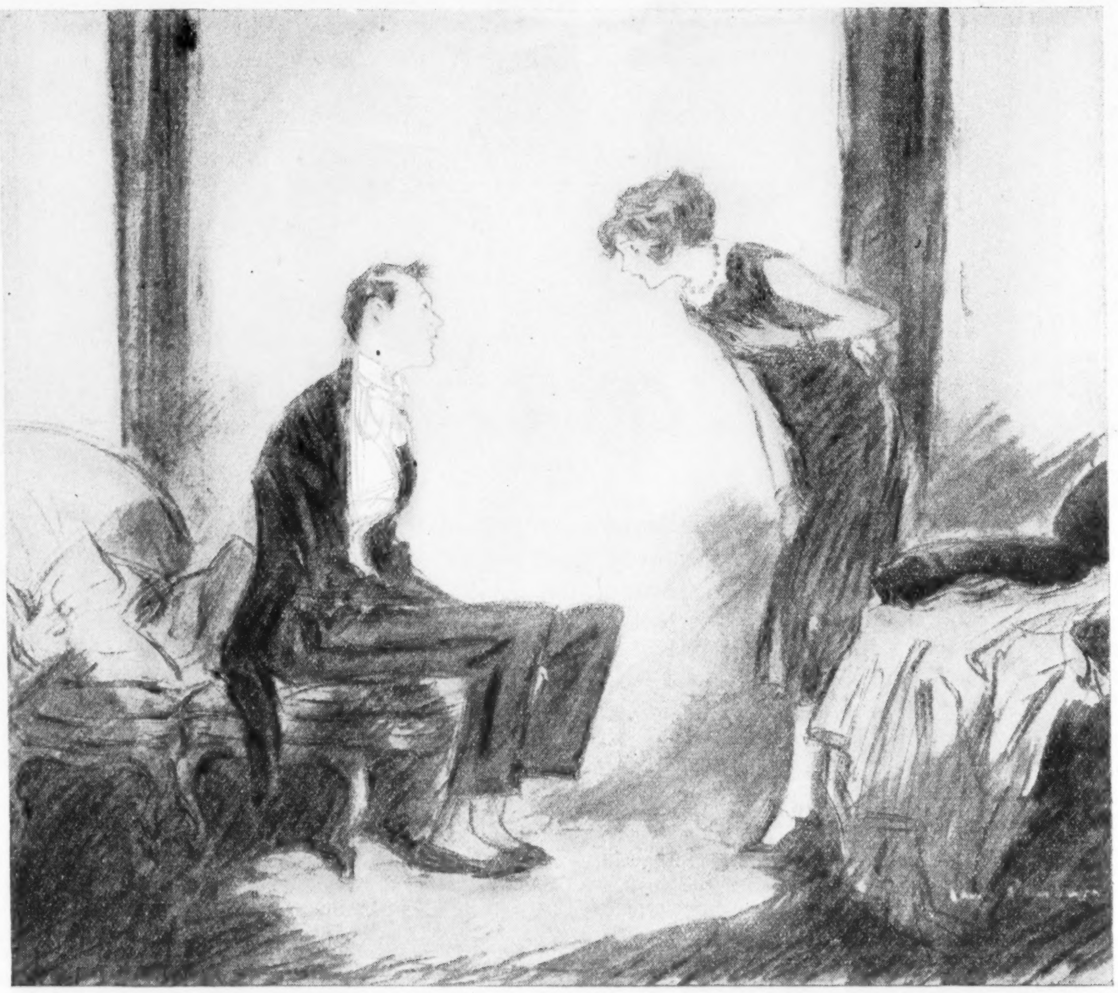
The burglar landed on his back with a mighty grunt.

Jerry just missed dropping dead and fooling the burglar completely. His nerves tingled with the shock. But that lasted only a fraction of a second.

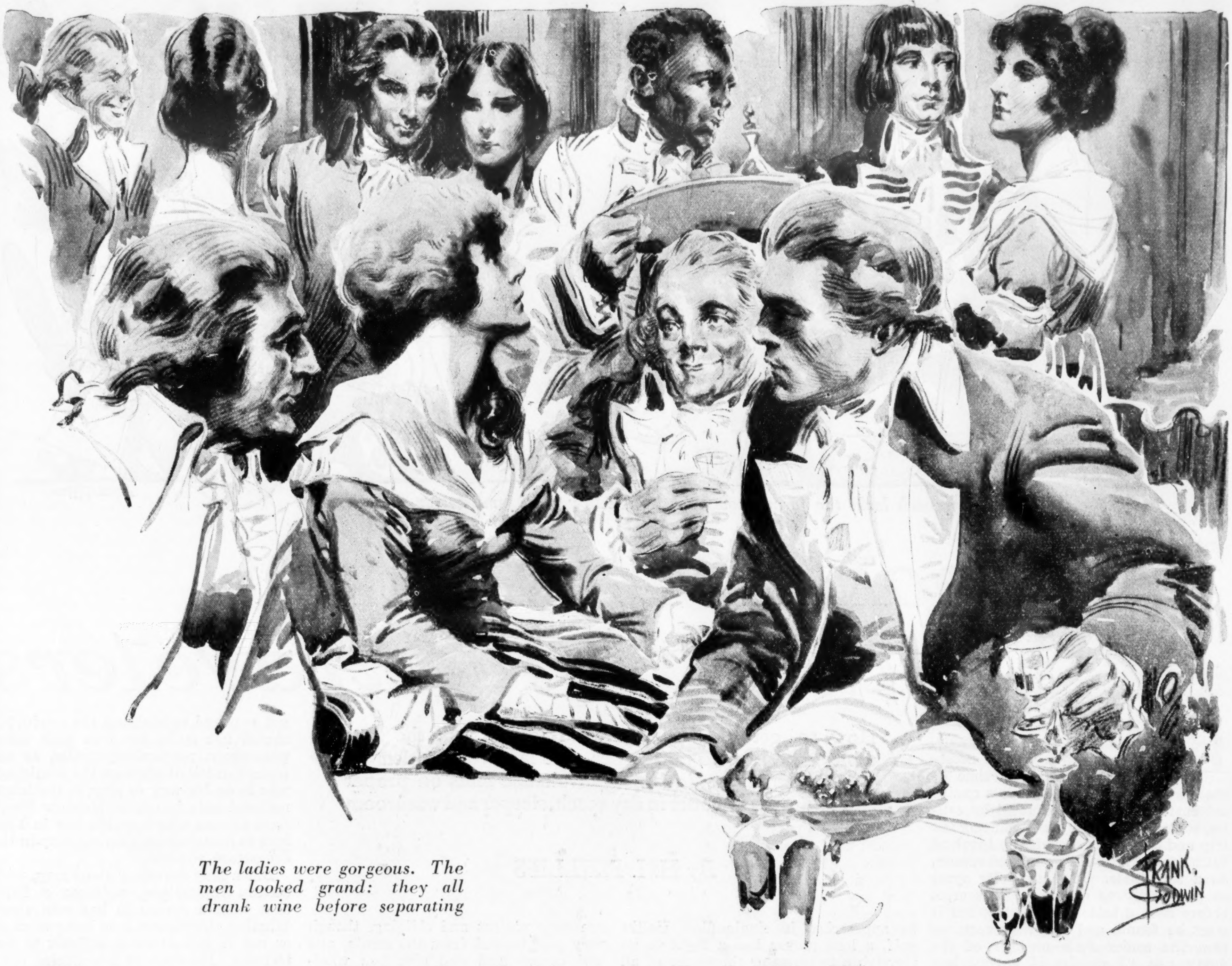
The burglar had made a tactical error. He had given up the advantage he had held when he was lurking mysteriously in the shadows. Had he groaned dismally and rattled a chain or two, the victory would have been his without a conflict. As it was, he became reassuringly definite: warm and heavy. He traded a thousand dollars' worth of eeriness for a nickel's worth of temporary physical advantage. He had no proper understanding of the psychological side of his business.

Jerry found himself in a perfectly plain fight with a man who grunted. He went at it with rather considerable relief.

(Continued on page 32)



"I'm so sorry!" "Not at all. The pleasure is all mine. A very fine burglar"



The ladies were gorgeous. The men looked grand: they all drank wine before separating

She knew Martha Washington

If you think our weddings of to-day are exciting, just read this description of one in Washington's time. The hullabaloo lasted for days; every evening the newlyweds had to throw a party, and everybody drank something with a kick in it.

READ these letters and you will live in Washington's day—not only that, you will sit in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution and over which Washington presided with "a look on his face that reminded me of its expression during the terrible months when we were in Valley Forge Camp."

And with the little French lady who knew Martha Washington you'll have the delight of going to Washington's Inaugural Ball, of which she says: "I don't think I ever saw so many beautiful women." Other letters by Mme. de Maussion and her husband appear in Collier's next week. They are translated by Princess Radziwill.

30 March, 1787

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

WE TRAVELED to Philadelphia and back comfortably and had a few days there to try on our wedding finery. Then we returned by slow stages straight to the plantation of our friends whose daughter was to wed. We stopped for the night in one plantation or another. A stranger has only to ask on the road and he may count upon being received hospitably. This is so general that planters going on a journey order their servants to entertain all visitors just as if they were at home—very different from what we do in France.

The custom here is to keep open house for several days after a marriage, which makes them expensive affairs, yet even the Quakers keep the custom. The bride's home is filled with company two or three days *before*, as well, and these guests come to dinner and usually stay to tea and supper. Punch is served in quantity at the meals and between them.

After the young couple are husband and wife and have gone to their home, all the guests, their ranks now swollen by the friends of the bridegroom, call at the new home to drink punch again and kiss the bride—which, it seems, is their privilege. And after that for a week or even longer the newlyweds give large tea parties at their home every evening. At these the bridesmaids and the groomsmen are always in attendance just as at the wedding itself.

But to return to the one we attended: The ceremony took place at about six in the evening. The bride was led by her father to an altar in the drawing-room decorated with flowers. The ceremony consisted of only a few words by the clergyman. The bride looked most happy and did not weep at all, so different from France, where a girl is expected to shed tears.

She wore white silk covered with white crêpe and white satin bows. Pearls were strung in her hair, and she wore a pearl necklace and bracelets.

The four bridesmaids were in white muslin embroidered in front with pink flowers. Each carried a fan, a present to her from the bridegroom.

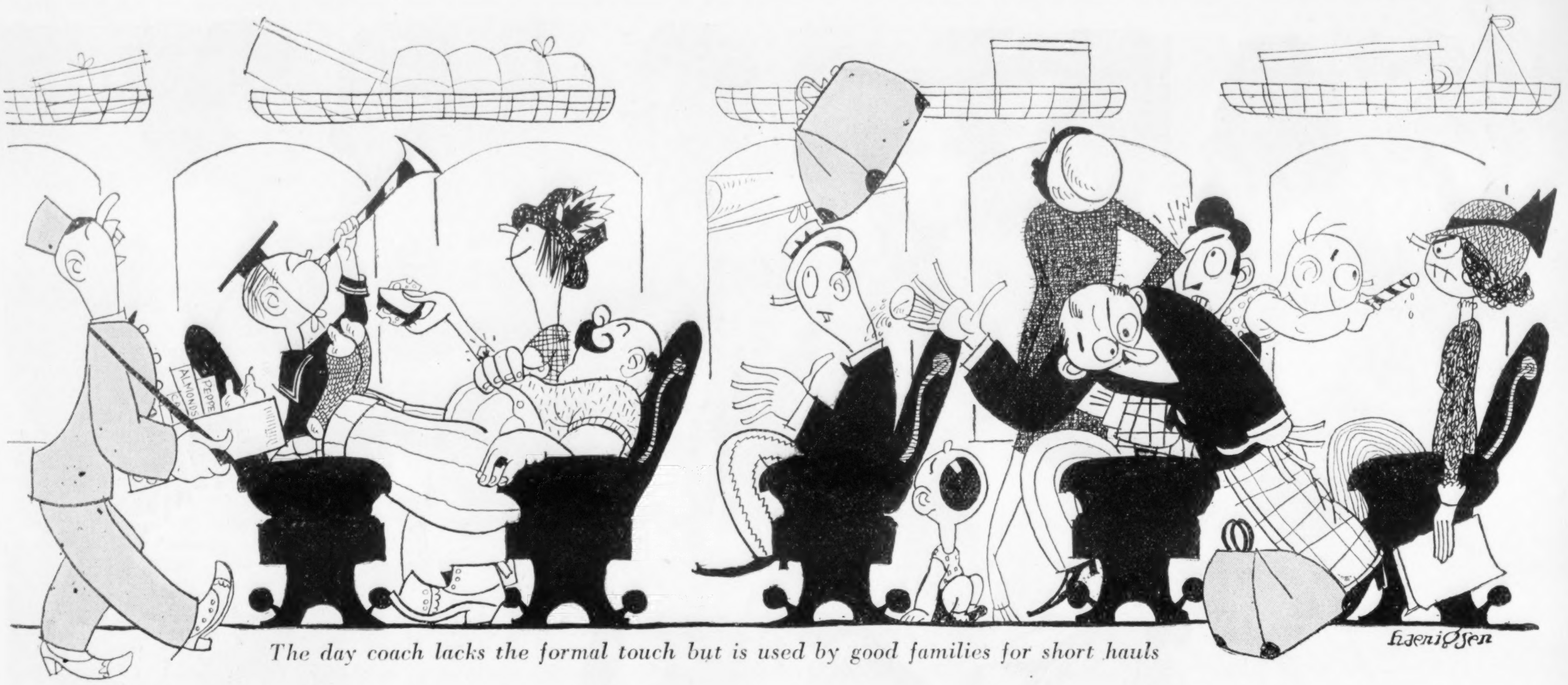
The groom's coat was of a light color, and he had on flesh-colored stockings and a white vest. This was the array of the other gentlemen who were guests, who all looked very grand.

The ladies were more or less gorgeously attired, and Gaston, who had blamed me for extravagance, told me afterward that he felt very glad I was so beautifully dressed and didn't put him to shame.

One lady in my opinion was the best gowned in the assembly. She was dressed in a white brocade trimmed profusely with silver and with a light pink sash tied on the left side. With a small white hat decked with a long white ostrich feather she looked bewitching.

Lots of refreshments were handed around by colored servants, and in the dining-room below, upon a side table, was spread a collation for the elderly people. The groomsmen all drank a few bottles of wine before separating and everything came to an end at midnight.

I was glad to get into bed. But the next day we had to go again to the house of the bride's parents to dine and then with them (*Continued on page 28*)



The day coach lacks the formal touch but is used by good families for short hauls

The book of etiquette for railroad travelers

How to get on the right train (in spite of the time tables) and how to be 100 per cent lady (or gentlemen) when you're there, including invaluable hints on proper and improper conduct in day coach, sleeper and washroom

By H. I. PHILLIPS

BEFORE departing on any railroad trip it is first thought desirable, and by some people even necessary, to ascertain the time of the train's departure. This is a quaint old custom and is perpetuated by calling together all those contemplating the trip and consulting a curiously involved little booklet known, for no good reason, as a time-table. It offers jolly sport at practically no expense. Of course, before such a table can be consulted it must be found, and propriety requires that the senior male member of the party ask, "I wonder if anyone has a time-table?"

Never should he gruffly demand "Where's that time-table" or "I know darn well I left it in the top drawer. Who took it?"

Any lady or gentleman having a time-table should dig it up, offer it to the gentleman and say, with a gracious smile, "May I offer you mine?" or "Won't you see if you can make anything of this one?" It is extremely rude to toss the table across the room with a sullen "Here's your old time-table!"

At this point all should gather about the man holding the time-table and watch his disposition jell. It is not good form to make any remarks or offer any suggestions until he has expressed, by word or action, total disgust, extreme annoyance, acute nervous breakdown or an unmistakable collapse of the reasoning faculties. Then each spectator may make some remark like: "Where the heavy black lines are across the column it means the train don't go no farther." "A double 'f' means only on Tuesday, March 8th; Friday, August 22d, and Sunday, November 11th;" or "That's an x train; it stops only for delegates to fraternal conventions."

After an hour or so of this it will be very tactful if some member of the party will laugh lightly and say, "Now let's play some other game."

The next day it is advisable to go to the information booth afoot and find out what all the people ahead of you want to know. The booth should be approached in single file. Unlike golf, a lone player has a right to go through a twosome or threesome at all times.

One thing should be remembered: it is never customary for a person seeking information at an information booth to frame a question clearly in advance. It is, in fact, never done. Such a course would not only shock the clerk, but very likely kill him. For example, if a lady desires to know what time the next train leaves for Bar Harbor, and on what track, she should put the question this way:

"I beg your pardon, but do the trains—the afternoon trains, I mean—go by way of Springfield—at least I think it is Springfield I'm thinking of—or is a special form of ticket required with that kind of a trunk? And if I do decide to leave him in the baggage car will the dog get good treatment? How?"

The Day Coach? Keep It Dark

ANOTHER popular and proper form is this:

"Are you the information clerk? How do you do? I'm Mrs. Henry Hoggs. My husband is in Maine. I intended to stay in town, but the painters came yesterday and have everything upside down. Aren't painters messy? Well, now, what I wanted to know was—just a minute—oh, yes—is the train leaving here at 8 P. M. an evening or morning train and if it is how long does it take from that point on? Will you, please?"

The clerks at the information booths are very patient and obliging, though very goggly-eyed from the strain, and will comprehend and give you whatever information the gentleman directly ahead of you asked for. This will take you some place, anyway. One mustn't be too particular.

It is now proper to step to the ticket window and get the tickets. Precedent requires that any person purchasing a ticket costing, for example, $4.12 hand in a bill of the denomination of $20 or higher.

You are now ready to take the train, except for such details as checking through your trunk, locating the porter who grabbed your hand bags, buying an armful of magazines and losing your ticket.

Etiquette of the Day Coach. The day coach lacks the formal touch. It is not the place to look for an atmosphere of the greatest refinement and distinction. Still, it is used by some of the best people for short hauls, and a person caught in it by a social equal does not necessarily lose caste if he or she has a quick alibi.

Rushing through the aisles of a coach, pushing other passengers ruthlessly to right and left, is not good taste. It is sufficient to elbow them lightly, at the same time murmuring, "So sorry," "Beg your pardon," "My fault," and "So is your old man."

For a gentleman entering a day coach with two or more ladies there are certain definite rules of conduct, but the poor goop will have trouble enough on his hands without giving them a thought.

A lady traveling alone, while she is not required to high-hat the conductor, should not make too free with other passengers, particularly males, as one never can tell at a glance the gentleman who is on his way to play in the international polo match at Meadow Brook from the one who is on his way to Yonkers to demonstrate shaving soap in the drug-store window.

But a lady traveling alone may, with certain limitations, welcome a little chat with a person in her own class. Whether this person is in her own class or not it is sometimes difficult to determine. His form of introducing himself is the best guide. For example, if the gentleman who looks like a Greek god picks up a magazine you have dropped, smiles, hands it to you and, when you murmur, "Thank you so much," replies, "Me no speaka da Engleese ver mooch. What place you go, eh?" it is obvious that the incident should end right there.

Don't Let the Ax Tempt You

IF, HOWEVER, the gentleman who recovers your magazine rises, steps over to your seat, bows, apologizes, smiles graciously and says, "I beg your pardon, madame; did you drop this fast-growing periodical?" it is reasonable to assume he is the sort of man with whom you can waste time talking. A lady's reply to such a question should be a coy "Oh, I think I did. Thanks, awfully."

The gentleman may properly horn into a conversation, using as a leader some such sparkling remark as, "It is quite a magazine. I understand it has increased its circulation 200,000 in the past six months and carried over ninety-six full pages of advertising from August to October, inclusive."

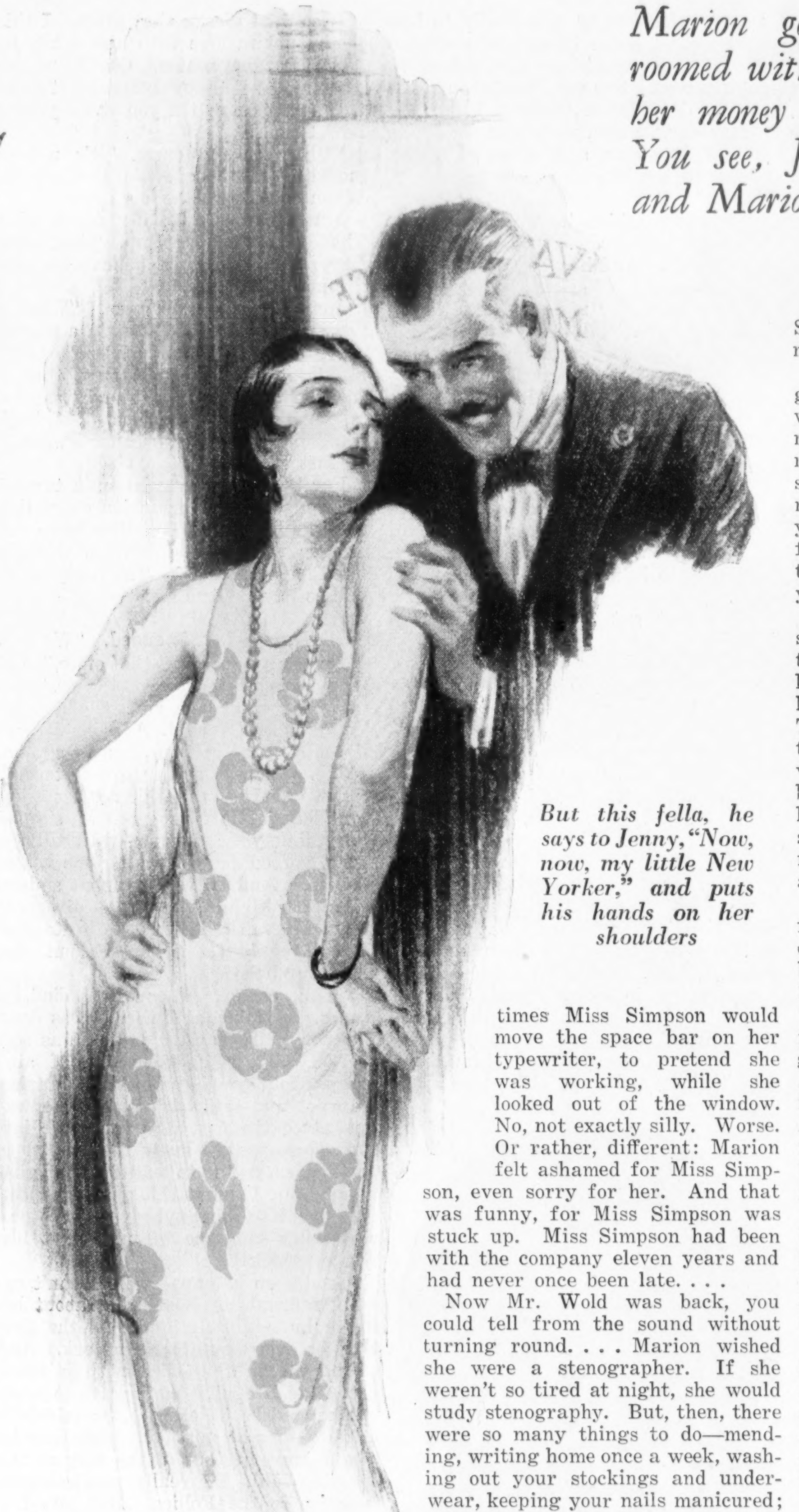
The lady may reply, "I don't like its covers," and add, "Won't you sit down?" After exhausting magazines as a topic they can jump to drawbridges, the railroad's poor operating equipment, chewing-gum signs and so on. The intimacy should end, however, as soon as the (*Continued on page 38*)

Boy-friend

Marion got $18.00 a week and roomed with Jenny, who was saving her money for a permanent wave. You see, Jenny had a boy-friend and Marion—well, Marion didn't

By VIOLA PARADISE

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore



But this fella, he says to Jenny, "Now, now, my little New Yorker," and puts his hands on her shoulders

SHE must drag herself out of sleep. In a moment the alarm clock would go off—there it was, that prophetic little cluck before the ringing. Marion's drowsy arm reached out to shut it off. No use spoiling the last minute with the din. Two minutes to seven—if she got up at seven, she could make it. So delicious, the sweet warmth of the bed, the cool air on her face. . . . What a row those trucks made! Just as well . . . keep her awake . . . mustn't close her eyes . . . mustn't . . . Good heavens! There was Jenny's alarm, in the next room. Quarter past seven!

Jenny wouldn't care if Marion got into the bathroom first. Jenny didn't have to punch a clock. Jenny was a stenographer in a small company, and sometimes didn't get to work till nine-thirty. . . . You could save six minutes by skipping your bath. But no, there was something about a cold bath—you hated it just before, but afterward you felt nice and tingly. And a little important. The trouble was your importance stopped right there. In the subway, at the office it went on decreasing. Or rather it was as if your unimportance kept piling itself up. . . .

So stupid—staying in bed those extra minutes. Now everything had to be hurried, jerky. The half orange, which was the boarding-house fruit portion, was really too small for the spoon. So clumsy to get at. . . . She didn't wait for the rest of her breakfast. If she got a subway train at once she could still make it—that is, unless the traffic was going the wrong way on both the streets she had to cross at the other end. The minutes were so menacing. Sometimes even a fraction of a minute mattered—just missing an elevator. She had not been late for twenty-nine days. If you were on time for thirty consecutive days you got a bonus—10 per cent of one week's salary. That would be a dollar-eighty to-morrow, if she made it.

What luck! Only four minutes to nine when she reached the building. Two minutes to take off her hat and coat, and two whole minutes to spare. Fine! She drew a deep breath and sauntered into the building.

In the entrance she passed a man and a girl. The man was saying the most ordinary words, "No hurry, two minutes to spare." Yet it was as if these two persons were glowing—as if the warmth of the glow spread for a moment to include Marion. But having passed them, she felt suddenly chilled. All the pleasure of being on time, of having minutes to spare, turned to frigid loneliness. Marion was nineteen and had no boy-friend.

The work was easy; it took only half your attention. You copied a claim number in one column, the amount of the claim in another, and the date of payment in a third. It just meant looking in the right place on the claim and not making a mistake. And you had to be reasonably quick. Marion was quick. Once Mr. Wold, who was in charge of the room, had said, "I got to hand it to you, Miss Morell; you're quick and steady."

IT WAS a noisy room. At first the noise had been torture beating upon her ears, as bad as the terrifying subway. Gee, what a hick she had been when she first came to New York! Scared of the subway, scared of revolving doors, scared even of the noises in this room—calculating machines and typewriters! Now she noticed them only when they stopped and a buzzing of talk began. That meant that Mr. Wold had gone into the next office. . . . Like being at school, with the teacher out of the room. Funny.

Only when Miss Simpson stopped typing—Miss Simpson, with wispy gray hair and a net guimpe with a high-boned collar—it seemed silly. Sometimes Miss Simpson would move the space bar on her typewriter, to pretend she was working, while she looked out of the window. No, not exactly silly. Worse. Or rather, different: Marion felt ashamed for Miss Simpson, even sorry for her. And that was funny, for Miss Simpson was stuck up. Miss Simpson had been with the company eleven years and had never once been late. . . .

Now Mr. Wold was back, you could tell from the sound without turning round. . . . Marion wished she were a stenographer. If she weren't so tired at night, she would study stenography. But, then, there were so many things to do—mending, writing home once a week, washing out your stockings and underwear, keeping your nails manicured; and sometimes going to a movie with your girl friend. . . .If only there were a boy-friend!

A gong sounded. Like magic the machines stopped. The five-minute "relaxation period" was on. Prized minutes! Some of the girls rushed into adjoining rooms to visit girl friends. Marion's neighbor whipped out a book—kept open in her desk at the right page—and read fast and furiously. At the row of desks behind Marion several girls were sewing, several reading, one studied an advertisement of the Book of Etiquette. All over the room clerks, stenographers and calculating-machine operators were using those five minutes greedily. Even Mr. Wold had put his work aside and was finishing his morning paper, now and then gouging out an item with a pin, though there were scissors on his desk.

Usually Marion too sewed or read. But to-day, ever since she woke up, her mind had been running on *minutes.* "Two minutes to spare." Now here, from eleven to five after, were five whole minutes to use or not as she liked. She thought, "I will waste these five minutes—just sit here and waste them."

Luxuriousness! Like not having to get up Sunday mornings! Wantonly wasting time, your very own time! It must feel a little like this to waste money. If you were rich—well, even so, how would you go about wasting money? You would buy all the things you wanted—but it wouldn't be wasteful if you really wanted them, and there would be no fun buying things you didn't want.

If she were rich, she would buy—no, she had played with that daydream too recently, there was not much fun left in it. You had to let it alone every little while, and come at it fresh. . . . This, though, was rather fun—trying to think of a way—of a pleasant way—to waste money. . . . Queer, there must be something. Clothes, travel, theatres, limousines, jewels—they all seemed such *good,* sensible ways to spend money. Of course you could give it away—but that wasn't wasting it.

The gong sounded again, and after a reluctant lag came the pounding and clacking of machines. The next number to copy was 865249. $47.95. Feb. 18, '25. . . . It would be four months till she got her next raise. . . . "Two minutes to spare." . . . Were they engaged, that couple? . . . Marriage. . . . A little house in the country or a flat in Brooklyn. Nice, thin china. And a pink baby. . . . Only she wasn't meeting any men. At her boarding house she and Jenny were the only girls; the rest were middle-aged women.

Her girl friend Jenny hadn't had a boy-friend for two years, and now she had one. Perhaps she, Marion, somehow— Only here she was, nineteen and—especially now that Jenny had one—it was lonely.

Jenny wouldn't go to the movies with her now. Dave Swabach, Jenny's boy-friend, took Jenny to the movies twice a week, and Jenny felt she oughtn't to spend her own money on movies. Instead she was saving it for a permanent wave and some of those stockings with a rose painted just under the knee—didn't Marion think they were 'snaky'? And a new bob, at a place where they did it for actresses. It cost one-fifty, but it was worth it. . . .

Marion wished Jenny would get married. If only something would happen, even to somebody else! Life was so one-colored. If only there were men working in the same room at the office! But there was only Mr. Wold, and he was married. Not that Marion had even thought for a moment . . . ! Yet every new girl seemed to have great curiosity about Mr. Wold, which ebbed into a highly moral disinterest at the news that he had a wife.

JENNY was engaged. When she spoke of her "fie-an-see" her voice seemed to go up into the top of her head. Proud, but not stuck up! No, Jenny was nicer than before. More—more—Marion couldn't think of the right word. As if a light had been turned on inside her—and suddenly much younger-seeming. Jenny was twenty-two, and already there was a little gray coming in her hair. Yet now Marion felt the older, perhaps because Jenny, who was so up-to-date and impulsive and clever, confided in her.

"His name's awful sounding, don't you think? Like choking on a sponge. But what's in a name? as the Bible says, and, Marion, he's nice, really. I mean to say—I'll introduce you some day. I don't like to ask him to come way over here to Brooklyn. Besides, all the spinnies would cackle at us. He—has a little accent. Nothing much. And he's real educated—kind of highbrow. Not one of these cake eaters. He's simply crazy about me. The wedding will be at his mother's, on account of me not having any near relatives. Oh, Marion, wouldn't it be nice if you had a boy-friend and we could have a double wedding!"

"Oh, I'm not worrying about boy-friends." Yet Marion would not have lied about other things.

"Yes, it's funny how you don't seem to care for men," said Jenny; and then, "Wonder what my firm will give me for a wedding present. They gave Mabel Sweeney a dresser set. But, then, she never took dictation from the head of the firm. Look, Marion, at these samples. Which do you think—the crêpe meteor or the satin? You're going to be bridesmaid, Marion. Will you get a new dress or wear your pink? . . ."

BRIDESMAID! Then maybe at the wedding she might—who knows?—she might meet somebody. . . .

But one night Jenny came home all disturbed.

"Oh, Marion, something's happened! I'm afraid I'm in love with somebody else. There's a new drummer for our firm. That is, not new, he used to be the Kansas representative, but they just moved him into the New York district. His name's Arbuthnot—isn't that flossy? He's an F. F. K.: that means he comes from the first family in Kansas City. He's married, only he could get a divorce, couldn't he? He's simply mad about me. I mean to say—"

"Jenny! Why, you don't know him; you never saw him till to-day! And, anyhow, a married man!"

"Isn't it awful? But it was sort of love at first sight. He fell for me right away. He asked me to go to a show to-night. Oh, Marion, what'll I do? I thought I was in love with Dave. But this man, James Arbuthnot—he's so different. Older than Dave, and so—so—well, kind of sheikish. Well, he says to me, 'You're coming to a show with me to-night.' I says, 'My, the boy's swift,' kind of sarcastic. And then I says, 'Not much I don't go out with you.' If I'd of said that to Dave, he wouldn't of answered a thing. Dave never took liberties. But this fella, he says, 'Now, now, my little New Yorker!' and he takes hold of my arms near the shoulders, kind of hard, and looks straight into my eyes. And, Marion, I got the funniest feeling. Sort of scared, but—well, exciting. Like going down too fast in an elevator. First I thought I couldn't say a word, but I did, I said, 'I got a date for to-night.' 'All right, then,' he says, 'to-morrow night. I'll get front-row seats for the Follies.' Imagine, for the Follies! They cost $5.50 each! Oh, Marion, what'll I do?"

"Oh, Jenny, you won't go!" Marion was scandalized. "You won't turn Dave down after all this! The thing to do"—Marion found herself suddenly full of maternal advice—"is to tell him not to get fresh. You know how, you've told me lots of times how you told men things like that—that one in the subway."

"But I'm in love with him! And maybe he'll get a divorce. He would—wouldn't he?—if he was really in love with me. I mean to say, of course, I wouldn't do anything—not unless he got divorced. I've got ideas about marriage. Oh, Marion, what'll I do?"

Marion was torn with pity for Jenny and with anger and common sense. "Did you tell him you were engaged?"

"No."

Marion considered. "Well, don't go to work to-morrow. I'll phone that you're sick. And he can throw his old tickets away."

"How perfectly ridiculous! I'm going with him. I'll tell Dave I got a chance to see a show from downstairs. After all, we're not married yet."

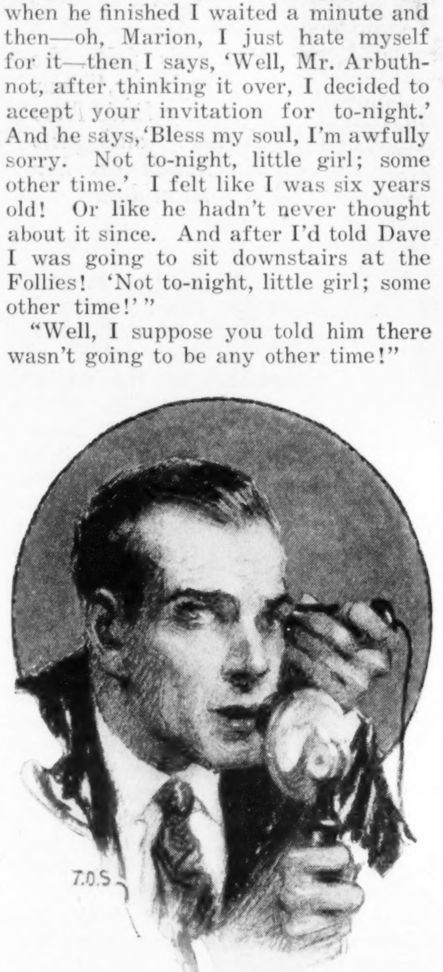
"Oh, Jenny! Maybe he'll break the engagement!"

"Not him! He's just wild over me. But, anyhow, if Mr. Arbuthnot gets a divorce—"

But Jenny did not go to the Follies the next night. And at first she would not talk to Marion. But after Marion had gone to bed Jenny knocked at her door.

"I've just got to tell you, Marion. He—he looked at me almost as if I wasn't there. I didn't see him alone till he buzzed for me to take some dictation. Then, when he finished—he dictates in such a fine, quick way, no hemming and hawing, but snappy—well, when he finished I waited a minute and then—oh, Marion, I just hate myself for it—then I says, 'Well, Mr. Arbuthnot, after thinking it over, I decided to accept your invitation for to-night.' And he says, 'Bless my soul, I'm awfully sorry. Not to-night, little girl; some other time.' I felt like I was six years old! Or like he hadn't never thought about it since. And after I'd told Dave I was going to sit downstairs at the Follies! 'Not to-night, little girl; some other time!'"

"Well, I suppose you told him there wasn't going to be any other time!"



"Marion, that's just it. I couldn't. I tried, but all I said was 'All right.' And at noon Dave called up and said he was coming to see me, before the show. I says no, I wasn't going to the show after all, but I couldn't see him. And I says, 'If you can't trust me, Dave, and want your ring back—' and he says, 'Don't be a fool, Jenny; you know I don't want my ring back. Only I feel like you need maybe a friend'—you know, he talks funny. But I says if he came here to the boarding house they'd buzz and buzz till their tongues fell out. And sounded so—well, kind of begging, and humble. I hate anything humble! But he says, 'All right,' and it sounded just like me when I said 'All right' to Mr. Arbuthnot. Oh, Marion—"

Marion said: "I think Mr. Arbuthnot is a beast! I think he's horrid! I think you ought to leave that place. I think you're not in love with him a bit, just with his fancy name. Oh, Jenny, and you were so happy before! It's only five months now till you were going to be married!"

"Oh," sobbed Jenny, "it's not the months that count, it's the minutes. When he took hold of my arms—"

Marion wept with her for a while. Then she straightened up. "And what's more, Jenny, I don't believe he cares a snap about you!"

Jenny blazed into anger. "What do you know about it?" But in a moment she softened. "That's just the terrible thing. I—I'm not sure that he does. Oh, Marion! But he *did* say he'd take me some other time. Maybe he was kind of offended because I wouldn't go last night. . . ."

For weeks Jenny was in a turmoil. Each night she told Marion every little word he had said. But they were such meager words. Did Marion think he could have meant—? The party at the Follies never came off.

THEN, one day, it ended. "We were the only ones in the office," said Jenny, weeping. "It was the first time we were really alone, since the first day. He never said a word. And, oh, Marion, I was such a fool! I was all shaking inside. He was acting so—so terribly polite. So I says, 'I think I know how you feel, Mr. Arbuthnot. I suppose you think you ought to wait till you get divorced before taking me to the Follies.' And he wheels about sudden. 'Good Lord, child,' he says—'divorced!' Why, I have the nicest wife in Kansas! And three kids! Whatever put that into your head?'

"Well, cheap? I could of died. I could now, Marion; I wish I was dead. I almost cried but I didn't. I was sore too. I said, "Oh, excuse *me*, I ain't crazy about you'—just think, Marion, I forgot and said *ain't*—'only the way you acted the first day you came into the office—well, I knew they did it in the movies, trying to lead working girls astray, but I didn't think in a respectable firm like this anybody'd try to pull something—and me falling for it like a green hick!'

"And then he says—well, I can't exactly remember. Something about being a hick himself, and this the first time he ever came to New York. And seeing me in the office with a jazzy dress (as if a girl didn't have to wear out her old best clothes!), he said he'd made a sort of mistake. Not that he meant anything out of the way at the time, he said. He really was going to take me to the Follies. But all of a sudden, he says, he saw I wasn't the kind of girl that would go out with a married man, and the boss told him, he says, what a nice, refined, respectable girl I was, besides being a good stenographer and not one of those kind that a man would force his attentions on, and—well, I can't remember all he said. I was holding back so from crying.

"And when he got through I looked at him steady, and said, 'That's all right, Mr. Arbuthnot. It was a misunderstanding on both sides,' and then I walked as slow as I could to the door. But when I closed it I ran to the toilet-room, and cried and cried, all through the lunch hour. Oh, Marion, I feel such a fool!"

"Well, that's over!" said Marion. She felt as if Jenny had been snatched from the jaws of danger. "In a little while you'll be glad. Now you and Dave will get along better, maybe."

But Jenny was still crying. "Oh—Dave, he's so—so unexciting after Mr. Arbuthnot. Maybe—maybe I'm making a mistake in marrying Dave. There must be other men like Mr. Arbuthnot that aren't married, only I don't ever meet any. Maybe if I waited—"

"Jenny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! With a nice, steady fella like Dave!"

Jenny stiffened, suddenly suspicious. "Where did you meet Dave?" she asked, her eyes narrowing.

"Why, I've never met him," said Marion, "though you did say you'd introduce him some time."

"Well, so I will," said Jenny coldly. "Some time." And then, "I'm going to the drug store for some talcum powder."

Jenny never phoned Dave from the boarding house. Everybody could hear what one said.

MR. WOLD'S wife died, and Mr. Wold was away for five days. Everyone in Marion's office contributed ten cents for flowers. They were going to put on the card "With the condolences of the employees in your room," but one girl thought it ought to be in poetry:

We send to our respected boss
Great sympathy with your great loss,
And our sincere condolences.
May God send you great recompenses.

Everybody felt a little important and a little awe-struck. They talked about Mr. Wold in low voices: What a nice man he was, what a shame to lose his wife! She must have been young, because he couldn't be any more than twenty-three himself: he'd been with the company ever since he finished high school, and that was only six years. Ought they to say anything about his wife's death when he returned? It would be kind of embarrassing. Probably better not.

Mr. Wold sent them a note of thanks, and presently was back with a broad black band on his sleeve and a lost, wistful look.

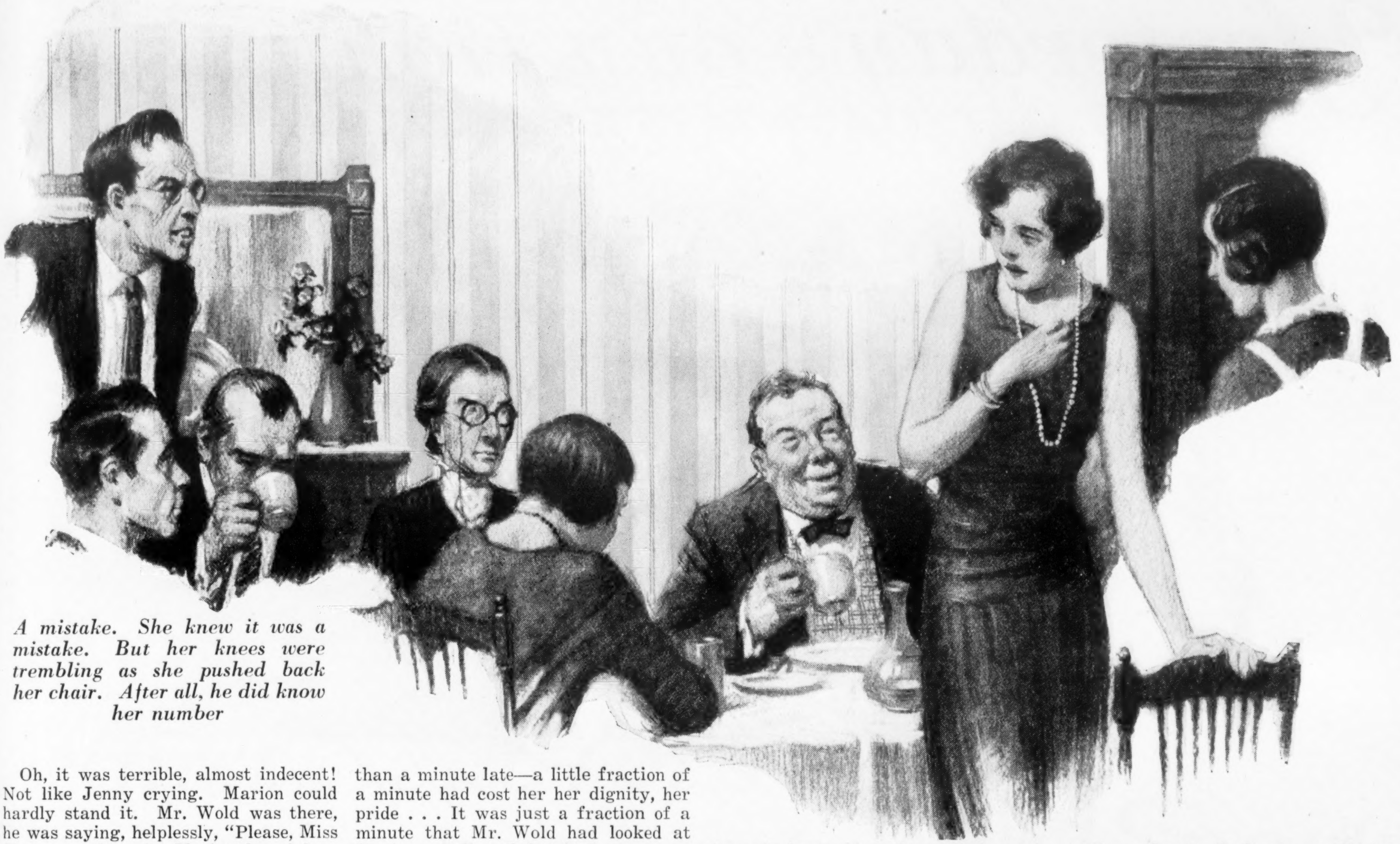
Despite the clamor of the machines, the office had a hushed air. But after several weeks this died away, or rather gave way to something else—a furtive, subdued excitement. And though no one said it, the thought *Mr. Wold is now eligible* explained the new dispatch about work, the finicky tidiness of desks, the tendency to stay a few minutes after five o'clock. Marion, like all the others, crushed down any conscious thought of him. Ridiculous! Besides, the poor man was thinking only of his dead wife!

ONE day when Mr. Wold came to Marion's desk to look up an item on one of her claims, she noticed that he was awkward with his hands. They were much like a small boy's hands—a little chapped, as if he didn't get them quite dry after washing. The thought sent a sudden wave of affection over her. But as suddenly she felt ashamed and turned away from him so sharply that he noticed it, and said, "What—oh, beg pardon."

"Nothing," said Marion, and wondered what it was all about. He was standing beside her desk; she wanted to look up at him, but she could not. Now he had gone, and she was sorry she had not looked up at him. Then she would have known—*what* would she have known? When she stole a look at him, later, he had his same absent air. Had anything happened?

About two months later something did happen. For the first time in eleven years Miss Simpson was late. When she rushed, breathless, into the room, the clock was still whining its little vibration at the end of the ninth stroke. Marion, just ahead of her, had just punched her number. Miss Simpson stood still, frozen, staring at the clock, her mouth open. Late, *she* was late! Then before the whole room Miss Simpson burst into tears.

Marion felt sick. Miss Simpson's eyes and nose reddened; her hat was shaken awry by her jerky sobs.



A mistake. She knew it was a mistake. But her knees were trembling as she pushed back her chair. After all, he did know her number

Oh, it was terrible, almost indecent! Not like Jenny crying. Marion could hardly stand it. Mr. Wold was there, he was saying, helplessly, "Please, Miss Simpson, please." Marion heard herself urging, "Mr. Wold, can't you report that the wrong number got punched by mistake? My number has all the same figures that hers has, only turned around. It's only my third day toward a new bonus; I shouldn't lose much. Besides, she wasn't half a minute late!"

"Sorry, Miss Morell; it's against the rules. Very nice of you, but it can't be done. Please, Miss Simpson—"

But Miss Simpson was pulling herself together. She pushed her stringy gray hair out of her eyes, and glared angrily at Marion. She unwadded a corner of her handkerchief, and blew her nose. "No, thanks"—she grabbed desperately after her dignity—"I don't want any favors! Besides"—she turned to Mr. Wold—"I have a cold."

"Of course you have!" said Mr. Wold kindly. "Sure. Now you go down to the medical department and have them spray your throat—or something."

MISS SIMPSON seized the excuse to rush from the room. Mr. Wold and Marion were standing there. Marion's throat felt tight; she could almost have cried herself. Mr. Wold was saying, "It's because she broke her record. First time in eleven years. You mustn't mind, Miss Morell, that she wasn't very —very—er—polite about you offering to be late instead. You see, she was upset—"

"Oh, no," said Marion, "that's all right."

"Well, we must get to work," said Mr. Wold, and looked at her—and suddenly he smiled a little—as if he had become aware of her for the first time in his life.

Marion was trembling when she got to her desk. She sat a few moments with her hands clasped tight in her lap. She said to herself, "Of course, after eleven years—" But she was not thinking of Miss Simpson. She was thinking of something Jenny had said: "It's not the months; it's the minutes." Now Miss Simpson was less than a minute late—a little fraction of a minute had cost her her dignity, her pride . . . It was just a fraction of a minute that Mr. Wold had looked at Marion, and smiled. And now. . . .

Marion was in love. Everything was different. The days had a zest. It was as if she had till now been waiting for life to begin, and now, in just an instant, it *would* begin. As if she had been a hungry little girl with her nose flattened against the bakery window, and now she was inside the shop! But no, not so simple as that. Not like a shop at all—a forest, rather, with wild rivers and tempests and whirlwinds, and now and then a sweet, quiet pool. Ridiculous—it wasn't anything. She must be imagining it. She couldn't be in love—hadn't the least excuse to be. He hardly noticed her. . . . Or did he?

If only she could talk to Jenny about it! But no. Suppose Jenny should laugh and say in her charming, rather mischievous way, "Well, well, little Marion with a boy-friend!" when, after all, Marion had no boy-friend. Besides, Jenny was too wrapped up in Jenny—every night she told Marion what Dave had said when he phoned and where they were going Saturday night. And hadn't she been a nut about Mr. Arbuthnot? Really, Dave was awfully decent. And then there was Jenny's newest woe: her hair was getting grayer every day. "Look here, Marion, and me only twenty-two!"

No, Marion could not tell Jenny. If anyone, even Jenny, guessed she was even thinking about Mr. Wold, she would sink into the ground. Why, he hadn't said a hundred words to her, apart from work. Once, chancing to meet her outside the building, he had said, "'Morning, Miss Morell. It'd be a nice day in the country instead of work, wouldn't it?" And she had said "Yes," and then, "Is there country near here?" And he had said, "Sure. Don't you know the Palisades? You ought to go, some Saturday." That was all. Could this sort of feeling be one-sided?

It was no trouble now to get up mornings. She popped out of sleep into the deliciousness of being awake. To-day—something *might* happen to-day. And even when the mood changed, when she knew nothing could happen to-day, it wasn't just the old yearning. It was a churning misery, a fierce hurting. Yet she would not change it back.

At last, on Jenny's birthday, Jenny let Dave come to dinner at the boarding house. She introduced him to everybody, blushing with a nervous, half-embarrassed pride. Right after dinner she and Dave went out.

MARION was ready for bed that night when Jenny came in.

"Well, now you've met Dave," said Jenny.

"Oh, he's awfully nice, Jenny. I *did* like him. You never said what handsome eyes he has. I think he's *fine!*"

Jenny was silent a moment. Then she said angrily:

"Well, you better marry him yourself. He said I never told him *you* were good-looking. He likes your hair and your quiet ways. So now you know!"

"Jenny! You're crazy! You know I didn't mean anything like that. Nor he either!"

"You did; you did. I noticed the way you looked. All excited. And you've always said he sounded nice, and now you meet him and fall for him. Of course it don't matter that he's my fie-an-see! Oh, no, nothing like that. And you my best friend! And him no more honorable than you! And on my birthday!"

"Stop it, Jenny!" Marion was angry now. But her anger ebbed swiftly, for Jenny was crying.

"Listen, Jenny," said Marion, after many vain attempts to quiet her. "I'll tell you a secret, Jenny. I—I'm in love with someone else, Jenny."

That did it. Jenny stopped crying at once. "Of course I 'pologize." She blew her nose. "Only, somehow—well, it's not that I'm jealous. I hope I'm not jealous. But I mean to say— And it was just for a minute. And him mentioning your hair, and me getting grayer, and only twenty-three to-day! But I 'pologize, Marion—"

When Jenny had gone, Marion clenched her hands. Why, oh, why had she told Jenny! Jenny didn't even ask who it was Marion was in love with. But she would to-morrow. . . .

The next day Marion's world of dreams went crashing.

Word had come from central office asking that each employee's telephone number be put on record. Mr. Wold went round the room, getting the numbers. "What do they want it for?" asked Marion's neighbor. "A girl fainted in another division yesterday and they had trouble reaching her home . . . 4321, well, that's a nice easy number," said Mr. Wold, smiling. "And now yours, Miss Morell?"

"Mine's a funny number too," said Marion. "Flatbush 6776. You hiss it, sort of." She smiled, quite pleased with herself. Jenny would have said, "The girl's clever." But Mr. Wold was not smiling—in fact, frowning! But surely there was nothing to frown at. Yet he did; it was unmistakable. And now he had gone on to the next desk and was saying something pleasant there! And she had imagined that just possibly he might be in love with her! Oh, shameful, shameful!

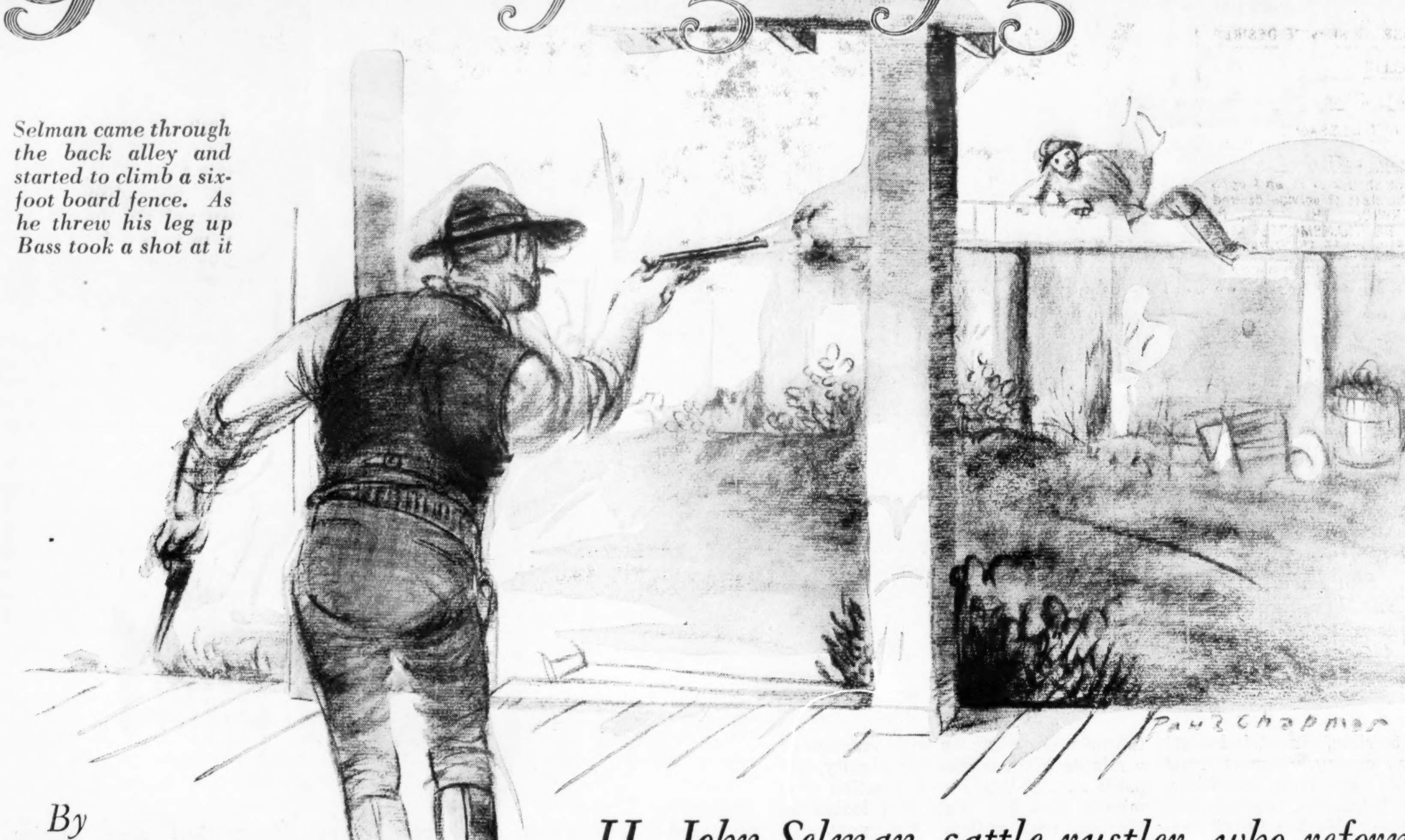
Her mind stopped thinking, could not find words with which to clutch at the turbulence of her feeling. Mechanically she went on copying, copying. . . . How bitter ink smelt—figures. . . .

IT MUST have been an hour before a single coherent thought emerged from the chaos. That first thought was, "To-night, when Jenny asks me about my boy-friend, what'll I say?" And suddenly she laughed aloud. As if that mattered! As if anything mattered!

The day dragged, dragged. Hours full of dry, aching minutes! Mr. Wold, in the back of the room, despising her. And she in love with him! Fool, fool! Why, Jenny, with her silly case on Mr. Arbuthnot, had been less of a fool! After all, Mr. Arbuthnot had taken hold of Jenny's arms and looked into her eyes. If

(*Continued on page 30*)

Yesterday's gun fighters



Selman came through the back alley and started to climb a six-foot board fence. As he threw his leg up Bass took a shot at it

By
OWEN P.
WHITE

II. John Selman, cattle rustler, who reformed and became an "exterminator of bad men"

THE cheerless dawn which followed in the wake of a hard day of battle and a weird night of flight found John Selman still riding rapidly away from Fort Griffin, Tex. Whither he was bound, or for what purpose, he didn't know—and he didn't care.

Before him lay the vast emptiness of the Staked Plains. Strapped to his waist, as his tools of conquest, were a pair of 45's; and behind him, thanks to his own prowess and the fleetness of his horse, was a little town which mourned the loss of a large part of its citizenship and a disappointed vigilance committee whose members had, up until the last moment, cherished the idea that they were going to hang the hero of this sketch to the nearest cottonwood and thereafter, as was the kindly custom of the times, use his body as a swinging target.

Just how Selman—who had killed seven of the citizens of Fort Griffin—made his get-away from the vigilance committee is not entirely clear, but from that time on—except for two short lapses into obscurity, during which lapses, however, some traces of his activities are discernible—it is easy to follow his trail.

A day or two after leaving Fort Griffin, Selman stopped at the camp of a man named Charley Siringo, boldly introduced himself under his right and proper name, calmly recounted the story of his escape from the vigilance committee and asked that he be allowed to remain long enough to reload his belt with rifle and pistol cartridges. When this little precautionary job was finished he bade his host good-by and again rode forth into the wilderness, where, within a very short time, he unexpectedly came into providential contact with a couple of young Mexicans who were easing a herd of 2,000 sheep along over the prairie.

Sizing up this situation and noting that it presented an unusual opportunity for conquest, Selman at once took it under personal control. Emphasizing his remarks with very significant six-shooter gestures, he easily induced the two young herders to divert the herd from its original destination and deliver it for him at the "breaks" of the Pecos River over in the territory of New Mexico. When the Mexican boys who drove the sheep and were themselves driven by Selman arrived at this point they mysteriously disappeared, and two American herders were employed by the new "owner" of the flock to conduct "his" sheep down to El Paso, Tex.

His Own Jail-Breaker

AT EL PASO, at that time (1878) a typical border town, in which no embarrassing questions were asked, Selman sold his sheep for $1 a head, paid off his herders and, with the balance of his hard-earned wealth in his pocket, disappeared from view for a year or two. But that he had not entirely retired from business is amply evidenced by the fact that between 1878 and 1880 the records show that two or three rather sizable droves of cattle, bearing the "burned" brand "J. S.," were driven hurriedly from the neighborhood of Lincoln County, N. M., clear over into Arizona, where they were hastily sold, the vender on each occasion pocketing the proceeds and getting away before his pursuers arrived.

Assuming, of course, that "J. S." stood for John Selman—and there can be little doubt about it—we are next surprised to find our hero holding down an official position in the vicinity of his original criminal activities. In 1880 Selman appeared at Fort Stockton, Tex., managed to get himself appointed deputy sheriff and jailer in that little town, and then sat around to await the results. They came soon enough.

Hardly had the ink on Selman's commission had time to dry than a group of his former associates from Lincoln County, N. M. (some of whom had been members of the gang of the notorious Billy the Kid), came into the precinct; and while Selman, acting in his capacity as custodian of the peace, held the citizens under control, they shot up the town and looted the stores. Leaving Fort Stockton, the gang went on to Fort Davis, where they repeated the performance.

When the Texas Rangers, who had been sent for by an irate populace, appeared upon the scene a few days later the only person they could find upon whom to wreak the vengeance of the law was John Selman. Acting upon the assumption that Selman was "in on the play," the rangers locked him up in his own jail and went on in pursuit of the remainder of the gang. In this pursuit they were entirely successful. They caught up with and exterminated the robbers, but when they got back to Fort Stockton, intending to deal out justice to John Selman, they found an empty jail. A hole through an eighteen-inch adobe wall, which the prisoner had dug with his boot heels, showed how he had made his escape. He was not seen or heard of again, officially, for two long years.

In 1882 he again appears. Charley Siringo, who in the meantime had become a Pinkerton detective, in riding through the streets in El Paso encountered a man wearing the badge of a peace officer and at once recognized him as the individual who, four years before, had stopped over in his camp, told his troubles and reloaded a lot of cartridges.

John's Aims Were Straight

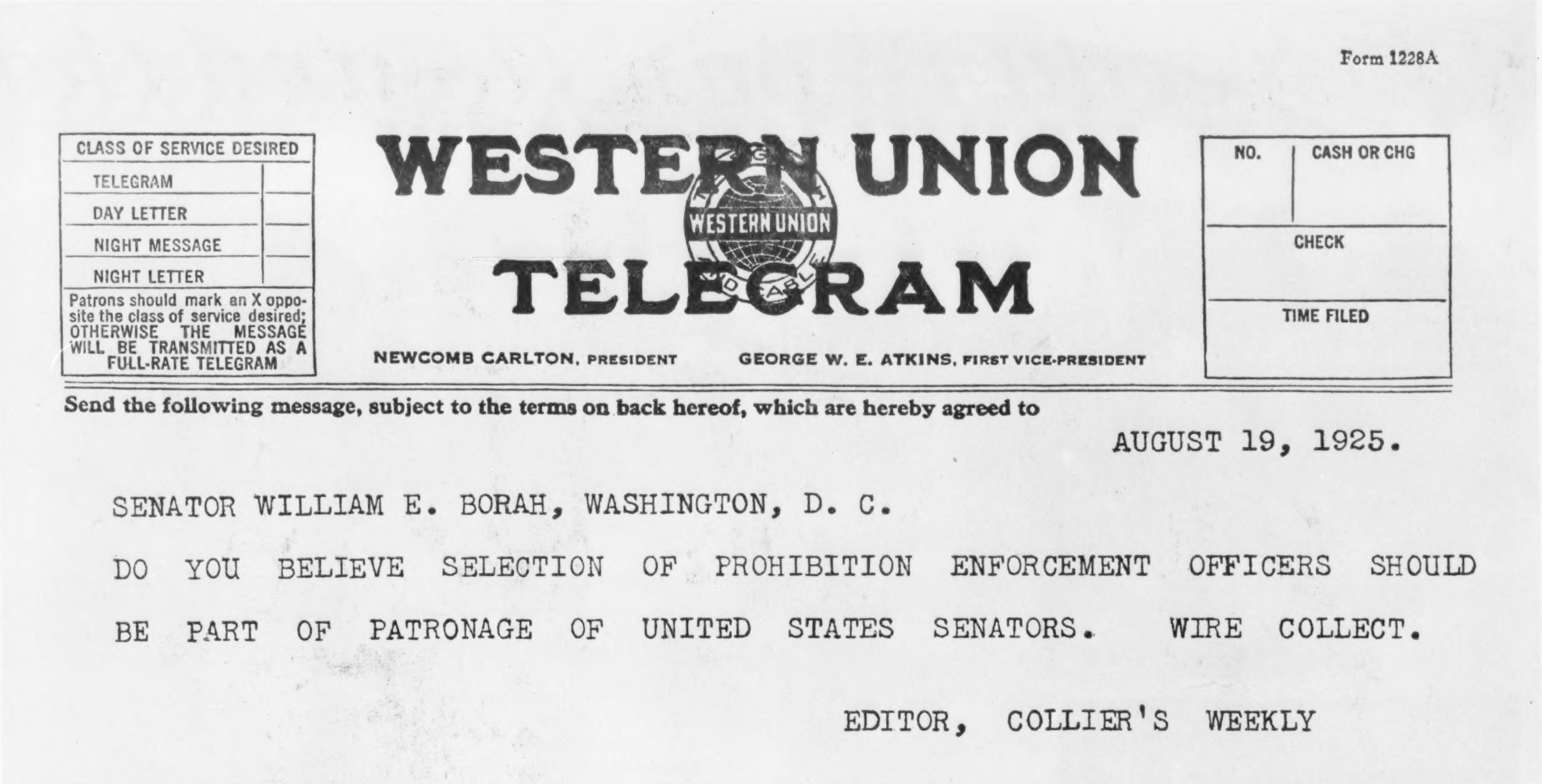
RECOGNITION was mutual, and the two men retired to a saloon to have a drink in honor of the meeting. Selman disposed of the charge, made by Siringo, that he had murdered the two Mexican sheep herders to keep them from making a complaint against him by saying:

"You know me, Charley. I never was a fellow to take chances, and I didn't take any that time. But, anyhow, I'm going straight now, and I'm going to stay straight, just as long as they let me alone."

And, strange to say, although everybody knew what kind of man he was and approximately how many notches he had on his gun, John Selman *did* stay straight, and up to the day of his death, taking into consideration the strenuous needs of his community, made a good peace officer.

He was a good peace officer because his was a record that all men reverenced and no man scoffed at. In those days El Paso was just as Dallas Stoudenmire had left it. It was a town that earned its livelihood through the practice of devilment, and the "good element" in the place, which consisted of a feeble minority struggling to uphold law and order, had to depend—just as prohibition does to-day—upon the restraining influence that accomplished "bad men"

(*Continued on page 42*)



Form 1228A

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED
TELEGRAM
DAY LETTER
NIGHT MESSAGE
NIGHT LETTER
Patrons should mark an X opposite the class of service desired; OTHERWISE THE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE TELEGRAM

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CHG
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

AUGUST 19, 1925.

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DO YOU BELIEVE SELECTION OF PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS SHOULD BE PART OF PATRONAGE OF UNITED STATES SENATORS. WIRE COLLECT.

EDITOR, COLLIER'S WEEKLY

What Senators say about "Wet" Spoils

THE greedy hand of politics mixing in prohibition enforcement is sowing corruption, crime and disrespect for law in America.

Usefulness to politicians, not fitness to administer the law, is the test by which prospective enforcement officials are measured.

Responsibility for most of the political appointees in the Prohibition Enforcement Unit lies at the door of the United States Senate. Therefore Collier's sent to each senator the telegram reproduced above.

Forty-nine senators replied and their enlightening telegrams are printed here. Several of those who did not reply were not within reach. Others may have considered the inquiry presumptuous, for a senator occupies a high office and is sometimes very dignified.

The answers received tell a tragic story. Many frankly favor patronage. Some oppose it. Several of the communications are evasive or ambiguous. But it is plain that many of the leaders of the Senate do believe in making political spoils of the millions voted for prohibition enforcement.

Senators Are Competent

CONNECTICUT has always believed in a representative form of government rather than a highly centralized government or a pure democracy. I concur heartily in this belief.

I believe that the representatives of the sovereign states are best qualified to advise the federal government on all matters connected with the choice of citizens from their state to hold appointive positions of whatever nature.

I believe that United States senators are competent to make recommendations to the executive branch of the government as regards all appointments. It may safely be assumed that they know their constituents better than the bureau chiefs in Washington.

HIRAM BINGHAM, Republican,
CONNECTICUT.

The Fiery Blease for States' Rights

I am in favor of the governor of each state being charged with the enforcement of all laws, and I believe that each state should be permitted to enforce the laws, and until the governor refuses or fails to do so the United States Government should keep their hands off. This applies to all laws.

COLE L. BLEASE, Democrat,
SOUTH CAROLINA.

You Can't Misunderstand Borah

I think prohibition-enforcement officers should be selected absolutely upon their qualifications and merit and free from political interference.

WILLIAM E. BORAH, Republican,
IDAHO.

Present But Not Voting

I prefer to make no public statement at this time concerning the selection of prohibition-enforcement officials.

SAM G. BRATTON, Democrat,
NEW MEXICO.

Frankly a Wet

I believe that only a very few members of any legislative body can be safely trusted with political patronage of any sort, and all my life I have been an uncompromising upholder of the merit system of appointment; but in my opinion, lacking in all true moral sanction as prohibition is, a large percentage of prohibition-enforcement officers, however selected, will succumb to the corrupt solicitations of their office.

WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE, Democrat,
MARYLAND.

"Too Much Politics"

I am emphatically opposed to making prohibition officers part of the political patronage of United States senators. I believe these appointments should be divorced absolutely from politics. Too much politics is one reason why the prohibition situation in some places is so unsatisfactory at this time.

ARTHUR CAPPER, Republican,
KANSAS.

Against Patronage

I do not believe prohibition-enforcement officers should be part of senatorial patronage. The heads of departments should be permitted to name those on whom they must rely.

T. H. CARAWAY, Democrat,
ARKANSAS.

Also Against Patronage

I do not believe the selection of law-enforcement officers should ever be a part of political patronage.

ROYAL S. COPELAND, Democrat,
NEW YORK.

The Gentleman From Michigan Lacks Experience

The telegram is meaningless so far as I am concerned, and I think, as a matter of fact, asks a question that cannot be answered.

Many publishers lead the public to believe many things that are not true, although the public are fairly well awakened to the fact that publishers cannot be relied upon in many of these matters. This because they are propagandists in many cases and crusaders in others.

So far as I am concerned, I do not know that prohibition-enforcement officers are appointed by United States senators or that it is any part of their patronage. Having had no experience, I do not know how the matter works.

JAMES COUZENS, Republican,
MICHIGAN.

Curtis Tries to Straddle

I believe the head of the prohibition-enforcement division could be assisted by consulting senators in regard to the standing of men they are considering in their districts. I do not think the office should (*Continued on page 43*)

—and the

Fox Film Corp.

Lou Tellegen sneers defiance as he hides his handcuffs beneath his kerchief. The cigar is probably for puffing into the heroine's eyes as he passes her en route to prison walls, the final resting place for indelibly black hearts

United Artists

Here's a tough rascal. Wallace Beery is enough to frighten any lovely lady whom he might care to pursue

United Artists

Fox Film

There is, of course, nothing like a glassy, staring eye for a villain addicted to abducting, such as Allan Hale. The taxi driver ought to be ashamed of himself

United Artists

A fancy vest, a little beard and graceful gestures—how could a girl see through the subtle insincerities of Donald Crisp?

He promises her riches. A dastardly way to deceive an innocent manicure girl. But what could you expect of Mack Swain?

villain still pursues her!

Our blood boils and we hate him, but all's well when he meets his finish

First National

A week's growth of beard is indispensable to blackguards who hover close to railroads. A clean shave might throw Frank Brownlee out of a job

Lumber camps and mountain regions have been breeding "he men" villains of this checkered shirt school for years and years now. Just see the predicament of this fair damsel, who let a bandit cross her path

Fox Film

Fox Film

Joseph Kilgour is another type of society bad man who, in spite of wealth surpassing even his years, merits well the haughty coldness shown him below

First National

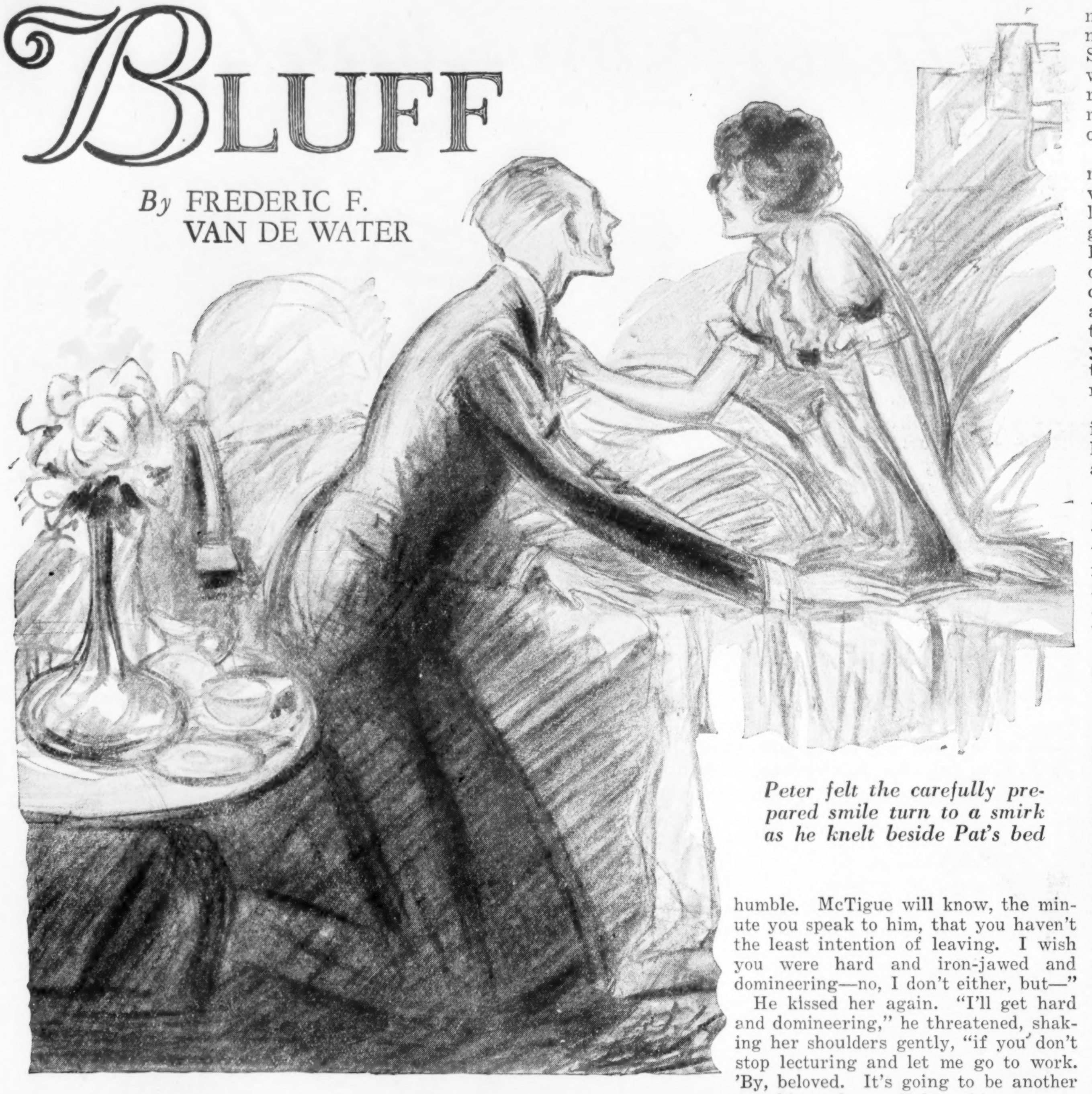
Women just will trust smooth modern fellahs like Brandon Hurst at the left, and thus supply an excuse for the pugilistic prowess of the hero

Brass buttons and uniforms of shining splendor do not make the man. There's venom beneath the honeyed words of Marc MacDermott, as Norma Talmadge is discovering

First National

BLUFF

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER



Peter felt the carefully prepared smile turn to a smirk as he knelt beside Pat's bed

Maybe only the wife can fully appreciate this story, but if she does her husband will be a great success!

"GOOD-BY, old crab," said Patricia Hackett, wife of the assistant Sunday editor of the Star, and kissed her husband.

"Good-by, little shrimp," Peter Hackett reciprocated.

"And, honey," she gasped, brushing back her mane of dark, thick curls and straightening her freshly starched house dress of faded blue, "you will be hard-boiled, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly." Peter grinned as he stood under the feeble electric light of the fifth-floor landing, looking wistfully at the crisp little figure framed in the doorway of his three-room flat.

"Oh, sure," his wife mimicked scornfully, and a wrinkle drew a vertical line between the thick black brows above her blue eyes. "Peter Hackett, if you don't read the riot act to McTigue to-day, I'll—I'll disown you."

"I'll make him give me a raise—if I can," said he slowly.

"Oh, Peter," she scolded, shaking her head and then brushing back the disarranged hair with a slender hand, reddened by dishwater, "if you can! If you can't you can go to the Planet, can't you?"

"But, Pat," he pointed out for the twentieth time in fourteen hours, "I don't want to go to the Planet. I wouldn't feel at home there. I like the Star and they like me."

She marked, all at once, how rounded his shoulders had grown in the two years since they had come to this flat from their honeymoon; how thin the sandy hair was growing on his temples, and she felt the surge of tenderness that always welled up when she looked long at the big, industriously unambitious little boy who was her husband. She fought it back and tightened her lips.

"They like you," she repeated. "Of course they do. They pay you seventy-five dollars, and you do two men's work. You're worth a hundred and fifty to them. Oh, yes, you are, or the Planet wouldn't have offered you a hundred and twenty-five."

He hesitated again. "The Star's a nice shop," he went on defensively. "I've been there nine years, and they think a lot of me."

"Thinking comes cheap," she commented cynically. "Oh, Peter, you are a dear, but I wish you weren't so darned humble. McTigue will know, the minute you speak to him, that you haven't the least intention of leaving. I wish you were hard and iron-jawed and domineering—no, I don't either, but—"

He kissed her again. "I'll get hard and domineering," he threatened, shaking her shoulders gently, "if you don't stop lecturing and let me go to work. 'By, beloved. It's going to be another scorching day. Take things easy, please."

"Uncle Harry is coming to supper," she called after him as he ran downstairs. "Don't let them keep you late. . . ."

Andrew McTigue, managing editor of the Star, reached his office daily at twelve. Morris Lawson, Sunday editor, rolled into his sanctum, as usual, at a quarter hour before noon, mopped his thick neck with a silk handkerchief, and stripped his linen jacket from a tentlike expanse of shirt, patched and splotched with perspiration.

"Whew!" he gasped and, turning to Peter, added, "Sorry. Little delayed this morning."

THIS was his accustomed greeting. Having delivered it, Lawson grunted as he lowered himself into a chair before the closed roll-top desk and fanned his crimson face with his Panama hat. Though window and transom were opened wide, not a breath of air moved through the room. Athwart the sun-soaked prospect of the park over the way the shade cord hung rigid as wire. In the street below the life of the city flowed torpidly, drugged by heat. Newsboys' voices were feverishly shrill. A truck jolted languidly across the car tracks, where heat waves danced and shimmered.

"Anything new?" Lawson inquired, still fanning.

Peter padded at his forehead with a sodden handkerchief and then pulled away a proof that had adhered to his sticky forearm, as he replied:

"Drace has an interview with some nut astronomer who's worked out a connection between January eclipses and September heat waves. I told him to write it. Patter's illustration for the rum story is a peach. We ought to make a four-column cut, I think. It's over there. What do you say?"

"Whatever you do," Lawson wheezed, not stirring. "Peter, my son, if I wasn't so fat and liquefied, I wouldn't let you do all the work. As it is, I'm going downstairs so McTigue will see I'm on deck, and after that I'm going out to lunch, and I don't much think I'll come in again to-day. If McTigue asks about me, I've gone uptown to see Senator Corning about that tariff article. If you want me, call my home and I'll try to get out of the tub and answer. All right?"

"Why, sure," Peter responded, smiling, and Lawson heaved himself from his chair, slung his coat over his arm, and departed.

McTIGUE, a faded little man with chilled blue eyes behind nose glasses with a broad black ribbon, looked up from the spread-out pages of an early afternoon paper and nodded abruptly at Peter, hesitating in the office doorway.

"All right, Mr. Hackett," he said grudgingly, "what is it? Where's Mr. Lawson?"

"At lunch," Peter replied, entering.

"I want to see Mr. Lawson," McTigue complained, his long querulous upper lip twitching. "I'm not at all satisfied with the magazine, Mr. Hackett. Not at all satisfied. It isn't helping us sell the Sunday. The business office is complaining. That taxicab story was a mistake. It has cost us advertising, though that, of course, isn't the point. It was inaccurate and badly written."

He removed his glasses from his nose and beat time with them upon the back of his hand to the complaining tune he hummed under his breath. The taxicab story was the only one Lawson had ordered in a month, but Peter felt a conviction of guilt, an impulse to apologize. He fought it down, coughed, cleared his throat, and at length said mildly:

"Mr. McTigue, the Planet wants me to come and take charge of its magazine section. I've been offered a hundred and twenty-five a week."

The managing editor's upper lip drew down in an expression of dismay. "How much?" he demanded, sitting upright.

"A hundred and twenty-five a week," Peter replied apologetically. "Of course, I don't expect the Star can meet that, Mr. McTigue, but I really feel that considering—what I mean to say is I'm—"

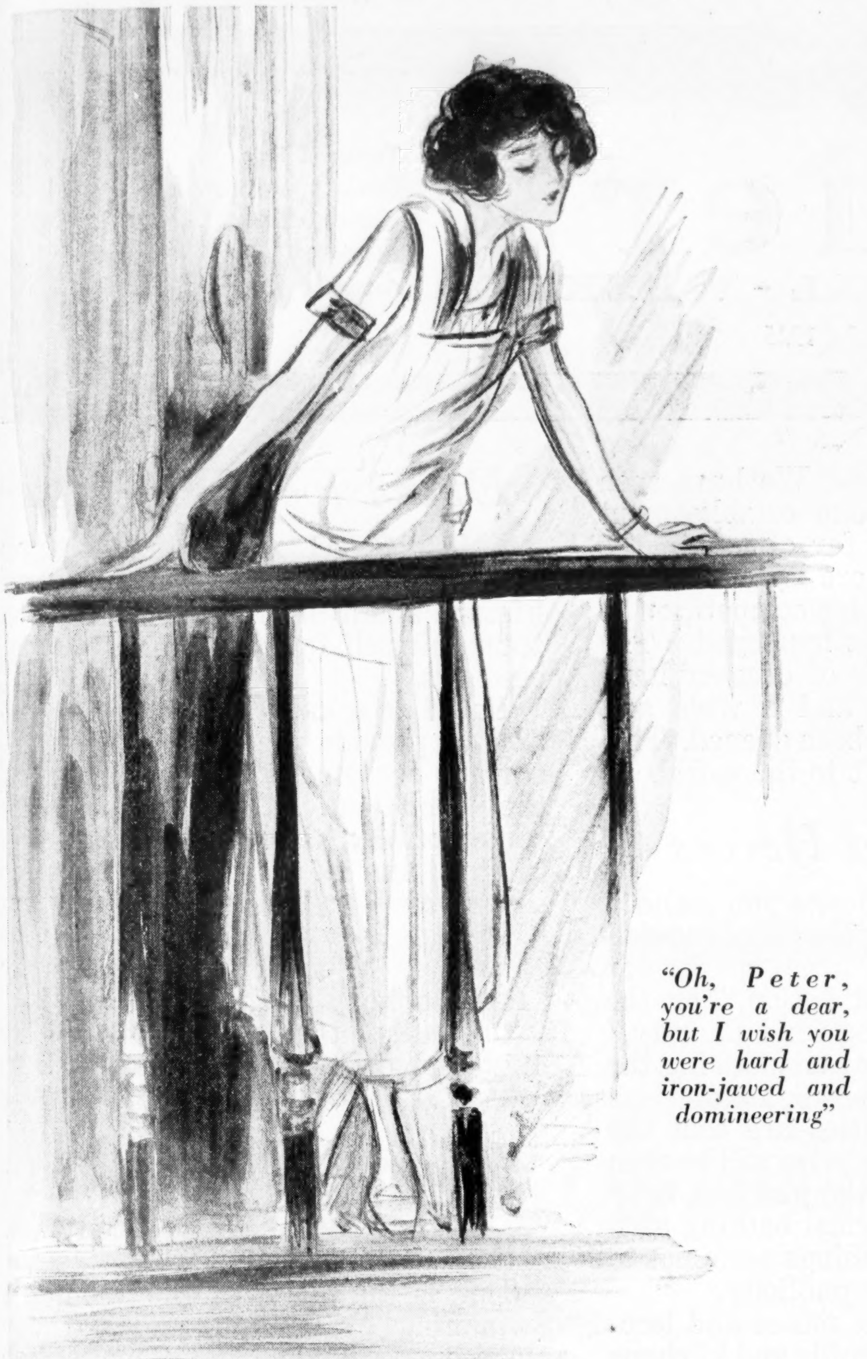
He was suddenly aware that he had been going to say he was sorry and bit off the sentence, uncompleted. . . .

He was making that apologetic statement into the telephone later in the afternoon, when Martin Drace, who added to his reporter's salary by occasional contributions to the Star's weekly magazine section, entered the Sunday editor's office, a folded sheaf of copy paper in his hand.

"I'm sorry," Peter was saying, "and I'm just as appreciative of the Planet's offer. No, I don't believe I'm making a mistake. . . . Well, Mr. Lawson isn't here just now. You might reach him at his home if it's important."

"Here," Drace said, laying the typewritten pages on Hackett's desk, "is the only true story of why it's hot this September, and when Professor Burden sees how nicely I've explained his theory, he'll understand it himself. Why write poetry on a day like this, Pete?"

He nodded at the penciled sheet on Hackett's desk, and Peter grinned a



"Oh, Peter, you're a dear, but I wish you were hard and iron-jawed and domineering"

little sheepishly. "The syndicate's going to try and sell the 'Random Rhymes' junk I've been doing for the editorial page," he explained. "I'm getting 'em up two weeks in advance."

"Nice job for hot weather," Drace retorted, helping himself to one of Peter's cigarettes. "Sticking the Star a good price for them, aren't you? You're a sap if you don't."

"I got a raise to-day," Peter vouchsafed, "with the understanding that I keep this stuff done ahead for the syndicate. I don't believe they'll make much on it, anyway."

Drace smoked in silence a minute and snapped a suspender strap against his sodden shirt.

"With your brains and my pep," he said at length, "I'd be pulling down ten thousand a year in no time at all. I bet I know what happened to-day. You got the offer of another job and McTigue gave you part of what someone else offered you and more work to do. That's his game. He goes on the theory that it's worth twenty-five dollars a week to have the privilege of working for the Star."

"Well, isn't it?" Peter defended weakly. "It's worth a lot to be comfortable and to know the crowd you're working with."

"No one knows that better than McTigue," Drace sneered, "that's why he has the lowest pay roll in the city. I know his line: 'The paper is going through a critical period, now, but later loyalty will be rewarded. Meanwhile here's five dollars more a week.' Well, the Star's been going through that critical period ever since we came to it, and the only people I've seen rewarded to date are the stockholders. They're getting theirs."

"McTigue's not so bad," Hackett protested.

"McTigue's a little four-flusher," the other insisted. "He's a bluffer, and the only way to make anything out of a bluffer is to call him. Well, listen," he continued, dropping his voice, "he's not going to run his game on me any more. I've got an offer from the Argus Advertising Agency. If he doesn't meet it Monday, I'm going to walk right out of his darned old shop."

"You aren't married," Peter replied slowly.

BETWEEN the white flares of the street lamps the oily black shadows spread like molten tar. In the west the afterglow burned sullenly as though someone had thrown open the door of the furnace on which all day the city had roasted. After the sharp, black and white contrasts of the street it was comforting to step into the warm dusk of the flat where ice tinkled in a tea pitcher and candle flames were multiplied in the bright mahogany of the folding tea table set for supper in the center of the tiny living-room. Patricia, her firm white shoulders gleaming above the old black evening dress that had been part of her trousseau, rose as the door closed behind her husband.

"It is now," she called cheerfully, "ten minutes of eight, and we've been waiting supper so long that everything is hot. Peter, you old goop!"

She caught an ear in each hand and shook his head, searched for a dry place to kiss, and compromised on the tip of his nose. Dr. Alexander, her uncle, loomed up at her shoulder, a smile curving the ends of his gray mustache.

"Hello, nephew-in-law," he said, holding out his hand. "Congratulations."

"I told him about the Planet offer," Patricia explained. "You didn't mind? We had to talk of something while we waited. Whatever kept you, honey?"

"They got into a jam on the early news section," he explained, "and I waited to help them out."

"Peter," his wife exclaimed suddenly, "I could skin you."

"I wish you would," he replied; "I'd be cooler. I'll wash and be ready in a minute."

SHE was waiting for him in the darkened hall when he emerged and held out a delaying hand.

"Well?" she prompted.

When he had told her she was silent an instant before she murmured: "A ten-dollar raise! Oh, Peter!"

"But it'll be more in the long run," he said eagerly. "Mr. McTigue hinted that I was in line for Lawson's job. I suppose they're going to fire him. He certainly rates it. And Mr. McTigue said a lot of nice things about my work too, Pat, and they're going to syndicate my 'Random Rhymes' stuff."

"How much are they going to pay you for that?" she asked dryly.

"Well, nothing at present, but it's a good advertisement for me, Pat, and it really won't take up any more of my time when I get the stuff done two weeks ahead."

"You're a lamb, Peter," she rejoined absently, "but you really ought to be skinned, you know. Now come to supper."

"Why this haughty attitude toward the Planet?" Dr. Alexander asked a few minutes later, idly clinking the ice in his glass.

"You see, sir," Peter began, eager to justify himself, "I've been on the Star ever since I was a cub. I know their ways and they know mine. And, then, the Planet is the sort of sheet that's run from the business office."

"And the Star isn't?" the physician prompted.

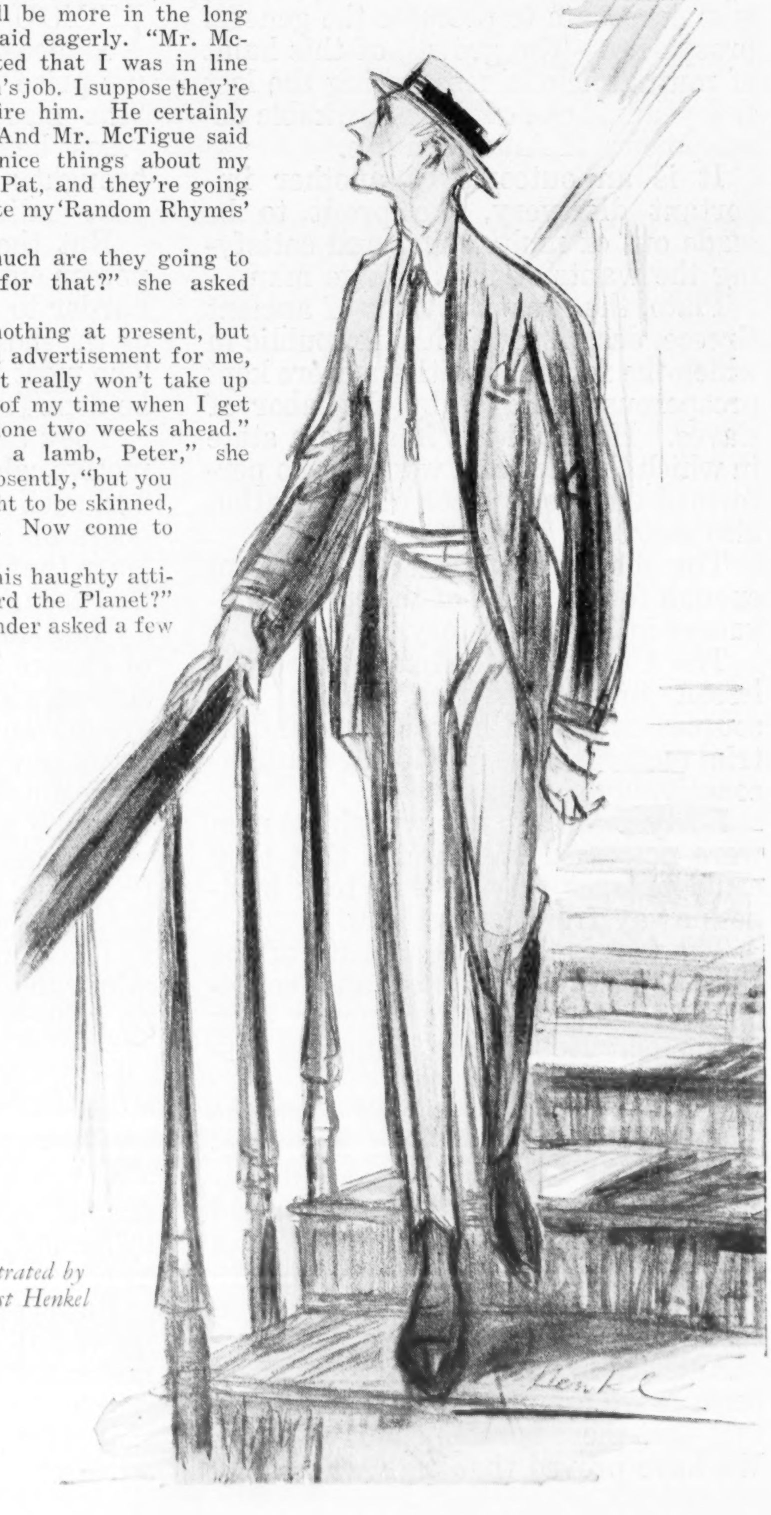
"It is too," Patricia cut in, "and Peter knows it. What business manager, Peter, was it who wrote to a managing editor saying: 'The Levines have doubled their advertising space. I hope no accidents happen to reviews of their plays from now on'? You and your loyalty make me tired.

"Peter," she explained, as she removed the salad plates, "is the original faithful old employee. Honestly, Uncle Harry, he makes me simply furious by being so darned everlastingly patient. He's giving the best years of his life to that old paper. Every morning when he goes off to work he looks a little more drawn, a little older—"

"But, Pat," her husband protested, "I can't help that. Every morning I am a little older."

The supper dishes had been washed and put away, and Patricia, slipping out of her long apron, kissed her husband violently.

"There," she (*Continued on page 34*)



Illustrated by August Henkel

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The Profits of Decency

THE biggest discovery of the twentieth century is the soundness of the principle of live and let live.

Other generations were convinced that "dog eat dog" was the hard rule of business. A man sought prosperity by outwitting or destroying his rivals.

That spirit lingers in places but it is dominant no longer. Instead of fighting to undermine competitors, men coöperate to promote the general prosperity. The growth of this habit of mutual helpfulness during the last few years is one of the remarkable developments of American life.

It is an outcome of another important discovery, the profit to be made out of multiplying and satisfying the wants of the average man.

Plato, the great dreamer of ancient Greece, described his ideal republic in which the fortunate citizens were kept prosperous and free by the labor of slaves. He could not imagine a state in which the men and women who performed the heavy labor of civilization also shared in its fruits.

The discovery that there is room enough for all is one of the epochal advances in human history.

The United States has learned the lesson first. Our rich natural resources developed by scientific industrial methods have provided wealth inconceivably abundant.

Forty years ago many business men were possessed of the idea that they could prosper only as they took business away from competitors.

The fact is that the capacity of the human race to consume and consequently to produce has never been fathomed. Nobody can bound the possibilities of consumption.

The man who predicted that the money value of products manufactured in the United States would increase six times in twenty years would have been considered a lunatic. Yet that happened between 1899 and 1919 and the present rate of growth is even faster.

America has expanded miraculously because we are at last recognizing the fact that there is room enough for all. We have proved that high wages pay handsome dividends. We have seen the prosperity of one establishment open opportunities for others in the same industry. There is no room for jealousy or destructive competition.

A great thing has happened. The material advantages of decency have been demonstrated and a wide and promising vista has been opened. This too is America's gift to the world.

Subsidized Heroes

IF YOU live in Chicago you stand a chance of winning the thousand-dollar prize offered by a newspaper for "the most beautiful action," or the "most beneficial thing for humanity," brought about in that city during the year ending September 6, 1926.

But the probabilities are that the person entitled to the prize will be even harder to find than the prettiest baby or the most symmetrical bathing girl. The most beautiful things seem not to be done for prizes or publicity.

They take place in mines and locomotive cabs and sawmills and kitchens and such unpromising places, and the doers of them would be surprised to learn that anything out of the ordinary had occurred.

Heroism is not a number on a wheel of chance. Public spirit can't be subsidized. The benefactors of humanity are driven by the zest of the job. Louis Pasteur wanted to understand the infinitesimal mites visible through a microscope and he never knew that his work was to benefit humanity more than all the accomplishments of a Napoleon or a Bismarck.

The impulse to reward virtue is admirable but good works really need no subsidy.

Chatterboxes

AN INSPIRED paragrapher on the Leader, of Eau Claire, Wis., dashes off this succinct reminder: *"The only successful substitute for brains is silence."*

But every dinner party, every legislative hall, every radio program testifies sadly that large numbers of our people have been overpersuaded by that older admonition: "Accept no substitute."

Expensive Knowledge

A NATIONALLY known bootlegger finishing a term in Atlanta found himself again under arrest. He also found himself faced with divorce proceedings.

Rated as a millionaire, he was unable to provide the cash bond necessary to secure his freedom pending the second trial. His business had been contemptible; his money was rankly tainted; and as a citizen he occupied the lowest rung of the ladder. But looking at his position with sophisticated eyes he made a wise remark: "It doesn't pay to break the law!"

Obviously true, but fortunately most people don't have to go to jail to learn it.

The Sporting Thing

"GOOD sportsmanship is better than victory."

This is the motto of the Women's Swimming Association, under whose auspices Gertrude Ederle made her spectacular but unsuccessful attempt to swim across the English Channel last summer.

It is a great doctrine, perhaps not too well exemplified in Miss Ederle's row with her trainer but still applicable to many things outside of sports.

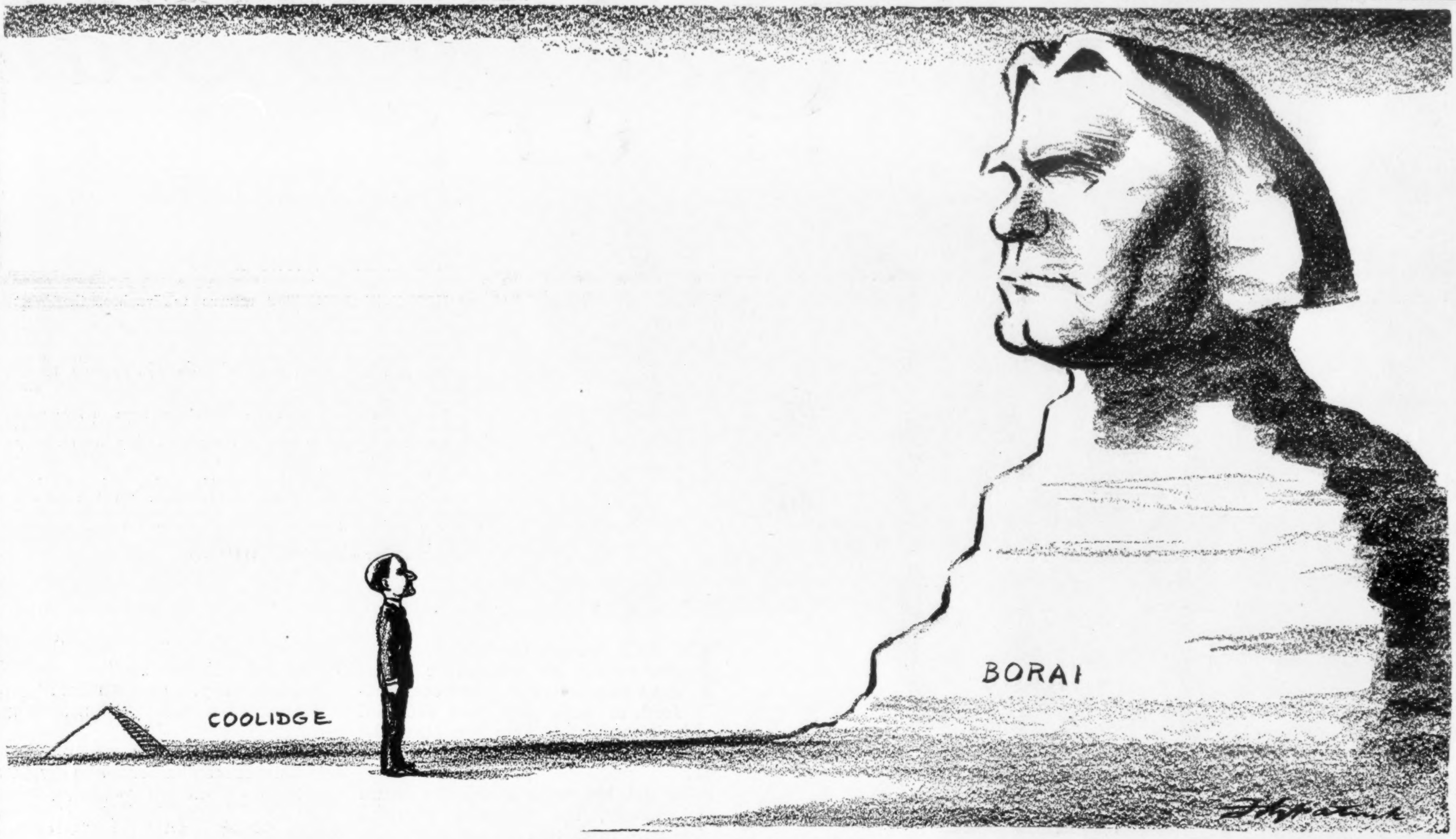
Victory, however achieved, is often held to be the sole test of governments and success the only criterion of business. We who have learned the competition of games know better.

It is fine to win but the true sportsman can also lose courageously.

Suzanne Lenglen is counted the greatest woman tennis player but she is not admired in America because she refused to continue to play a losing game.

It is possible to accumulate a fortune by cheating. Crookedness may bring temporary achievement. It cannot last when it becomes known. The poor sport, be he athlete or business man, cannot successfully challenge the public belief in fair play. Justice wins in the long run.

Women who are breaking into so many new fields have done well by themselves in attracting attention to this basic truth.



When Sphinx Meets Sphinx

"We Never Saw You in Our Lives"

By BRUCE BARTON

© *Pirie MacDonald*

LAST summer in Wyoming we rode our horses up the side of a mountain and explored a cave which is famous in the neighborhood.

As we came down again an old sheep herder hailed us from the little front porch of his cabin.

"I suppose that there cave's kind of interestin', ain't it?" he drawled.

"Of course it is," we answered.

"I been meanin' to ride up and look it over," he continued.

"How long have you been here?"

"'Bout eleven years," he told us.

"Eleven years, and you mean to say you have never been in the cave?"

"Nope. I ain't never seemed to find time."

As we rode away my companion relieved his feelings.

"There is an unimaginative yokel for you," he blustered. "Think of having no more gumption than that. What a lot of people drift through life without seeing anything!"

"Yes," I said; "I'm one of them."

"You," he exclaimed. "Don't be foolish."

"I lived six years in Boston but I never went to Bunker Hill or saw the Old North Church or visited Plymouth Rock until after I had moved away," I answered.

"I've lived in New York nearly fifteen years but I've never looked at Grant's Tomb nor crossed the Hudson to see where Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr fought their duel. When Foch came to town I was busy. The Prince of Wales and Marshal Joffre, the King of Belgium and Billy Sunday all passed up Fifth Avenue, one block from my office, but I had work to do. The fight between Dempsey and Firpo took place a few miles away, but I was writing a piece for a magazine. I've been inside the opera house just once.

"Worse than that, my own children—who are more interesting than Joffre, Dempsey and Gloria Swanson rolled into one—live under the same roof with me, and I get only a glimpse of them in the morning and less than a full glimpse at night. You go ahead and criticize that poor old sheep herder," I concluded. "I'd like to but I can't."

The world is so full of a number of things
That most of us keep right on running in rings.

These lines, composed by Robert Louis Stevenson and myself, fifty-fifty, are cheerfully dedicated to anybody whose life they seem to fit.

Two days before writing this piece I had a birthday, always a solemn experience, and, as on previous birthdays, I took account of stock. I said to myself, "Hereafter I am going to have a little something to say about the way in which my days are spent. I will not let all the parades go by without seeing them. I will run when the fire bell rings, and take time off to meet interesting people, and play more golf, and have more time with my kids."

Doubtless you made the same resolution on your last birthday. Shall we get away with it any better this time, I wonder, than we have in the past?

The most tragic passage in the Bible is the account of the Day of Judgment. The Judgment Hall is full of well-dressed, well-meaning folks who have led busy lives, and the Lord says: "I was hungry and you did not feed me. I was thirsty and you did not give me a drink. I was naked and you did not clothe me."

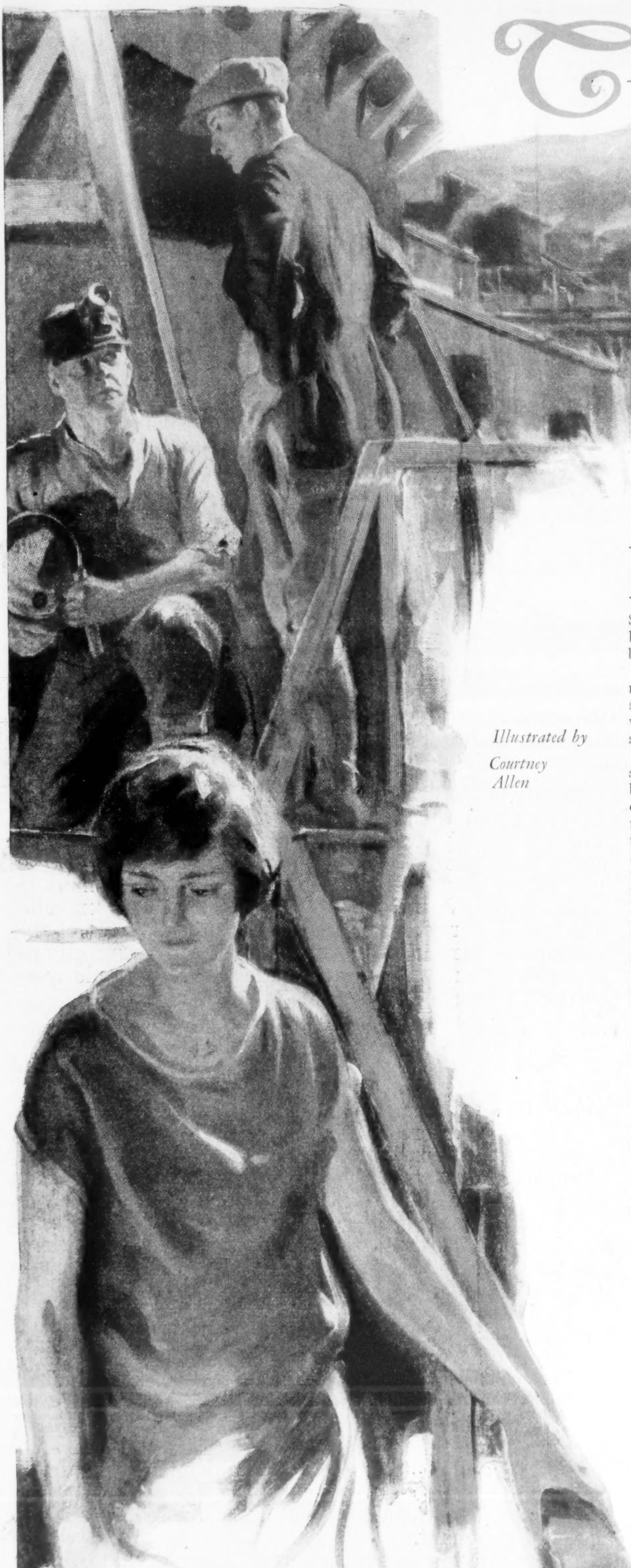
The people to whom the words are addressed are amazed and even indignant.

"How can you say such things?" they demand. "We never saw you in our lives."

They speak the truth. They were so busy that they saw very few of the things in life most worth looking at.

The Deep Seam

By JACK BETHEA



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

Christine did not know it, but Selden was keeping his promise

The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTINE BENNETT returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father, Angus McIvor, works, after three years of an unhappy marriage. Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, meets her at the train. He had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, Christine's husband, blacklisted in several states, so that it was impossible for him to get a job, and he deserted Christine.

Before Christine's marriage Selden had been in love with her in his cold way. He had never said so, though Christine had sensed it. He as well as the girl's father had strongly disapproved of her marriage and had made it as disagreeable as possible for her.

Christine's one idea is to humble Selden and make him ridiculous in the eyes of the mining camp. To that end she must keep in touch with him. Therefore, after some days in her father's house she goes to Selden's cabin, begging him to help her, and he gives his promise. Christine feels then that her campaign has started.

IN HER father's bleak house Christine curbed her impatience in the days that followed. She could afford to wait now that she had Selden's promise to help her. Once he had acted, there could be no turning back.

She did her work about the house mechanically, her thoughts occupied solely with this. She did not chafe outwardly, for she told herself that her submission was only for a time.

When she had finished with Selden she would leave—this time with nothing behind to follow her. She could go content in that knowledge. She was not afraid to try her wings again although her first attempt had failed. She had gained in wisdom and she would know better what to do in the future.

The days passed monotonously. Christine swept and dusted and cooked and waited. Angus McIvor held that his daughter must earn her tolerance in his house and he saw to it that there were tasks aplenty to fill her waking hours.

One of her duties each day was to carry her father's dinner bucket to the tipple when he came out at noon. Angus did the shooting for the men in the west main heading, preparing the charges, measuring the cartridges, lacing the caps, rolling the tamping dummies and finally setting off the powder at five o'clock when all others had left the mine. It was dangerous, but Angus' Scotch caution protected him; he never shot a hole that he did not scrape and tamp himself.

Selden was standing watching her father when Christine came up the tipple nearly a week after her visit to the lodge. She handed her father the pail containing his meal and the afternoon supply of drinking water. Angus did not speak to her and she left the tipple with only a brief nod for the superintendent. She looked back and saw Selden move over and stand at her father's elbow as he packed the red-covered rolls of powder in a box filled with sawdust.

Christine did not know it, but behind her Selden was keeping his promise.

"How is the air?" the superintendent asked McIvor.

"No gas to speak of, sir," the miner answered. He too stood in awe of the superintendent, but it dropped from him at Selden's next words.

"I see that your daughter is at home. Permanently?"

"Yes," said McIvor, and this time he did not add the "sir."

"What will you do with her?"

McIvor frowned. "What do you mean?"

"You can't coop up a woman without interests or companions and avoid an explosion. What are you doing to prevent it?" Angus did not answer and Selden looked at him sidewise. "I know what you think," he said pleasantly. "That this is none of my concern. But it is because I make it so. Now do you understand what I mean?"

Blue eyes and gray clashed before the miner answered. McIvor spoke with painstaking enunciation, faultlessly, a heritage of his hard-won education. "My daughter will remain in my home until we decide what is to be done."

Selden's tone was cool. "I have already decided that."

McIVOR gazed at him, his face settling into hard lines beneath the coal dust that grimed his features. "You trouble yourself for nothing."

"I do not," Selden contradicted. "I have a good idea." His voice chilled. "It will be much easier for you if you think so too." He looked hard at McIvor and the miner read the ultimatum in his eyes. But the old man was not daunted.

"I don't need your interference in my affairs," he cried, stepping forward, one fist knotting at his side. "My daughter and me—"

Selden moved over to meet him. He never declined the challenge of an attitude and no one in Ivanhoe had ever been courageous enough to face him. Selden lifted a finger and shook it at McIvor, who glowered down at him.

"I wanted to arrange this nicely and I wanted you to see it my way," he said. "But there are other methods. If you get your back up before you even hear what I propose, it will be managed differently. I'm superintendent here. You know what that means."

McIvor subsided sulkily. "Well, let's hear what it is and then we will see."

"Much better," said Selden approvingly. "It happens that I need a stenographer. I could send to Charleston, but I'd probably get one that never heard of a mine and would not stay. Your daughter knows mining and is living here; in addition to that she has sufficient education along general lines. I'll take her and train her for the job."

McIvor shook his head. "We need her at home and we'd rather keep her—" Selden tapped (Continued on page 39)

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T.B. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

The red kids

By
RUPERT HUGHES

There are corners of life which can't be fitted into "regular" short stories—but the Short Short Story holds them beautifully. Here is one by Rupert Hughes. Next week: Sophie Kerr

TOM SKEENE had quarreled with his sweetheart, Nellie Wayne, again, and dashed off once more into the deep woods. He was violently red-headed and had a violent, quick temper—which made him a conspicuous exception to a rule that the idiotic public has simply reversed, by basing it on the exceptions instead of the inclusions.

Nellie had the quicker and the hotter temper of the two, though she was a sloe-black brunette of star-white skin. She and Tom had been quarreling and parting thus ever since they were children.

When Tom's temper cooled, and he dashed back to what is known as civilization, he found the railroad station crowded. And whom should he see in the crowd but Nellie Wayne! She was dressed to the nines and so radiant that he was sure heaven had sent her to meet him.

He bucked the throng in the best football manner, seized Nellie with a high tackle that took her breath away, and groaned with ecstasy:

"Darling! Forgive me! I'll never leave you again!"

"In Heaven's name, let me go!"

"Not till you promise to marry me at once! To-day!"

"But I am married!"

"Married? My God, since when?"

"Since just now! I'm on my way to my honeymoon."

"But you belong to me by all the laws of mod and gan."

A harsh voice snarled: "Kindly drop my wife before I drop you!"

Tom looked into the grim, white face of Jim Smallwood, a big black-haired man, even brunetter than Nellie.

The best man intervened, pleading:

"Tom, don't be any damneder fool than you have to."

The train that brought Tom in took Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood out, leaving everybody standing stupidly with armfuls of old shoes and handfuls of rice unthrown.

"Gosh, what a honeymoon for poor Jim," the best man groaned, and echo answered, "Poor Jim!"

Poor Tom was drunk for five days, and when the Smallwoods returned he was so sick-looking that both took pity on him.

Smallwood could afford to be generous since he had won the prize that for years he and Tom had been contending for. Besides, Tom, always careless and disheveled, made a fine contrast to Smallwood, always spick and span, well-groomed, close-shaved and fanatically neat. Jim was one of those men who have a razor for every day of the week and would rather be caught dead than bristly.

A year or so later a baby came, a very small Smallwood. But red-headed as ever baby was!

Everybody joked about it, including Smallwood. But when he could find no red-haired people on either side of the family the joke lost its savor, somehow.

Of course he could not break off his friendship with Tom. That would have looked as if he suspected something ghastly. But when in time a second infant came howling into the Smallwood home, and was also red-headed, nobody smiled. Many whispered, but nobody smiled.

The horrified Nellie noted a curious back light in behind her husband's eyes and gave him an exhibition of such temper that she soon had him on his knees apologizing for what he had never said or hardly had dared to think. Less than ever could the Smallwoods banish Tom Skeene from their household now. Finally, a third little darling came from Heaven. As Smallwood waited for the doctor's verdict he did not care whether it was a boy, a girl, twins or triplets. The important thing was the color of its hair.

"Red!" said the doctor.

"Good-by!" said Jim.

The town laughed aloud now; laughed itself sick. Smallwood could almost hear the cachinnation in the woods where he hid in a hunting cabin and tried to vent his rage on fish and game. But he caught no fish, since he flailed the water with his rod. His gun hit only what he did not shoot at, especially one old cow. He threw away his gun. And when he cut himself while shaving he flung away all seven of his razors, and broke the mirror in the cabin, and let it lie. Bad luck had done its worst for him.

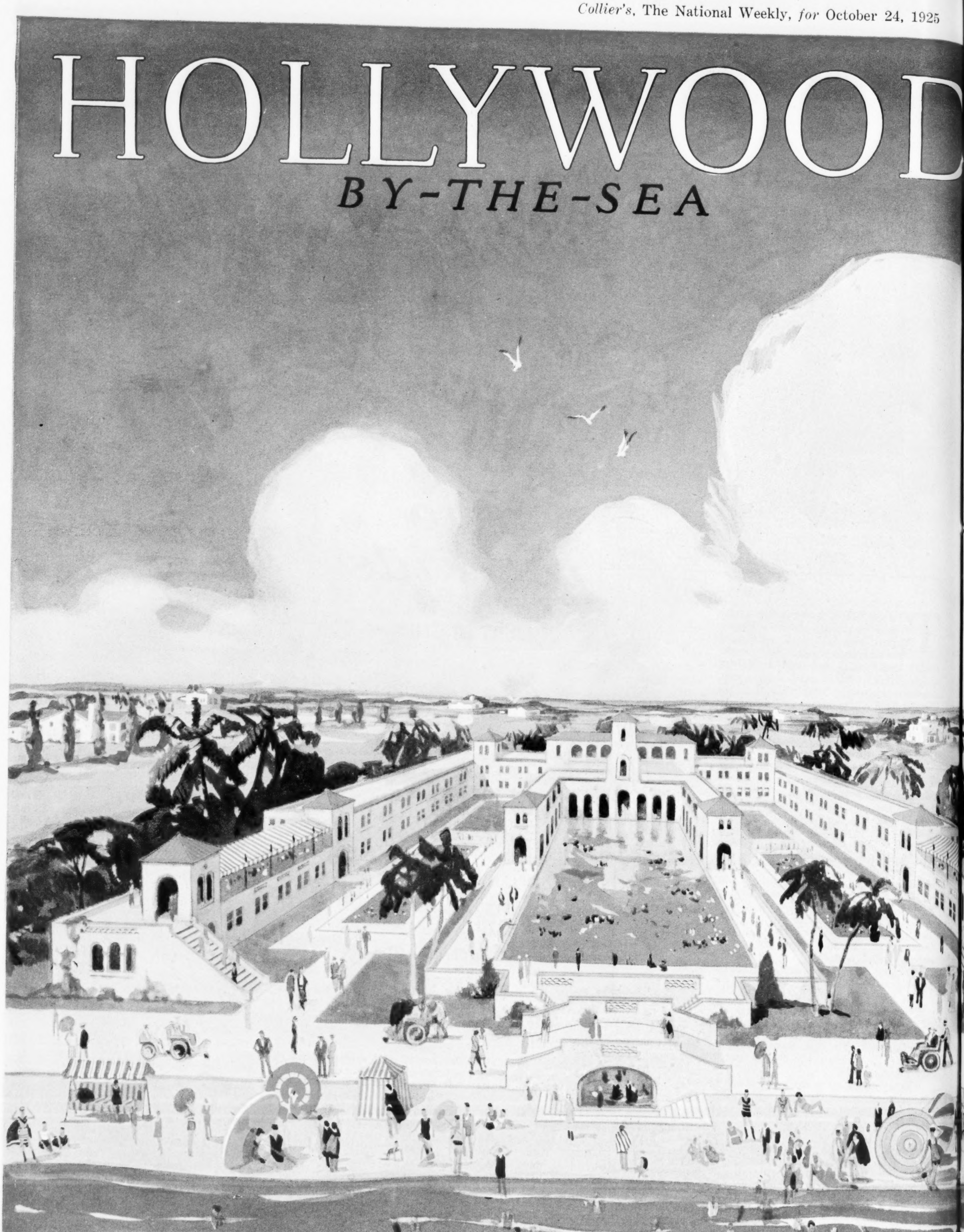
For days he fairly ran amuck through a primeval forest as unkempt, unshorn and unshaven as himself. After the third night of maniac fever he knelt by a lazy brook to drink.

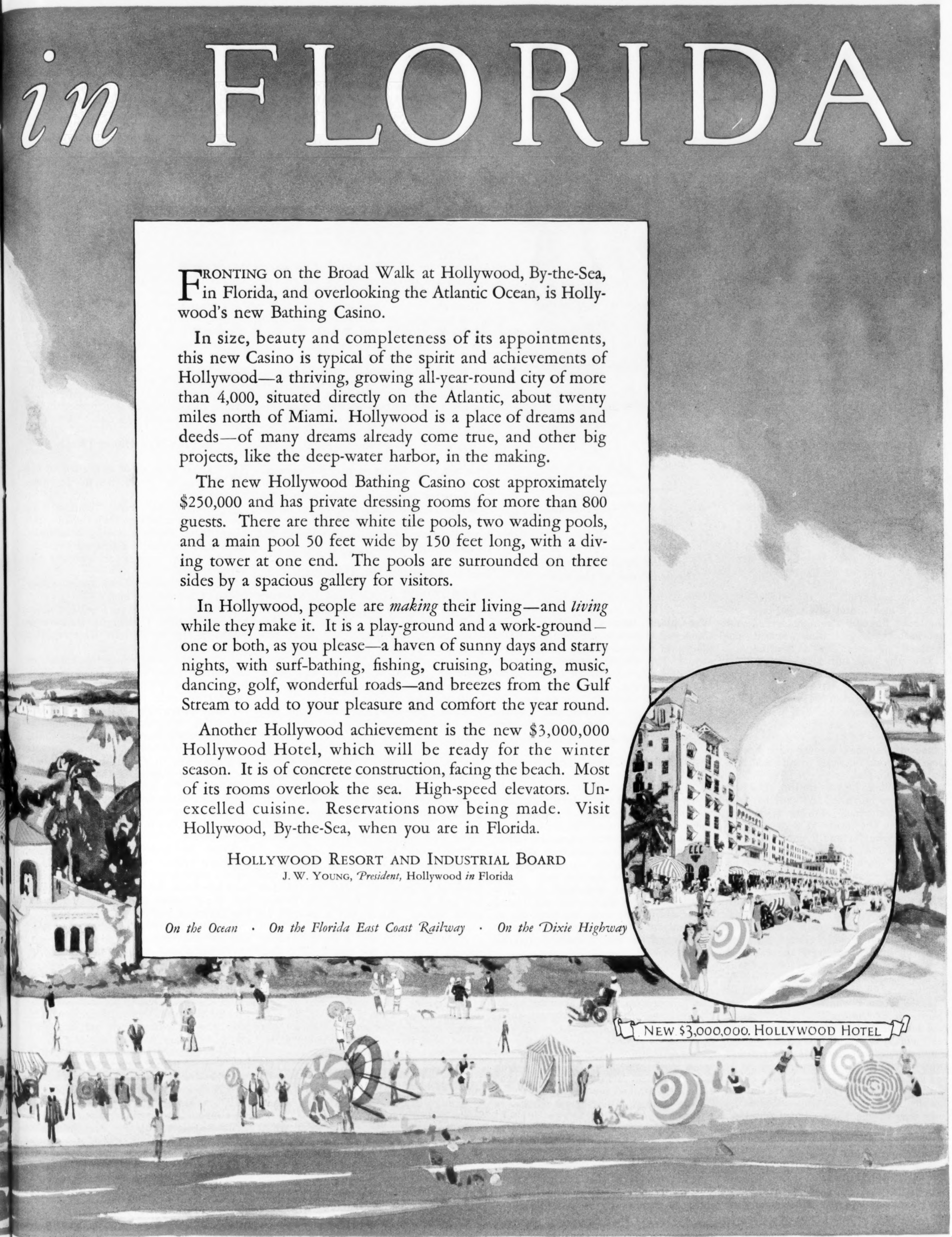
He stared at his reflection—recoiled with horror at his long, ragged hair, the thick stubble on his cheeks and lips. He stared again—not exactly in the mood of Narcissus, yet so excited that he fell into the brook and shattered his image.

He ran to his cabin so fast that he scared up a rabbit and stepped on it as he passed it. He picked up the broken mirror and gazed into its depths. He shouted with rapture and actually kissed the glass—but again with no Narcissism.

He flew to the village and fired off this telegram to his wife:

"Please forgive me darling and expect me home to dinner and please let those adorable kids of ours sit up to see their daddy revealing the most beautiful gorgeous set of suppressed red whiskers ever a man was blest with."


HOLLYWOOD
BY-THE-SEA



in FLORIDA

FRONTING on the Broad Walk at Hollywood, By-the-Sea, in Florida, and overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, is Hollywood's new Bathing Casino.

In size, beauty and completeness of its appointments, this new Casino is typical of the spirit and achievements of Hollywood—a thriving, growing all-year-round city of more than 4,000, situated directly on the Atlantic, about twenty miles north of Miami. Hollywood is a place of dreams and deeds—of many dreams already come true, and other big projects, like the deep-water harbor, in the making.

The new Hollywood Bathing Casino cost approximately $250,000 and has private dressing rooms for more than 800 guests. There are three white tile pools, two wading pools, and a main pool 50 feet wide by 150 feet long, with a diving tower at one end. The pools are surrounded on three sides by a spacious gallery for visitors.

In Hollywood, people are *making* their living—and *living* while they make it. It is a play-ground and a work-ground—one or both, as you please—a haven of sunny days and starry nights, with surf-bathing, fishing, cruising, boating, music, dancing, golf, wonderful roads—and breezes from the Gulf Stream to add to your pleasure and comfort the year round.

Another Hollywood achievement is the new $3,000,000 Hollywood Hotel, which will be ready for the winter season. It is of concrete construction, facing the beach. Most of its rooms overlook the sea. High-speed elevators. Unexcelled cuisine. Reservations now being made. Visit Hollywood, By-the-Sea, when you are in Florida.

HOLLYWOOD RESORT AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD
J. W. YOUNG, *President,* Hollywood *in* Florida

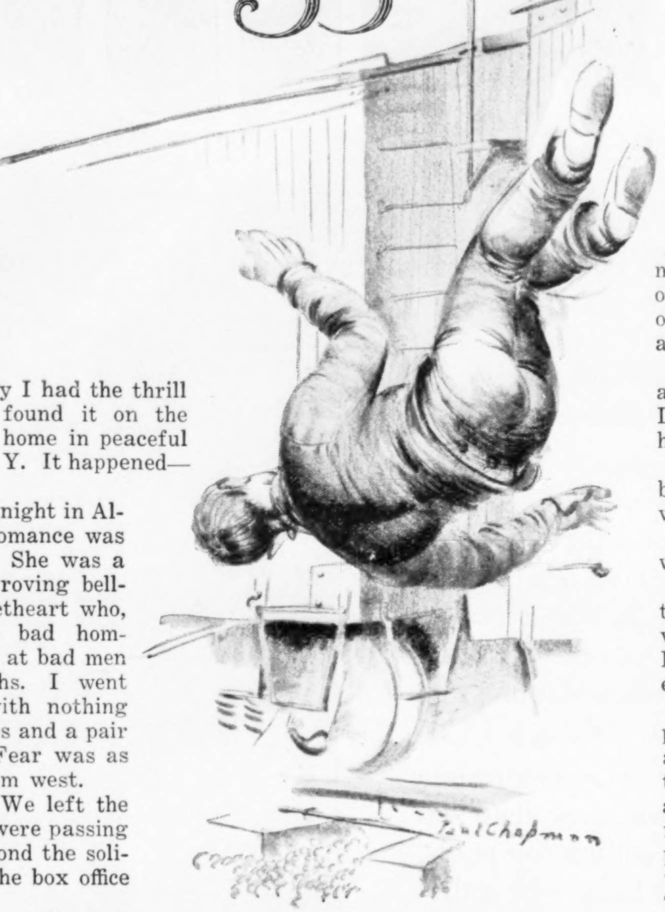
On the Ocean · *On the Florida East Coast Railway* · *On the Dixie Highway*

NEW $3,000,000. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

The biggest thrill of my life

By
JACK
O'DONNELL

MR. O'DONNELL'S life has been packed full of thrills connected with guns, knives, railroad trains and screeching shells. He recounts most of them here, including his latest and biggest, which happened at home and had nothing at all to do with violence.



I got the break and was thrown clear of the rail

JUST the other day I had the thrill of my life. I found it on the threshold of my home in peaceful New Rochelle, N. Y. It happened—But wait.

There was a starlit night in Albuquerque, N. M. Romance was budding in my soul. She was a Spanish beauty, I a roving bellboy. She had a sweetheart who, I was told, was a bad hombre. But love laughs at bad men as well as locksmiths. I went a-courting, armed with nothing but a box of chocolates and a pair of theatre tickets. Fear was as distant as east is from west.

The curtain fell. We left the theatre. Just as we were passing into the shadows beyond the solitary gas lamp over the box office the girl screamed.

The next instant a gun barked. I felt the heat of its fire on my cheek. Then I experienced a stinging sensation in my right hand. I looked and saw blood on the index finger. The shooter fled, but not before the girl whose arm I had released! Spanish love is fleeting.

The scar that bullet left helps keep the memory of that thrill still fresh.

Charley Snyder, like Casey Jones, was a brave engineer. He had to be to take the chances he did with Bert Schuyler and me as brakemen on the long oil trains he pulled over the heavy grade at Summit on the old Pacific Coast railroad between Orcutt and San Luis Obispo, Cal.

One night as he was pulling into San Luis Obispo he failed to "shut her off" at the usual place, and the train was rolling into the yards at a pretty fast clip. So Schuyler and I had to work on the brakes. And then—I lost my balance and pitched downward between the rapidly moving cars! In falling, one leg caught on something in such a way that my head and shoulders reached the roadbed between the rails.

The motion of the train and the fact that it was on a curve caused my body to swing in and out over the rails. I dragged in this manner for perhaps sixty feet. I was wondering if I would get the break—if my leg hold would be released when I was on the *outside* or the *inside* of that rail. In the former case I would be thrown clear; in the latter I would be ground to pieces. Then a spike went into my head and I didn't think any more.

I got the break. I was thrown clear, but I spent many long months in the hospital.

It was in the sunny Pajaro Valley, famed in California for its apples and its fighting editor, George G. Radcliffe. I ate its apples, and I worked for its editor on the Pajaronian, at Watsonville.

At that time Radcliffe was enjoying a nice little political fight with his fellow townsman Warren R. Porter, then lieutenant governor of the Golden State.

Just across the Pajaro River from Watsonville was a small colony of Chinese and Japanese gamblers. Their places of business were on property owned by the lieutenant governor. That was reason enough for Radcliffe to turn his guns on them.

To gather material to be used as ammunition in the columns of the paper, it was necessary for me to visit the gambling joints often.

Frisco, City of Thrills

ONE Saturday night, accompanied by two friends, I was returning after a visit to the gamblers. We had gone about halfway across the bridge separating the two towns when the tallest Japanese I ever saw—a fellow who had dogged our footsteps all night—came alongside us and jostled me. Being young, impetuous and Irish, I took a healthy swing at the jostler and floored him. He didn't rise immediately, so we went on. But he managed to get to the Watsonville side of the bridge ahead of us.

There, in the shadows, he waited.

Just as we stepped from the bridge I felt something hot slip in between my ribs just below the right shoulder blade. It paralyzed me. Then I saw my Japanese friend running away. My two companions also dashed off—in the opposite direction. Minutes passed. I could feel something warm trickling down my back. After a time I managed to move. I walked several blocks before falling through a plate glass window in a faint.

The Jap escaped, but the memory of the cold thrill his knife gave me will remain as long as I live.

San Francisco!

Now, *there's* a city for the person seeking thrills. The very climate seems to breed them.

I was "doing" hotels for the San Francisco Examiner. The work brought me in contact with many people. One of these was a young actress. She was out of an engagement, and we went around together a lot.

One night the city editor of my paper asked me to run up to an address on Leavenworth Street. "A suicide case," he said.

I went to the address given. The brother of the girl asked me if I wouldn't like to see the body.

We went to an adjoining room. It was my little friend the actress.

Where was the thrill in this? Well, that came next morning when I read what I had written about that suicide. It was the best piece of reporting I ever did.

Another San Francisco night. A desperate bank robber and murderer was at bay in a house on a slight promontory. All night long he had held off a hundred policemen armed with rifles, revolvers and shotguns; so a bulletproof door was brought up and six men were selected to use it as a shield and "rush" the bandit.

Cheating the Hangman

KENNETH ADAMS and I, covering the story for the Examiner, wanted to be in at the death. So we joined the cops behind the door. My heart was thumping madly. Suddenly there was a rush, a crash, and the door that stood between us and the killer was down. We expected a fusillade, but there was only one shot.

Inside, stretched out on a couch, was the bandit. He had cheated the hangman.

Lost Hills is a small oil town in Kern County, Cal. When I was editor, publisher, reporter, carrier and general utility man of the Lost Hills Gusher, some of the local bad men decided to put the Gusher out of business. For the job they employed a red-headed bully who had the reputation of being a "one-punch" man.

One day I was met by this hard-boiled citizen as I alighted from the train at Wasco, the point from which one took the stage to Lost Hills, twenty miles inland. He picked a quarrel in short order.

A ring was formed. A deputy sheriff agreed to referee the scrap. The flat, sandy ground near the station was the ring. Red and I stripped to our undershirts.

My enemy had made only a few swings at me when I realized he was muscle-bound, slow and awkward. My hopes rose like magic. Quickly I decided on my campaign!

I stalled for several minutes. Then I let go with a straight right. It caught the bully on the frontal bone, and—

Snap! My right arm broke about three inches above the wrist.

Every man in the crowd knew what had happened, but nobody gave away my secret.

And to my amazement I didn't need that right arm. I probably would have qualified as a fourth-rate fighter, but Red was a sixth or seventh rater—an awful dub. . . . The second time he went down he didn't get up.

That night I took the stage to Lost Hills. When I arrived half the citizens were there to slap me on the back or shake my hand. They were a rough, tough crew, but I got a great kick out of their evident respect for "the guy that licked Red."

It wasn't difficult to get a thrill in France back in 1918. I got several, but the one that left me dazed for days was at Montfaucon, the point from which the crown prince watched the battle of Verdun. I had gone there with Cameron McKenzie, then correspondent for the London Daily Chronicle, and Major Batine, official interpreter of war news for the same journal.

A Post-War Heart Throb

WE HAD gone afoot to the top of the hill when shells began to drop around us.

The Germans were "boxing" us. Every few minutes their shells fell closer to us. Batine cursed prodigiously. McKenzie laughed. I prayed.

After what seemed an eternity the firing ceased.

That thrill affected my knees. They wouldn't behave for hours.

After the war, when I settled down to family life, I thought that there would be few thrills left. But my best thrill was still to come.

It was the hour when the babies of the nation were being tucked in their beds. I had worked late and did not reach home until a few minutes before my baby daughter's bedtime. The house was quiet. Scattered about on the living-room floor were Joan's toys—dolls, fuzzy dogs, a mechanical duck, symbols of a busy day in a creeping baby's life.

The room looked restful under the soft glow of a solitary reading lamp. Here was peace and quiet and comfort. Here was home—the last place on earth the professional adventurer would look for a thrill.

From the bedroom came a baby's gurgling laugh. I tiptoed to the door. Joan's nightdress had just been slipped over her head. She always laughs when her head comes through the neck of the garment.

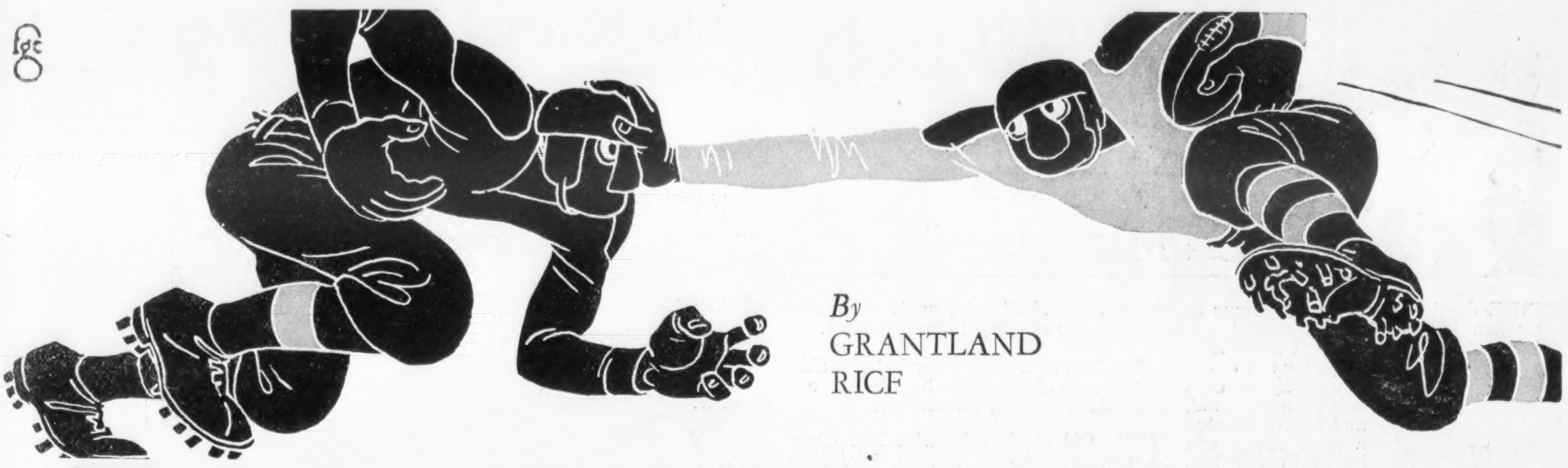
Gently I pushed open the door. She saw me and smiled a welcome.

"Come, Joan," I invited, holding out my arms, "walk to your dad."

Maybe it was because I had come so unexpectedly. Or maybe it was because she was glad to see me. Whichever or whatever it was, Joan hesitated just a second, then took her first few steps—*alone!*

Here was the moment for which I had waited fifteen months—yea, without knowing it, almost forty years. My own flesh and blood had for a few seconds at least mastered the laws of gravitation and equilibrium.

The thrills of the past had been generated by flashing guns, gleaming knives, flying fists, rambling trains, screeching shells. All these had to do with death. But as I watched Joan take those few steps I got my greatest and best thrill—a thrill that got its power from something that lived and breathed and laughed—my baby.



By
GRANTLAND
RICE

The stuff men are made of

You'll find it wherever football battles are waged. There's no such thing as a gritless gridiron star

IN THE gridiron game there are weeks of pounding and drudgery, of blocking and tackling, of real physical suffering. And when the season is on there is iron in the soul and steel in the heart. It is difficult to keep injured men out of action or to force them from the field. So the game carries an ingredient that is needed now worse than it was ever needed before, with so much of the world turning to softness or the comfortable ease that money can buy.

There are no financial rewards here of any sort.

Some time ago Marquette came East to play Boston College. Marquette's main hope was Captain "Red" Dunn. Early in the game Dunn broke an arm, but he gave no sign that he had been injured. Instead he stuck to the job and at the finish it was "Red," with his broken arm, who carried the ball over the line for Marquette's winning score. He had played over half the game while suffering intensely, and when the final drive came there was no sign of quitting as he fought his way across with the only touchdown of the day.

You may cite this as a foolhardy performance, but now and then we can stand a little foolhardiness in an age where the tendency is so often the other way.

Not so many years ago Bill Mallory of Yale sat on the side lines with a badly bruised shoulder, injured in one of the early games. The Army had come to New Haven that afternoon, and the Army was playing bang-up football, giving the Bulldog a full and complete afternoon of work. At a certain important crisis in the game, when the Army had been marching steadily along, Bill Mallory scampered out upon the field, taking his battered right shoulder with him. On the very first play he drove his battered shoulder against an Army runner with enough force to dislocate a brick wall. But there wasn't the slightest sign of flinching as he made his tackle and sent his man to the sod.

This sort of thing is part of the spirit of football. There is little about it that is luxurious, gentle, fleecy, delicate or dreamy. It is mainly drudgery, discipline, hard work, physical suffering. And always there's the facing of constant pressure.

If you care to check up a few details, you will find that life itself is largely a matter of facing pressure, facing it continually; and there are few respites for those called upon to make their way somewhere forward. Where there is any advance to be made in any turn of existence, it must be made through pressure.

"The team that can apply the greatest amount of pressure, the team that can stand the most pressure, nearly always wins," observes Fielding H. Yost after thirty years of intimate football contact.

Football is looked upon as a vast spectacle where a few star players are surrounded by vast crowds. What about the hundred thousand or more prep school youngsters and college youths who are getting their lessons in fortitude, discipline, training and taking the gaff? If each youngster stepped out of high school and college into a world of dreams and roses, where there was no uphill struggle left, no contest of any sort against heavy odds, the lesson of fortitude might not be worth while. For under those circumstances the world would be on the edge of fatty degeneration.

Grit Outshines Gold

BUT life hasn't quite reached that point. In an age of greatly extended wealth, when young people get automobiles and a hogshead full of money to spend, it may be veering that way. But there is still a lot of rough-and-tumble stuff, both mental and physical, left in the hurly-burly, and fortitude still has its part to play.

When Notre Dame launched its attack against the fine Stanford eleven Knute Rockne noticed that Harry Stuhldreher, his star quarter, had lost some of his customary speed. Obviously something had happened, but Stuhldreher continued to give all he had to the contest. Later the discovery was made that he had cracked an ankle early in the game. The average citizen would have gone to the hospital, but Stuhldreher remained on the field running back kicks, spilling the interference, piloting a great team to victory.

An incident of this sort might be considered deplorable in the individual case. Undoubtedly such things can be carried too far—as all wise trainers and coaches now realize. But the flaming spirit developed under such circumstances is not to be laughed off by those who have never known what it is to take a crack on the head, get up reeling and dizzy, but still go fighting on.

One of the finest exhibitions of grit, nerve and fortitude ever given on any gridiron was shown by Bo McMillin when Centre made its first invasion of Cambridge. The Harvard line cut the Centre line to shreds, and through big holes George Owen, weighing 190 pounds, came charging through at top speed to meet McMillin, heading the secondary defense.

Owen must have crashed into McMillin at least thirty times as Harvard made two successive touchdowns. But when Centre finally got the ball McMillin, with his head reeling and his body aching, launched a countercharge which carried the ball 197 yards up and down the field for two touchdowns to match the Crimson pair. And it was the battered McMillin who directed every play and did more than his share of the actual ground gaining.

Few in the packed grand stand knew just what had happened to Adam Walsh, Notre Dame's captain and center rush last fall, when he came out on the field to face the Army. He had broken bones in both hands, but with his hands taped from wrist to finger tip he not only passed perfectly—when every move was agony—but he also did some of the finest tackling seen upon the field.

You might try, some day, to throw a football around with two broken hands!

No one advocates that any man be allowed to play football with a broken leg or a broken arm. The injured are now carefully watched and risks are rarely taken. It is for this reason that football squads to-day are large and reserves are always ready. Over thirty years ago Shep Homans of Princeton was Snake Ames' fullback substitute.

That year Homans never got into a minute of play. The next year Homans went in as Princeton's fullback and despite all the battering he took his substitute never got a chance.

This may be considered an injurious proceeding, but to-day Shep Homans and Snake Ames are about two of the healthiest specimens you can find, still replete with hardihood and all the elements of bounding youth—and both have passed fifty.

This has been and will be a season of hard, smashing schedules. When Pennsylvania elects to play Brown, Yale, Chicago and Illinois on successive October Saturdays those who wear the Red and Blue will have to take their share of battering and crashing.

The same applies to Yale, Brown, Chicago, Illinois, Notre Dame and other teams that have few breathing spots. It will be hammer-and-tongs, with the accent on the hammer, until late November. And any time Red Grange can discover a spot upon his body that isn't black or blue he should give three rousing cheers. The star must pay his penalty. He is watched more closely and he is tackled with just a trifle more intensity. Rival teams watch every move Grange makes, paying him, therefore, the finest of tributes. They know that, once in the open, his speed, his general elusiveness and his baffling change of pace turn him into a phantom beyond the reach of human hands.

There is no financial reward, no thought of financial reward, for all the courage you will see displayed. There is a flag flying somewhere above the field, and there is a college letter on a few jerseys. It is for what these two things stand that all this loyalty is given and all this physical suffering is endured.

It is the spirit which still scorns too much softness and too great luxury in the search for contest, adventure and service—and of course such fame as may follow with its attendant reward of cheers—that you'll find in football.

This Saturday's Important Games

East

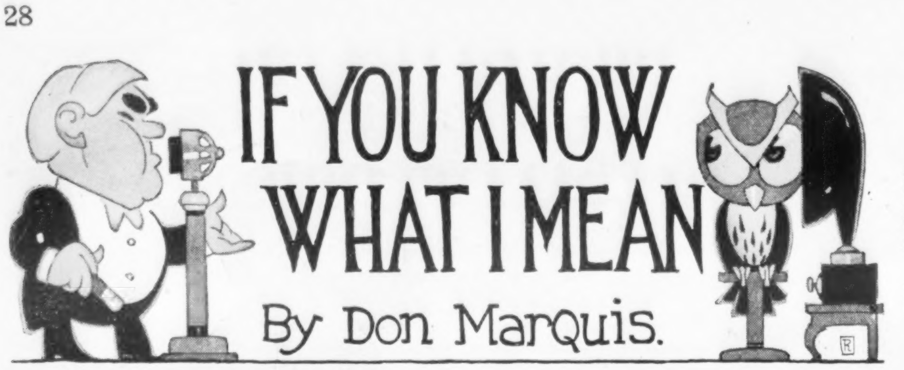
Harvard-Dartmouth, Cambridge
Yale-Brown, Providence
Pennsylvania-Chicago, Philadelphia
Princeton-Colgate, Princeton
Lafayette-Wash. & Jeff., New York
Rutgers-Lehigh, New Brunswick
Columbia-Williams, New York
Pittsburgh-Carnegie, Pittsburgh

West

Illinois-Michigan, Urbana
Ohio State-Iowa, Columbus
Minnesota-Notre Dame, Minneapolis
California-Oregon, Portland
S. Cal. Uni.-Arizona, Los Angeles
Stanford-Oregon Aggies, Palo Alto
Nebraska-Kansas, Lincoln

South

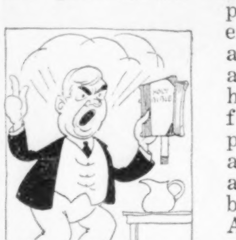
Vanderbilt-Georgia, Athens
Ga. Tech.-Alabama, Atlanta
Kentucky-Sewanee, Lexington
Virginia-Maryland, Charlottesville
V. M. I.-Wash. and Lee, Lynchburg



IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

By Don Marquis.

THE devil is never so dangerous as when he has just persuaded you that he doesn't exist. I leave it to the professional theologians to explain why he does exist. I never could, and I have devoted a good many odd hours in the last forty years to the problem. Personally I could get along a great deal better without him. And this is the general consensus of opinion among the friends of whom I have made inquiries.



THE problem of the existence of evil in the universe has been occupying me intensely of late because of a play which I published a year ago and intend to produce on the stage this coming winter. It is called "The Dark Hours" and deals with the night before the crucifixion of Jesus.

Judas is one of the chief characters, necessarily. The gospels indicate that the devil entered into Judas and incited him to the betrayal of Jesus. This would seem to imply either that the devil has power independently of the Supreme Ruler of the universe or else that the devil sometimes operates with the permission of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

In the play I attempt no answer to the question thus presented, because I do not know of any answer. What I do is to show Judas, as a human being, flung hither and thither by the forces active within his nature, torn and bewildered, and finally resentful of the part which he has been cast to play. He has loved Jesus, and there is also in him hatred for Jesus. He is a city full of spirits, and they riot in the streets.

IN MY reading for this play I ran across what seems to me to be a flagrant case of injustice to the name and fame of a woman. For centuries Mary Magdalene has been spoken of as if she were—or had been at one time—a loose woman. Her name, in fact, has become a synonym for that sort of woman. And yet there is nothing in the text of the gospels themselves which substantiates that accusation.

THE Bible merely states that Jesus healed her . . . that he cast out of her seven devils. The precise character of these devils is not described. Tradition has evidently confused Mary Magdalene with the woman taken in adultery, none of whose accusers felt himself sufficiently innocent to be the first one to cast a stone at her. Or perhaps she has been confused with the woman who, in one version of the incident, put costly ointment upon the feet of Jesus.

WHEN a woman has suffered for centuries, without any opportunity to defend herself, under an imputation of this sort, it is high time for some disinterested party to arise and demand of her accusers either that they furnish some show of evidence or else fall silent.

To say that she is dead, and is, therefore, not harmed by the story, seems to me to be utterly cynical . . . for if one believes that those who are called dead live after experiencing what is called death, one can imagine that even in their purely spiritual state they might be pained to know that defamatory lies as to their character are still floating about the earth. Personally, I constitute myself the champion of Mary Magdalene, and shall not permit anyone to impugn her chastity in my presence.

The test of a good show is to be able to wake up almost anywhere in any act and find something interesting.

THE Old Soak, otherwise Mr. Clem Hawley, who is always inventing things, threatens to quit his inventions unless he can get the right sort of liquor to drink. He said to me recently:

"I used to be considerable of a brain worker; but my brains don't work right unless they are mellowed up with the right kind o' liquor. This here bootlegger stuff dries up the brains instead of mellowing them, and I ain't had a really good idear for a deevice for years.

"Unless legal liquor comes back, I don't know what's a gonna happen to this fair land of ourn. Suppose there was a big war to bust out again, where would the deevices to win it come from if there wasn't no brains mellowed up anywheres? Some of these days, just to get revenge on these here Anti-Saloon-Leggers, I'm a gonna quit brain work entirely and take up with imanual labor."

When a man can find nothing else on earth to laugh at, there is always himself.

After all, the men who govern nations are seldom any more stupid than the nations they govern.

It probably took both Providence and Satan, working together, to invent Teeth and Dentists.

There is hope for Poetry. The current poets have quit caring whether or not they are understood.

The Consciousness of Virtue is the insolence of the meek, which causes them to be persecuted.

Hell is paved with Good Intentions . . . but probably they are always digging them up to lay new steam pipes and gas mains.

A Demagogue is a person with whom we cannot agree concerning which gang is to mismanage public affairs.

Octopuses, clams and eels take too much water with their meals; while ants, upon the other hand, dine too exclusively on sand.

Don't be in such a sweat and hurry on the job—great battles are won by the troops that get there at the last minute.

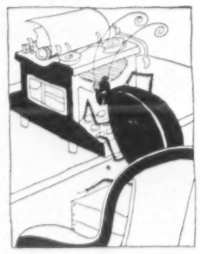
Thrift is a wonderful virtue—especially in an ancestor.

The more you worry about your future the less of it you will have.

ARCHY, the vers libre cockroach, climbed upon my typewriter last night and butted out with his head the following confession:

i see by the papers
that the old row
as to who wrote
shakespeares plays
has bobbed up
again i
have been silent
about this long
enough
the truth is that
i wrote them myself

archy



She Knew Martha Washington

Continued from page 9

to pay a call on the young couple. More punch and ever so many nice things. The bride was dressed in pink and looked very pretty.

I think this is all I remember and when I add that I enjoyed it a lot you will know all there is to write.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

When the Constitution was adopted Madame's husband was there. He saw all the great men of the day—Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and many others—in action. Let him tell you about it.

PHILADELPHIA,
20 September, 1787

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I CAME to this place just to see what would happen and whether the Constitution on which so many have been at work would finally be adopted. I am glad to say that it was, on the 17th of this month, by the convention called for the purpose. For once people showed sense by giving the presidency of the convention to General Washington. Pennsylvania, which was supposed to favor Franklin, nominated the General, putting an end to any opposition.

General Washington presided with that calm which never forsakes him. He hardly ever interfered in the debates. He is said to have told friends that a man wanting to command attention in a parliamentary debate ought to speak seldom and then only on important subjects with which he is absolutely familiar.

Some busybodies remarked upon the aloofness and "coldness" of the General, saying that he did not go the right way about to make himself popular with the masses. But General Washington does not care for the masses and is far too great a character to seek popularity.

That he looked gloomy cannot be denied, but I think his sadness proceeded from his regret at seeing the convention waste time in futile discussions. The look on his face reminded me of its expression during the terrible months when we were in Valley Forge Camp.

When at last the work on which everybody had been laboring was finished, Gouverneur Morris wrote the motion to sign it, but it was Dr. Franklin who presented it to the assembly. He supported it in a very clever manner; he acknowledged that there were several parts in this constitution to which he objected, but said that age had taught him people may change their minds as things are better explained to them.

But in spite of Dr. Franklin's support and the backing of men like Hamilton and Morris, several members of the convention, among them men of weight and eminence, refused to sign the document.

Finally a sufficient number of signatures was obtained, and when General Washington affixed his to this memorable sheet one could see that he was deeply moved.

There is no doubt that he will be the first President of the United States of America, for there is not in the whole community another personage worthy to hold the office so long as he is alive. And for us who have watched him on the battlefield, it seems as if this were the only reward the country can offer for his exertions on its behalf.

DE MAUSSION.

The whooping cough having seized her two children, Madame learns something of our simple American remedies —"a plant called 'sage.'" "A medicament called 'bark'" and "an abominable concoction made out of what they call here 'snake root.'"

2 April, 1788

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

I HAVE gone through dreadful anxieties over your granddaughter, who has been seriously ill. We did not know at first what it was. She kept coughing and coughing without stopping. It was such a rough sort of cough, reminding me of nothing so much as the war whoop of a red Indian, such as I have heard from time to time when one comes to pay us a visit and executes his whoop at the request of Gaston.

There are hardly any doctors here and the people, when sick, mostly use home remedies absolutely different from those in France. When Adélaïde and Pierre began to cough in turn I was nearly out of my mind from dread.

We called in an old woman who is supposed to know something about medicine, and she swore to us that she had recipes for medicines made from herbs which had come to her from a great-grandmother and ought to cure our little ones. We tried them all, and also strong purges and a medicament called "bark" which the children hated and which we had almost to force them to swallow.

This same old woman, seeing that I was freckled, advised me to take a plant called "sage," but I didn't care to do so and told her as much. There was another abominable concoction made out of what they call here "snake root" which she wanted me to give to Marie, but by that time I had lost every bit of confidence I ever had in her. I was frantic.

Just then Mr. Gilliard happened to arrive on his way to Philadelphia from his plantation. He suggested that the children had *coqueluche*, "whooping cough," and advised us to leave them alone and keep them as much as possible in the open air and not dose them with physic, saying they would recover in six or eight weeks. And this is what we did and I am happy to say that the three are now almost well.

I am sure that if I had been able to procure some camomile and give them the tea thereof to drink, as you used to do when any of us were ill, I should have cured them in no time. But camomile is unknown here.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Think of having actually seen Washington inaugurated! To Madame the principal feature of that historic event was the ball—"a magnificent affair," she says: "I don't think I ever saw so many beautiful women gathered together."

20 May, 1789

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

I AM writing from New York, where we came for the inauguration of General Washington as first President of the United States. But I want to tell you about the Inaugural Ball. It was a magnificent affair and I don't think I ever saw so many beautiful women gathered together. The dresses were lovely and the refreshments quite good and in sufficient quantity.

I again had a dress made by that French dressmaker who makes the gowns for all the *élégantes* of Philadelphia. It was pale green brocade with a thread of gold in it over a white satin petticoat looped up with bunches of feathers. My hair was dressed in curls and was well powdered and I wore the necklace which you gave me when we were married.

It was a brave show, and Gaston told me he heard remarks about me and my frock. But it was, after all, very simple compared with many others, which I wish you could have seen, especially one of celestial blue with pink bows and worn with a headdress of satin arranged in a large puff.

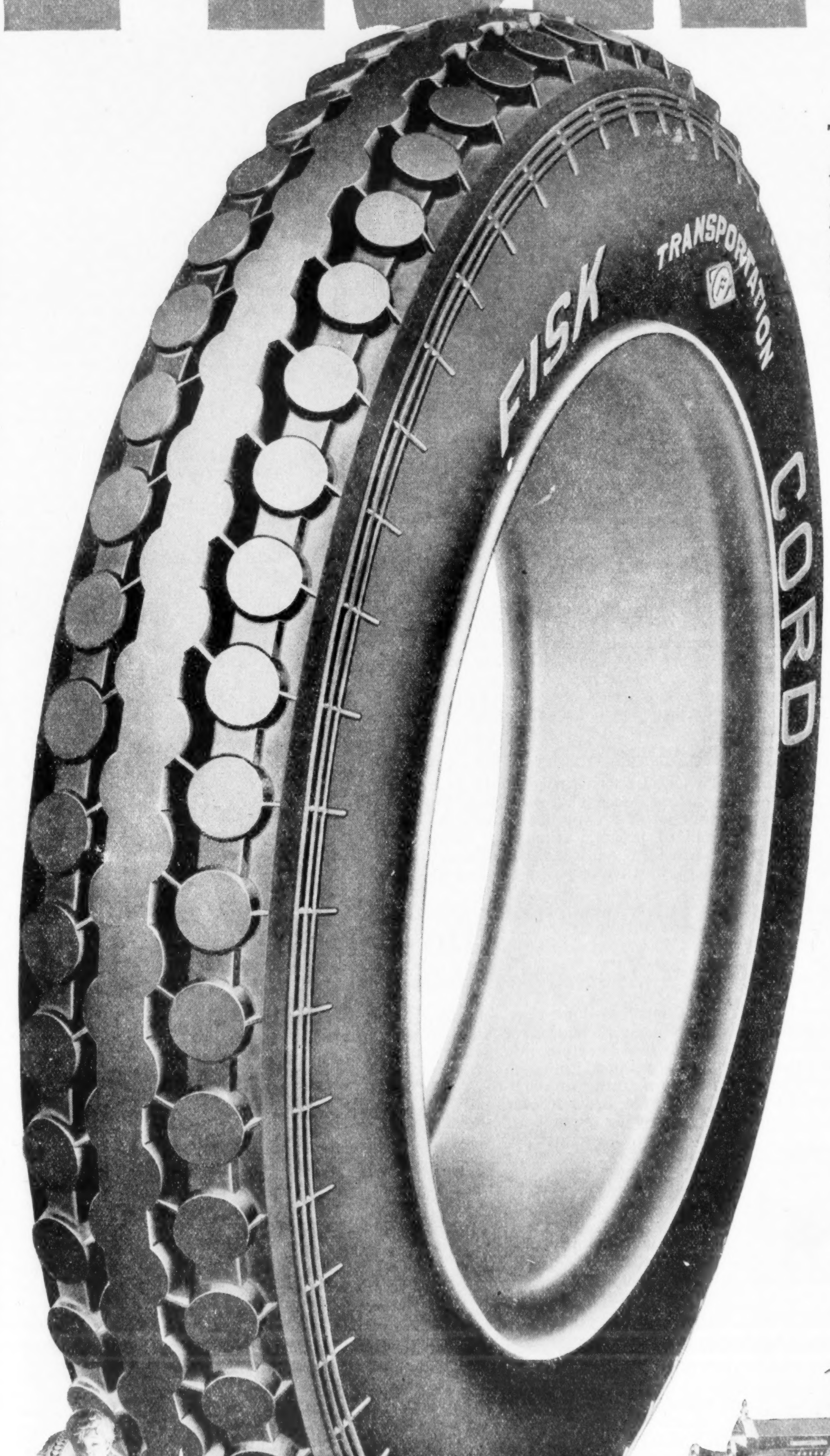
I danced a little and admired some Virginian girls who were really too graceful for words. They were real fairies as they moved about dressed in clouds of some light material, all white for one, all pink for another, all pale celestial blue for the third.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Madame de Maussion tells of Martha Washington's kindness to the slaves at

(Continued on page 30)

FISK TRANSPORTATION "Fillerless" CORDS



The Royal Blue Line, conducting motor tours in Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Montreal, writes this about Fisk Transportation Cords:

"For the past six years the major part of our tire equipment has been Fisk, and the uniformly high mileage as reported to you has not been confined to our New England tours, but has been equally satisfactory to us under entirely different operating conditions in other sections of the country.

"You, no doubt, will be interested to know how we appreciate your service on Fisk Bus Tires and that this service does not cease when you have taken the order.

The Royal Blue Line Co., Inc.
(*signed*) *W. F. Smith, President*"

These Transportation Tires are made by the Fisk "Fillerless" method of construction which eliminates cross threads or fillers, controls the spacing and tension of cords and uniformly surrounds the cords with rubber.

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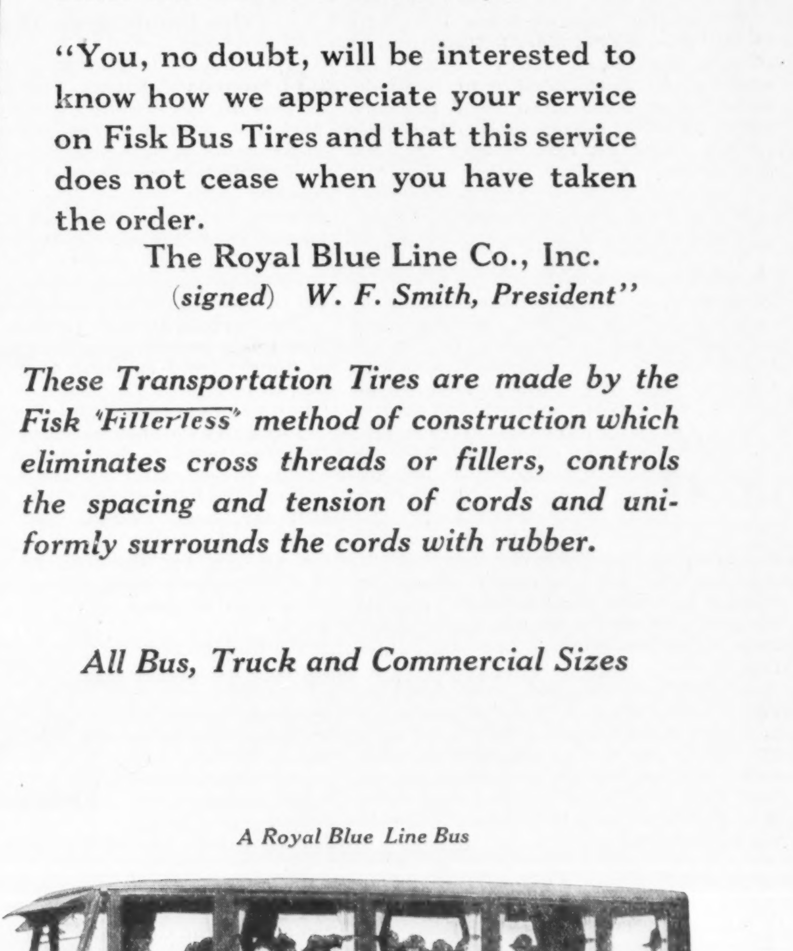
A Royal Blue Line Bus



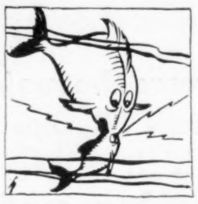
Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

THE divorce question, which is causing so much concern to serious-minded people, has been solved in the depths of the ocean. The female angler fish, although she may live a thousand feet below the surface where no sunshine penetrates, is never left alone in the dark.

For two reasons: First, she dangles a lamp in front of her mouth to aid any wandering small fry to find their way into it. Second, she has her husband permanently attached to her.



When the male was young he was led by some natural though inexplicable instinct to press his lips to the female of the species. "His lips were glued to hers." How often we read that phrase in romances or see it in the movies! In the novels the osculatory contact is broken in the next paragraph, and in the movies the law allows only fifteen feet of film.

But in the case of these fish there is no break-away, and in time the lips of the sucker become grown to the angler. By this sacrifice of his independence he becomes a mere parasite, never growing longer than about three inches, while his spouse may be three feet long.

Test Your Freckles

THE latest theory is that freckles are tiny tan sunshades, so placed as to protect the sensitive terminals of the nerves that convey to us the sensation of heat. An Italian physician, Coglievina, has tested freckled skin for the spots where the end organs of this thermal sense are situated and finds that the freckles usually cover these points. Accordingly he concludes that the freckle is a biological defense to shield these tender points by extra pigmentation from overheating by the sun's rays.

If you are favored with freckles, you can test the theory for yourself. If you pass a warm steel point slowly over your skin, you can locate the heat-sense terminals by the sudden sensation of heat that you feel when you strike one. See if these sensitive spots coincide with the freckles.

Mere Atoms

THE average grain of sand, like the average man, does not exist.

If you pick up a handful of sand from the shore, then weigh it and count the grains and divide the weight by the number of grains, you might suppose that you would have the weight of a grain. If you pick up several more handfuls and get approximately the same figure, you would consider your supposition confirmed.

Yet it might happen that not a single grain in any handful had just that average weight, and so it is with the atoms of any element.

Now that scientists have captured, weighed and photographed atoms, they have found that the old theory, that the atoms of a given element were exactly the same—"like manufactured articles," as Lord Kelvin put it—is altogether wrong.

The schoolboy of the present generation has to stretch his imagination to grasp an atom more lively and less tangible, a sort of solar system, mostly empty space with a minute nucleus charged with positive electricity around which a lot of negative electrons are driving at terrific speed and flashing a light whenever they skid to a closer orbit.

Such an atom is not eternal and unbreakable. It is easy to rub off outer electrons. We do it when we shuffle over the carpet and electrify ourselves so we can light the gas with a finger. And some atoms—radium, for instance—are spontaneously disintegrating before our eyes.

We now know the atom is not impenetrable because flying fragments of radium may pass through the thousands of them without impediment.

The Candy Kids Did It

"WATERLOO was won upon the playgrounds of Eton." This saying has served for more than a century to support the argument for athletics as a measure of preparedness.

But the late war proved that the rule worked both ways. The fighting in France seriously interfered with school sports in England. This was due to the diet, not the draft. The German submarines sank cargoes of sugar and cut off the supply of candy and cake.

The carbohydrates, which is scientific slang for sweets, are the chief source of energy, and consequently the school games had to be reduced to a minimum during the rationing period.

The daily balance has been expressed in these words: Food added to Sleep equals Work and Play and Growth.

Boys are hard to overwork but easily overplay, and, besides, an extra allowance of energy should be thrown in for growth, for the food requirements of a fifteen-year-old-lad may equal that of a man at hard work.

The diet lists generally recommended fifteen times as much carbon as nitrogen, but British scientists say that the candy and cake ration, the energy - producing foods, should be raised for growing boys. The college "grub shop," or, as we would say, "candy store," thus receives belated approval as a useful supplement to the deficiencies of boarding-school diet.

Another interesting point brought out was that "the boys now coming to boarding schools are much more neurasthenic than those coming twenty years ago," and this is laid to the shortage of sweets when they were children. I do not know exactly what neurasthenia is, but it sounds un-English, and this would indicate that the effects of the war on the national nutrition would be felt for a generation at least.

She Knew Martha Washington

Continued from page 28

Mount Vernon. She refuses to shed any tears over "the black slaves that we all own in this country." The banjo, she tells us, was popular with the darkies even then.

15 February, 1790

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

WE ARE anxious about you, as everybody who arrives from France says that things there are going from bad to worse. Dear mother-in-law, if you only had the courage to undertake the journey and join us, you would be conferring the greatest of favors on us. Don't forget that Adélaïde-Rosalie is still a stranger to you, though you are not one to her, because we continually speak to her of her *bonne Maman*.

About the black slaves that we all own in this country: It is true that their lot is rather a sad one, but I am convinced they are not aware of it and that if they were free they would be much more miserable. Of course on some plantations they are very badly treated, but where the master is humane their life is not so dreadful as you seem to think.

The best proof of this is that when the day's work is done they all sit in front of their huts playing on an instrument called "banjo" and enjoying themselves.

On some plantations the master and mistress themselves look after the welfare of the slaves. At Mount Vernon, Mrs. Washington has organized classes for her female slaves. They are taught to sew and do all kinds of domestic work. When any of them are ill she goes herself to see them and calls in a doctor to attend them.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

If you had been a red-blooded man, living in the time of Washington, you wouldn't have dared to use a toothbrush! Madame discusses our forefathers' lack of cleanliness; and she tells what she saw at a ball given in honor of General Washington's birthday.

15 March, 1790

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

SOCIETY in Philadelphia is ever so much nicer than in New York; in Philadelphia they look more at birth than at present standing. Gaston did not attain rank as an officer in the army, and some people looked down on him for that; but when a few ladies in Philadelphia heard that I was born a Chastenay they immediately adopted me and invited me everywhere, although, of course, I could not afford fine clothes or follow them in expenditure.

We went to the ball given in honor of General Washington's birthday, which surpassed anything I had seen here. In the ballroom seats were arranged around a platform raised and thus kept clear for the dancers. Mrs. Washington was there, very nicely but simply dressed in gray brocade with beautiful lace and an immense headdress which was half a hat and half a cap and could have been taken for either.

Those who know her say—and I think myself—that Mrs. Washington is far happier here in Philadelphia than anywhere else, and that the Philadelphians are congenial to her. She talks always of Mount Vernon and of how she wishes herself back there.

What Mrs. Washington appreciates in Philadelphia, I think, is that it is so much nearer, comparatively, than New York to her beloved Virginia, so that many Southerners come over and pay their respects. She always asks visitors if they have heard how things are going at Mount Vernon and whether the house is kept as tidy as she used to insist on.

Mrs. Washington herself is the picture of neatness. Her dress is never disarranged or spotted or mended, and she looks so *clean*, which, I am sorry to say, everybody does not—even some of the rich people here.

I was horrified to hear the other day, for example, that toothbrushes are a recent innovation here and that some people still think their use by men is effeminate!

Now, Mrs. Washington, I am convinced, always cleans her teeth every day, because her breath is always sweet, which so many people's is not.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

In next week's Collier's you will find more of these letters from the little French woman who knew Martha Washington

---

Boy-Friend

Continued from page 13

Mr. Wold had done that—no, she must not let herself imagine that it was indecent; it was impossible. He despised her. He must know she was a fool. "Mine's a funny number too. You hiss it, sort of." How idiotic!

The day dragged by. Somehow she was home, automatically putting her things away. There was Jenny, now, rushing up the stairs in that light way she had. In a minute now Jenny would be saying, "Who's the boy-friend?" But no, she couldn't tell Jenny. Impossible. She couldn't tell anyone.

When the dinner bell rang, Marion was thinking: "I mustn't act different. Oh, I can't stand it. . . . '6776, you hiss it, sort of.' . . ." Here was the soup.

Now the phone began ringing. Would her heart always give this sudden slide and drop at the sound of a telephone the rest of her life? Pearl, the slovenly servant, picked up the receiver.

"Somebody wants Miss Marion Morell," announced Pearl. "A man."

A mistake. She knew it was a mistake. But her knees were trembling as she pushed back her chair. After all, he did know her number. Her voice sounded, actually made a sound: "Hello."

It was—it couldn't be—it *was*. . . .

He must have said several sentences before her ears began to take in the meaning of his words. . . . "So I tried not to show I was interested in your number, because, well, you know how offices gossip. But for some time now I've been kind of—well, wanting to make your acquaintance. So I thought if you wouldn't mind me calling—or maybe you could meet me to-night, and we could go to a show."

"Yes," said Marion.

"Well, that's fine. I've been wanting to make your acquaintance—that is well—at eight o'clock?"

After he hung up, Marion stood still, still holding the receiver to her ear. She must wait till this wild, leaping joy quieted a bit. . . . She mustn't show anything. They'd ask her as soon as she got back to the table. . . .

Now the operator was saying, "Number, please." Funny, that seemed to steady her, her knees were stronger, she wouldn't have to cry, she could go back to the table.

Jenny's eyes were all question, but Jenny had taste, Jenny wouldn't say anything. It was one of the "spinnies."

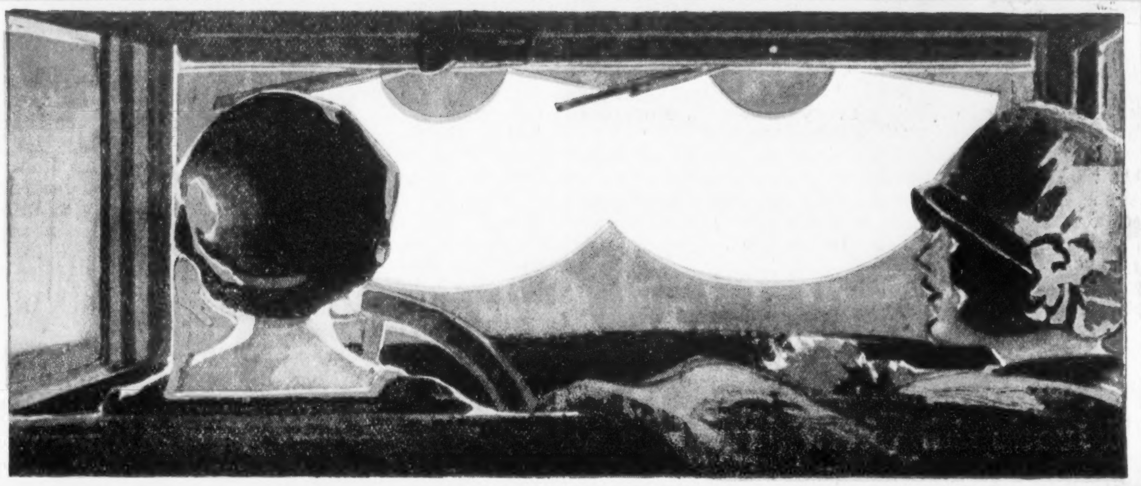
"Well, Miss Marion! A man! How exciting!"

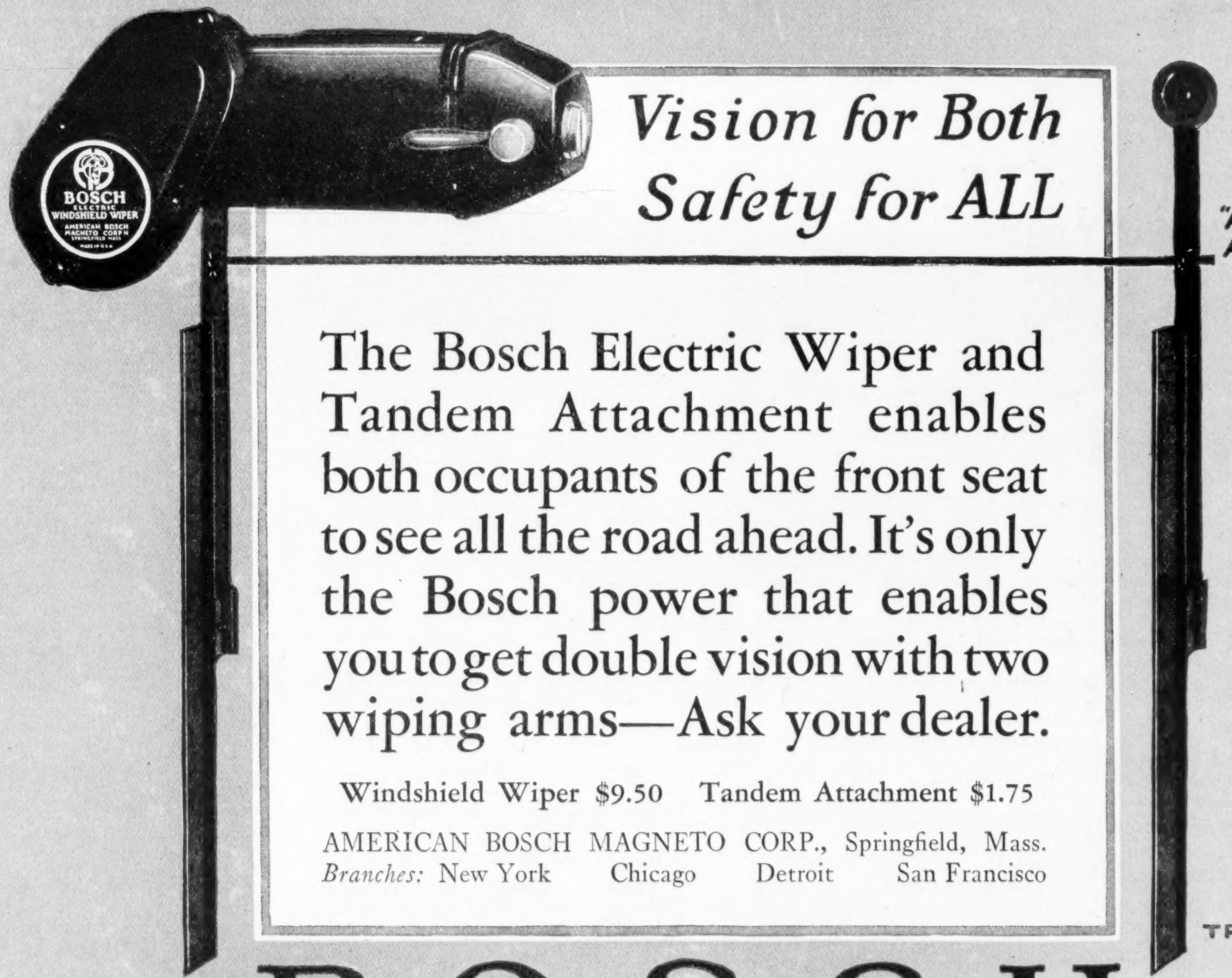
"Oh," Marion tried to clear her voice of the pride and joy that almost choked her, "It's just—just my boy-friend."

Inside she was gasping. Imagine, saying it out loud!

But it was wonderful, too wonderful. She could not help repeating it. "Just my boy-friend."

Double Vision

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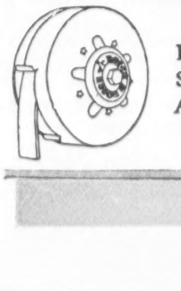

BOSCH
SHOCK
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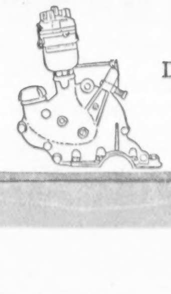
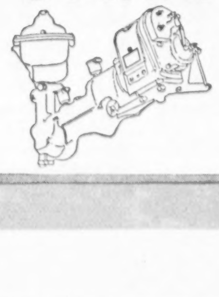


BOSCH
De Luxe Ignition
for FORDS
Type 513



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Magneto and
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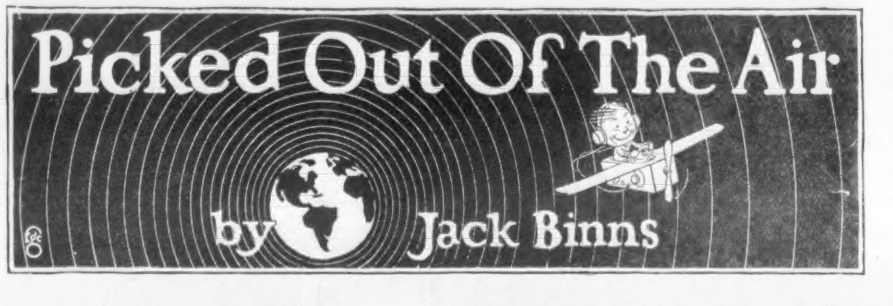
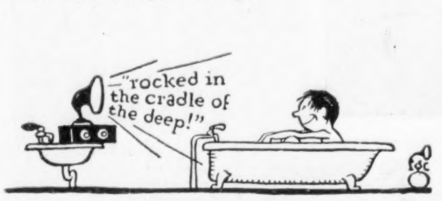
Ignition System
for FORDS
Type 600


Picked Out Of The Air
by Jack Binns

An Unpoetic Truth

OUT West they have Antenna Sundaes and Regenerative Sodas now. What a woeful waste of ingenuity it is to bestow radio terms upon soft drinks. It seems to me they should be reserved for the product peddled by our influential and prosperous bootleggers. High-voltage Gin and Electrolytic Whisky somehow seem to describe the high potential potions they dispense. They just take one's sight right away.


"rocked in the cradle of the deep!"

We Blush at This

"BEING a rabid fan I hate to miss a thing," writes Weber W. Mast of Coatesville, Pa. "During the recent hot wave it was necessary to cool off nightly in the bathtub. Bringing the loud speaker from my den into the bathroom was a small matter, but the noise of the filling tub did not cue in with the music. I got a small piece of hose, attached it to the spigot and laid it on the bottom of the tub, turned on the water, and never missed a note. Have sat in the tub this summer and heard everything, from the waves breaking on the beach at Atlantic City to the President of the United States, including a couple of prayer meetings. The only embarrassing moments are when a band plays the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and patriotism brings me out of the depths."

A Long-Distance Voice

THERE is one privilege a radio announcer enjoys which great orators must envy: His voice is constantly before the multitudes.

Take W. H. Arlin, who has been announcing at KDKA for more than four years. He's the granddaddy of them all. Persons in all five continents have listened with bated breath to his voice, but—truth compels us to record that their chief interest has been in the four mystic letters Arlin is constantly uttering, KDKA. They confirm the greatest thrill any of us experience—the achievement of distance.

Inane Intonation

I OFTEN wonder what subtle processes operate in the mind of an announcer. Take this observation sent in by H. S. Bentley of Hastings, N. Y.: "Last Friday WEAF broadcast the Boys' Band Contest through the courtesy of Edwin Franko Goldman. The announcer described the object, the prizes and the five contestants—all of whom were from orphanages. Then the announcer said: 'There is a vast audience here to-night, largely fond *parents*, I suppose.' "

Raising Hades

WHAT a large section of Hades one man can let loose if he be given the opportunity. Over in Europe, where conflicting nationalities long ago produced discord, conditions in radio broadcasting became so bad they had to appoint a dictator under the auspices of the League of Nations to try and bring order out of the chaos.

Dictator Burroughs, who got the job, quickly found he was elected official goat, unless he exercised the power vested in him. Confronted with these alternatives he conceived the bright idea of ordering every station in Europe to broadcast simultaneously.

The result made the Tower of Babel appear as a polite debating society in comparison. It now looks as though Burroughs will develop into an organizer rather than a goat.

The Modern Matchmaker

JULIUS ROSSI of San Jose, Cal., evidently believes that "all's fair in love and war." Anyway, he has a most intelligent radio set, judging from this story he sends me: "I have a real live rival who is trying his best to win the affections of a girl friend of mine who I think is a wonder. He pests her by calling her on the phone, which, by the way, is on the same line as mine. My receiving set awares me of the fact immediately, for when the telephone operator rings in on her line, a warning buzz comes forth from my loud speaker."

Well, Julius, I'll bite. What do you do then?

Well! Let's Hope So

JUST recently one of our would-be funny announcers declared that the tooth-paste troubadours who jazz the ether weekly from WEAF and other stations would play "A drink" with cracked lips.

I wonder if four out of every five of the tuneful troubadours got it?

Have You One?

NORTON J. HILLHOUSE of Aurora, Col., writes us as follows:

"Perhaps you may know of someone that has a small radio set that they would pass on to a disabled veteran suffering from tuberculosis. I am not able to purchase one and having to lie abed most of the time a small set would be a godsend to me. I am only four miles from KOA and even a crystal set would help to pass away the time."

It occurred to me that as some of my fan readers graduate from crystal sets to more powerful ones they might like to find a home for their first set. Write me about it if you would.

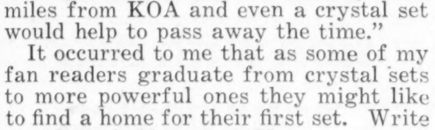
The Supreme Achievement

TWO metropolitan fans gossiping on lower Broadway:

"Jeget th' coast las' night?"

"No, djou?"

"Nope, but I got Nooark fine. No interference. Yorter hoid it."


"well, that's my story and I stick to it!"
waves
VERACITY TESTER
"hm, we'll see!"

What Do You Think?

PROFESSOR Ferdinando Cazzamali of Milan announces that he has been able to demonstrate the existence of waves radiated from the human brain. He conducted his experiments with neurotics and other excitable persons, in a metal room free from any electromagnetic effects.

The subject was placed in a hypnotic condition, after which waves were readily radiated. They were received on specially designed radio apparatus. This is important to the science of psychology, but if it should be developed further, some of us will have to be extremely careful of our thoughts.

Nothing Ever Happens in Town

Continued from page 8

He swung himself round sharply to fling the load from his back. The burglar clung. Jerry lost his balance and the two crashed into something which had been covered with a good many glass things up to that time.

That was the first minute of the battle, which ended in a draw when they rolled into a chaise longue and Jerry hit his head and stunned himself momentarily. The burglar scrambled to his feet, paused only for a parting kick, and fled to the back of the house and down some uncarpeted stairs which resounded with his unhesitating footsteps.

Jerry lay for a minute with his eyes closed. He was tired. It had been a tough burglar. He heard his hostess open the door of the drawing-room on the floor below. He pulled himself up on his shaky legs and sat down unexpectedly on the chaise longue which had played him the nasty trick. His head was swimming a little, but he bethought him of the damsel on whose behalf he had ridden forth to battle.

"He's gone," he called to her in a hollow voice. He heard no more sounds from below.

"He's gone," he said again. Then he noticed that the girl was standing in the doorway. She came into the room and switched on the lights. She looked at him and at the room and her mouth dropped open.

"Oh!" she gasped. He organized a smile and flashed it at her.

"A little mussed?" he asked.

"Are—are you all right?"

He stretched out his arms and bent his legs. "I guess so." But her fears continued. She walked to his side and stood staring at him. He got to his feet and found himself stronger.

"Perfectly all right," he said. Then he caught sight of himself in a cheval glass opposite and sat down again. "I *am* rather a mess."

"You're quite sure . . . ?" She was solicitous.

"Oh, quite. Quite. I just saw myself in the glass."

"I mean that you're all right."

"Oh, yes. Much better than I look."

"I'm so sorry!"

"Not at all. The pleasure is all mine. A very fine burglar. Distinctly high type. Quite Marquis of Queensberry. Nice boy. Been a great privilege to meet him. . . ."

"Would you like some whisky?" she interrupted.

A PEACEFUL, natural smile spread itself over Jerry's face. He licked his lips. She went into the next room and returned with a bottle and a glass.

"Only one glass?" he asked.

"You did the fighting."

"But you were under just as great a strain."

"My husband wouldn't like—"

"Your husband!"

"Yes. Why?"

"This husband of yours," he inquired. "Where is he? Why wasn't he here to take this matter up with the burglar?" She bit her lip.

"He's—he's angry with me," she said. "I had a man in for tea yesterday, and he came home and found out. He was very angry. He is dreadfully jealous."

"And rightly. Very properly," said Jerry.

"But he's so unreasonable. The man was a friend of my brother's. I've known him for years."

"One's beautiful wife does not entertain her brother's friends at tea," Jerry remarked sagely. "It isn't done. There have been plays about that sort of thing." She pouted, and he admired her for being able to pout so charmingly.

"He's probably sitting in some club drinking," she said. "When he's horrid he drinks and when he drinks he's more horrid than ever."

Jerry was facing the glass again. He had discovered that his silk waistcoat—which was his own—was uninjured. He was thinking of the Gordons at their salad course. He was wondering how he could get to Eleventh Street for dessert. Here he stood in the remains of what had been the last respectable evening clothes in the city.

"How big a man is your husband?" he asked.

The girl inhaled sharply and made a little noise in her throat.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, you wouldn't think of fighting with him? He's all right, really. Oh, you *wouldn't!*"

Jerry's eyebrows jumped up an inch.

"Fighting with him? Good heavens, no! I was just wondering about your husband's evening clothes."

"Why—but, of *course*, that's it. You take Harry's clothes. If he had been home on time, he would have had to fight the burglar, anyway. It's only right. Of *course!*" She rose and trotted into the next room. He could hear her rummaging about.

HE TOOK out his watch, brushed away particles of the broken crystal, and observed that it was ten minutes before eight. He despaired of the dessert, but held out high hopes for a demi-tasse. He began trying out a lie about having been called suddenly to the bedside of a dying relative. An impoverished aunt, he thought, would do very nicely. In Yonkers or Tenafly or some such place. Aunt Emily. . . . Local color about timetables came to his fertile mind. He saw the lie taking form. . . .

The girl burst in with her arms full of clothes.

"He's just about your size," she panted. "Isn't it lucky? It serves him right too. I'm just *glad* you're going to take his things. The idea of leaving me here alone with only the maids! And they locked themselves right up in the kitchen as soon as I mentioned the burglar." She threw the precious clothes on the chaise longue.

"The bath is through that door there," she said. "You'll find towels and things." She went out and closed the door behind her.

Jerry Tinker burst into feverish activity. In not more than a minute and a half he had yanked himself out of Dud Perry's erstwhile clothing. He dashed to the bathroom, ran a basin full of cold water and plunged his whole head into it, came up spluttering, groping for a towel. He dried his face and found it fortunately unharmed. He straightened his hair. In the absence of a brush he wrapped a towel about his hand and he flattened locks into something resembling their earlier smoothness. He slithered his hands in soapsuds, ran cold water on them, dried them. In another instant he was back in the boudoir, transferring studs from one shirt to another with lightning fingers. Progress was splendid. He felt that he might miss the demi-tasse, but he was reasonably sure of arriving in time to join the ladies. . . .

He had the shirt on and fastened and the tie smoothed into a neat bow; he was just getting into the trousers when a sound from below come to his ears. It was not a pleasant sound, not a sound that made for great nervous quiet or peace of mind.

It was the sound of the husband of the house, engaged, from the suggestions that filtered through the door, in a correct imitation of a sea lion.

With a leap and a yank, Jerry Tinker had the trousers on.

A jealous husband with a way of being nastier than ever when he had been drinking! A husband about a size and a half larger than Jerry, if his clothes were properly cut! A husband who was now engaged in giving a few preliminary howls of wrath before mounting the stairs to attend to his wife's clandestine visitor. . . . Jerry's fingers fumbled at the suspenders. . . .

The door flew open.

On the threshold, outlined against the soft light of the hall, stood the master of the house. He was built much like Jerry Tinker, but a little larger in all directions. He must have been a few years older, for his hair was graying over the ears. His face was the red of Kipling's works in limp leather. It was contorted with emotion. He was swaying just noticeably.

Jerry Tinker bowed civilly.

The husband did not seem to be mollified by the gesture. He took a stride forward as a political speaker does when he arrives at his peroration. He folded his arms across his chest. Jerry wondered just how many clubs he had been drinking in—and what his wife had told him.

"So!" shouted the husband. Saliva appeared disconcertingly at the corners of his mouth. "So! I have caught you!"

"Not yet," said Jerry, stretching out a hand accurately and capturing his accuser's nicely tailored dress coat from the chaise longue.

"What do you propose to do?" the husband said, lowering his voice for emphasis.

"I propose to—ah—leave," said Jerry. "Almost immediately."

"Heh!" said the man violently, with a world of sarcasm for so brief a remark. He licked his lips. "You propose to leave!" Jerry took advantage of the dramatic pause to get his arms into the waistcoat.

"Oh, yes," said Jerry. "Must go, you know. Late for dinner as it is. Must positively be hurrying along. Well. . . ." Jerry's voice suggested nothing but the fondest of partings. The other was licking his lips again.

"I have a good mind to shoot you," he said bitterly. "I have a good mind to shoot you in your tracks like a dog." He took three or four steps to a table and pulled out the drawer. Jerry remembered the route the burglar had taken.

"Not in *my* tracks!" he said. He turned and ducked into the bathroom, skidded across the tiled floor to the door at the other end. Fortunately the back stairs were there. They were pitch black. Jerry fell down the first few, then caught his balance and ran down the others, making better time. . . .

A DOOR presented itself, and Jerry flung himself through it into a pantry. Without altering his stride he slammed the door behind him. He crashed into a china closet and bounded from it to a swing door that gave before him. In the rear—on the dark stairs, he thought—he heard an indescribably loud explosion.

"Stop!" The husband's shout came, somewhat muffled, from the pantry.

Jerry found himself at the top of the stairs to the front door. He saw no sense in stopping. In perhaps a fifth of a second he was at the bottom of the stairs. He saw his hat and coat where he had left them, scooped them up as he passed. He got into the vestibule, through it. He was on the cool sidewalk once more. Somewhere inside he heard another shot. . . .

Jerry Tinker looked about him. A few feet away he saw a taxi, the driver just climbing into it. His desire for speed impelled him toward it. His instinct told him that it was a cab of ill omen. There was something familiar about it. . . . There could be no doubt of it; it was his borrowed taxi. . . . Jerry turned and ran toward Madison Avenue.

I am glad to say that the taxi driver had been through a good deal that evening and that he was not as alert as he might have been. He was conscious of the fact that a man was running down the sidewalk. He noted that the man was carrying some of his clothes, that he wore no coat and that his waistcoat was flying in the wind behind him. But he did not connect the fleeing figure with his brush with the law. His oaths, as he stepped on the starter, were leisurely, philosophic oaths.

Jerry located another cab on Madison Avenue, and it swerved over at his wave. He shouted the number on Eleventh Street. The driver nodded, and Jerry got in. The cab started. Jerry pulled the window aside and spoke to the driver.

"Take your time," he said. "Drive slowly."

"I AM so sorry about dinner," Mrs. Gordon began. "We were planning—" Jerry bowed for the fourth time.

"It is I who am sorry," he said in his softest voice. "You see, I was called—"

"We were afraid," Mr. Gordon rasped, "that you wouldn't get the message." Jerry started, but repressed his desire to ask what message.

"Poor Aunt Emily. . . ." he murmured.

"Rosalie," said Phyllis, who had slithered into the room behind her mother.

"Rosalie?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gordon, "*My* Aunt Rosalie, you know. Phyllis' great-aunt. . . . I suppose it's really better for her, poor soul."

"Oh, yes," Jerry agreed. "It *is* better—if you can look at it that way."

"I know you will forgive us for not having you to dinner to-night. . . . It didn't seem respectful. And I thought we could all sit at home instead of going to the theatre. . . ." She seated herself.

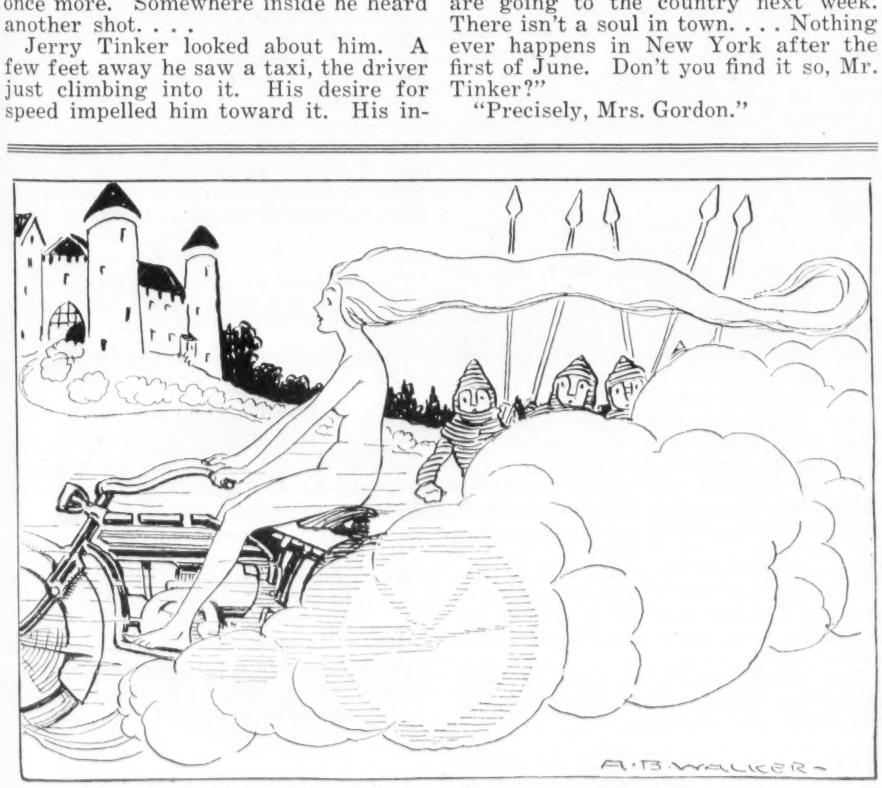
"You are punctual, Mr. Tinker." Jerry had turned away from Mr. Gordon for the moment, and the voice cut into the side of his head. For perhaps the fifteenth time that evening he was ready to faint. He turned. "I said in my message for you to come at about 8:20; and—by Jove!—it was exactly 8:20 when you rang the bell."

"I always try to be on time, sir."

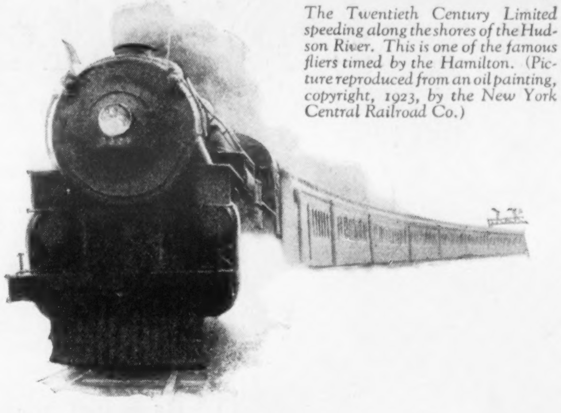
There was another pause and Mrs. Gordon rose to the occasion with a topic of conversation.

"I must say," she said, "I'm glad we are going to the country next week. There isn't a soul in town. . . . Nothing ever happens in New York after the first of June. Don't you find it so, Mr. Tinker?"

"Precisely, Mrs. Gordon."



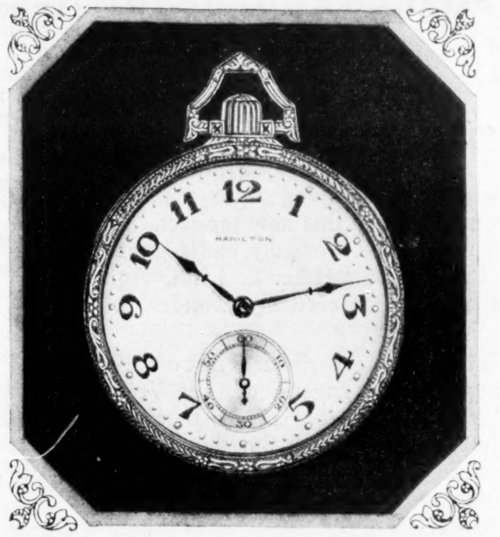
HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF
That Lady Godiva didn't ride on a motor cycle

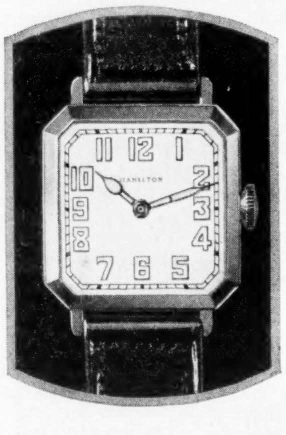


The Twentieth Century Limited speeding along the shores of the Hudson River. This is one of the famous fliers timed by the Hamilton. (Picture reproduced from an oil painting, copyright, 1923, by the New York Central Railroad Co.)

If you ran the 20th Century Limited you'd need *Hamilton Accuracy*

This accurate watch keeps America's crack trains on schedule





At left — the Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A time-piece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Green or white gold, 14k or gold filled. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices $55 and $85.

The watch above is the new Madison design. Hamilton Watches may be had in yellow, white or green gold — 14k or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $250. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.

"WHAT Time Have You?" Ask this question of a group of business men. Out come their watches. One watch is three minutes slow, another five minutes fast, and so on. But ask this question of a group of railroad men. If there is any variation it is usually only a matter of seconds.

Yet it is so very easy for every business and professional man to have a watch as unfailingly accurate as the railroad man's. When you buy a watch, get the make he uses. For thirty years there has been one watch that has been generally favored on America's railroads, a watch that has earned the unique distinction of being called "The Railroad Timekeeper of America."

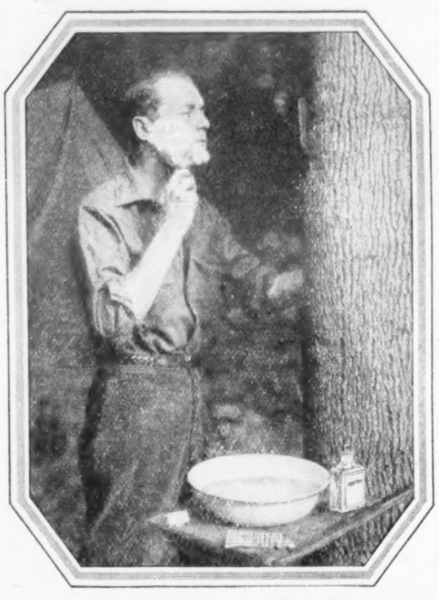
This watch of accuracy fame is the Hamilton. It rides in cab and coach of such famous fliers as the Twentieth Century, the California Limited, the Broadway Limited and the Olympian.

The secret of Hamilton's accuracy is capacity to take infinite pains. With us every watch is an individual piece of fine mechanism, tested and re-tested until final accuracy is obtained. No Hamilton leaves our factory until it has proved itself worthy of the Hamilton name, and ready to serve you as an accurate timekeeper.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, and charming wrist watches for women.

We have prepared a very useful little booklet—"The Care of Your Watch"; we will send it on request. Write also for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Address Dept. 2-G2, Hamilton Watch Company, on the Lincoln Highway, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Hamilton Watch
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



A user of our
Shaving Cream
strikes gold again
in Aqua Velva

"I've always been a user of your Luxury Shaving Cream," writes H. A., "and I'm mighty glad to make the acquaintance of this new product. For anybody who shaves daily, and is exposed to all sorts of weather as I am, Aqua Velva is most certainly wonderful."

This man's experience is that of many thousands who have tried Aqua Velva. They find that it *continues* that soft, velvety feeling which the skin has immediately after the morning shave with Williams Shaving Cream.

Aqua Velva conserves the skin's natural moisture. This is what makes it scientifically correct for after-shaving. You will find it pleasantly different from the things you may have used. It is a beautiful clear amber liquid. Made expressly for after-shaving use, it does *everything* a preparation of its kind should do:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

A 150-drop bottle free. Use coupon or postcard. The large 5-oz. bottle is 50c (60c in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

**Williams
Aqua Velva**

for use after shaving

SEND THIS FOR FREE 150-DROP BOTTLE

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 310-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
(If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Collier's 10-24-25

Bluff

Continued from page 19

proclaimed, "I'm not going to scold any more to-night. And now we'll go to a movie. There's an open-air one just around the corner, Uncle Harry, and we'll be in time for the second show."

Peter hesitated, an embarrassed frown on his face.

"You two go," he directed, "I've—I've still got some work to do. I've got to get a lot of verses out of the way before Monday morning, and to-morrow's my day off, and I'd like to sleep late and spend Sunday just loafing. Pat, you and Dr. Alexander go on to your silly old movie. I'll bet it's rotten, anyhow."

He braced himself for her protest, but it did not come. She remained silent while her uncle disclaimed any personal yearning for motion pictures and then spoke suddenly:

"No, Uncle Harry, we'll go together, then. There's something I want to talk about, anyhow."

Even in the open-air moving-picture theatre there was no breeze. Patricia Hackett looked from the tremulous heroics of the black and white figures on the far-away screen to the pale and languid stars overhead and felt the moist varnish of her chair back tug at her gown as she leaned forward.

"Uncle Harry," she confided, resuming a broken conversation, "he's the ultimate, five-star-final limit. He'd drive me to drink if we could afford a bootlegger."

The man beside her chuckled.

"Pat," he demanded, "are you becoming a discontented wife?"

"The woman," she scoffed, "who wouldn't give half her life to live the rest of it with Peter Hackett ought to be drowned. I'm not a discontented wife; I'm a disappointed booster. I hate to have his employers know my husband is an easy mark." Patricia resumed, "The only time he's ever kicked was when I had flu. Then he roared until they gave him twenty dollars more a week and the assistant Sunday editor's job in sheer surprise."

"Better get sick again," Dr. Alexander suggested with another chuckle.

"I'm too darned healthy," the girl deplored.

WARM rain drove like blown steam across the park, fretting the sleek street with silver, flawing windowpanes and stealing invisibly past them to fill the air of the Sunday editor's office with wilting moisture. A bored and ink-stained youth from the art department entered, a wide oblong of cardboard under one arm.

"Layout for the Madden story, Mr. Hackett."

Peter glanced at the empty chair before the roll-top desk and then at his watch. It was two o'clock.

"Mr. Lawson isn't here just now," he replied. "Leave it, Eddie. He'll O. K. it later."

"Mr. Lawson ain't workin' here no more," he said. "Ain'tcha heard?"

"Heard what?" Peter exclaimed.

"He's quit," Eddie went on, his indifference vanishing in the joy of relating gossip. "'S funny you didn't hear. They're all talkin' about it down in the city room. He's gone to be editor of the Planet's magazine. Guess your O. K. goes—eh, Mr. Hackett?"

"Why, I don't know," Peter returned dazedly. "I suppose so."

He glanced at the layout and scribbled his initials in the corner. Lawson had taken the Planet job! Then he would have Lawson's. McTigue had promised, as nearly as McTigue ever promised anything. On a rotten day like this it would cheer up Pat to hear. . . .

He nodded to the boy and took up the telephone.

"Eight-column cut, Billy. Right."

The door slammed and opened again almost immediately as Martin Drace entered, less self-confidently than usual, embarrassment on his face and in his voice.

"Hello, Pete," he said gruffly. "Heard the news?"

"About Lawson?" Hackett responded, clutching the telephone. "Yes. Just."

"Listen," the other blurted desperately, "McTigue wants me to stay and be Sunday editor in Lawson's place."

"Oh!" Hackett said, and could utter no more. He stood a minute staring blankly and then slowly replaced the telephone on the table.

"Now, please," Drace begged, "don't think I'm that variety of rat. I know what you're thinking, and it isn't so. When McTigue put this thing up to me, I asked if you'd get the job if I didn't take it. He said no."

"But why not?" Peter asked in a flat voice.

The other lit a cigarette and flung the match end across the room with needless force. He cleared his throat and then plunged in.

"What I'm telling you is confidential. McTigue said you were a horse for work and a good writer. He said he'd given you a raise Saturday, but that he didn't think you had the 'initiative and coördinating ability,' whatever they are, to be Sunday editor. This is tough on you, Peter, I know. It's not so darned easy on me. Here's what I'm trying to say: It's up to you. I'll do whatever you want me to—accept McTigue's offer or leave."

Peter's eyes shifted from Drace's earnest face to the silver run of water down the pane. He felt his lips tremble and pressed them tight. At length they relaxed into his wide, boyish smile, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said dryly, "McTigue's probably right, at that. I'd rather work under you than under a stranger, Martin."

OUTSIDE in the dark airshaft the rain drummed and rattled. Faint, moist airs stirred the shabby curtains before the open window and set the candles on the supper table to flickering. While Peter talked he ate, less from hunger than because, with his eyes fixed on his plate, speech came more easily. Patricia made no such pretense. She had laid her fork aside and sat stiffly erect in her chair, her eyes fixed on the thinning hair at his temples.

When he paused at last she spoke with a whimsical tenderness.

"Oh, Peter, you're nothing but a little, little boy, and spanking doesn't do any good."

He met her eyes then, and tried to smile.

"Well," he said with false satisfaction, "we're getting ten dollars more a week, anyway, honey. That's something. And Martin isn't a loafer. I won't have to do his job for him."

"Peter Hackett," she replied, "whatever am I going to do with you? I wish I could hypnotize you."

"You did," he told her, "years and years ago."

"Oh, Peter," she begged, "please don't try to throw me off the track. I'm not going to scold. Only, I'm so sorry, Peter.

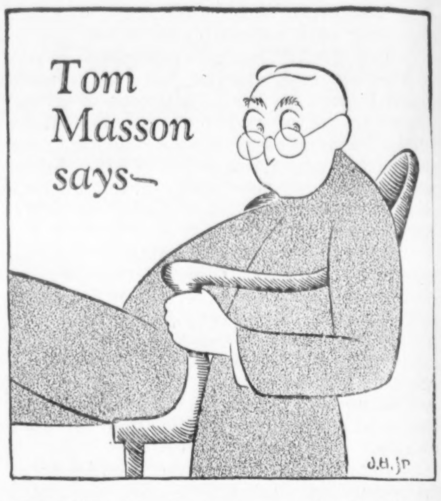
"Oh," she exclaimed, rising and stepping around the table to pull his head down against her breast, "I could kill that old McTigue. It's a shame, honey, a poisonous, outrageous shame."

Her arms were tight about his neck. That may have been what made his voice sound strained and choked.

"Sometime," he predicted, "you'll discover that I'm just a newspaper hack, Pat, an eighty-five-dollar-a-week quarter success. I've known it all the time, and by and by you'll find it out. You think I'm grand because you love me, but I'm haunted all the while by the feeling you never should have married—"

She put a hand across his lips and kissed the thinning hair. "You poor old fish!" she said tenderly.

THE triumphant whir of the alarm clock dragged him up to the surface of slumber. He turned on his pillow with the comfortable thought that pres-



HIGH *blood pressure is hard on family trees.*

* * *

You may be linked up with a gas station in your home if you have a radio.

* * *

If any child should attempt to say his prayers on his mother's knees nowadays, she might be arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

* * *

"The Yellow Peril will end," declares John Hays Hammond, "when the first Chinaman goes to work on an automobile." But what man ever wants a Chinaman to take his wife's place in the home?

* * *

If we could only meet personally those telephone girl operators who give us the wrong numbers, they might get our numbers better.

* * *

People who don't believe in birth control should remember that every increase in population creates more congressmen.

* * *

The first broadcasting station: Tower of Babel.

* * *

Two million children were born in this country last year. The next thing to do is to raise a few nursing mothers among the 400.

* * *

It takes a very little dear to pass the buck.

* * *

An American theatrical manager is trying to find twelve beautiful girls in England to bring over here. But do we need any more?

* * *

One of the great things about President Coolidge is that there is no one thing in him to admire so much that it obscures our sense of his real ability.

* * *

The reward of virtue: Virtue.

* * *

When the farmer ceases to be a stockholder, good night!

* * *

"Well, Sister," said one of the Babes in the Wood, "think of how much worse it would be if these leaves were the Sunday papers."

* * *

Our national touring car appears to be hitting on all sex cylinders.

* * *

How unhappy some of us would be if we couldn't surround ourselves with so many little discomforts!

* * *

The only kind of work that is really enjoyable is when there is no money in it—followed by unexpected checks.

ently Patricia would call him, and sank again. When she spoke, at last, there was something in her voice that brought him suddenly awake.

"Peter," she repeated in a stifled voice, "I've a headache, and I feel funny when I sit up. Would you mind getting your own breakfast?"

He scrambled out of bed, all at once sick with fear, and knelt beside her. She kept her eyes closed, even when she spoke, and about her lips were little creases of pain.

"It's just a headache, I guess, dear. You get your breakfast and run along. Milly comes in to do the washing to-day. She'll look after me. No, if I need a doctor I'll have her call Uncle Harry. Oh, honey, don't fuss so! I just want to lie quiet a while."

Thrice during the day he telephoned, and each time a pleasant Negro voice informed him that Mis' Hackett still felt real bad.

"I WOULDN'T worry," Dr. Alexander said reluctantly, with a restrained look on his face that only alarmed Peter the more, "it may be nothing, son, but the heat and worry."

"You're trying to put me off," the other accused. "What ought she to have? What can I do for her? I'm not a baby."

"You're not a millionaire either," the physician replied slowly. "If you were, I might recommend a trained nurse and rest and removal as soon as possible to the mountains."

"As bad as that?" Peter whispered, his face white.

Again the doctor hesitated, maddeningly.

"Not necessarily," he said at length. "You can't always tell about these things, right off. Don't worry too much. It's going to come out all right."

Patricia called "Peter" as the door shut behind Dr. Alexander, and her husband collided painfully with a chair in his haste to get to her room. She opened her eyes languidly and smiled up at him.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, "and, Peter, I simply won't have a nurse. We can't afford it."

"You will if you need one," he replied with a show of confidence. "You're not to worry, Pat. Understand?"

"But, Peter," she persisted, "all this expense—"

"Oh, blow the expense," he exclaimed. "Your job is to get well, Pat. Let me handle the rest of it. Now stop fussing."

"You're so masterful," she said with a tired smile; "I wish you'd bully McTigue that way."

When she woke in the morning he stood at her bedside bearing a tray laden with toast and tea, two fingers of his right hand curled under to conceal freshly made blisters. There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him, and she brushed them away impatiently.

"Put it on the chair, honey," she directed. "I'll eat it later. It won't get cold on a morning like this. It's going to be another awful day. Now run along to work, Peter. Oh, yes, you will; Milly's coming back to finish the ironing; she'll look out for me."

Pat ought to be out of the heat and in the mountains. To-day was going to be hotter, if possible, than the others. Already the stone post beside the steps of the apartment house was warm to the touch, and a sparrow, squatting in the gutter, was gasping with open beak. Pat ought to be in the mountains where things were cool and fresh.

The car wheels sang that refrain. He might have sent her if he had taken the Planet's offer. That would have been fifty dollars extra a week. He could have had a trained nurse too. As he clung to his strap in the lurching car, Peter found himself sullenly hating McTigue. There he sat, like a little wizened Jove, swaying the destinies of men and their wives, blighting them when angry, soothing them with ten-dollar raises.

The sun, red-orange in the heat haze, stood just above the tower of the Star Building. The water with which the white wings had flushed the street was drying away as quickly as though the asphalt were parched sand. He suddenly recalled that he had had no breakfast. That was probably just as well. The less food one ate in such weather the better. Food didn't attract one much, anyway, when one's wife was sick. Pat ought to be in the mountains.

Drace was hanging up his jacket when Peter entered their office.

"Hello," he said with a mirthless smile. "It's going to be both the heat and the humidity to-day, Pete. How's the wife?"

"Ill," Hackett replied. "I wish I could send her out of this hole."

"Tough," the new Sunday editor commented, removing his collar. "Oh, say, McTigue sent for you after you'd left yesterday. He was on his ear about those verses you did. Five of them, he said, were too local in their allusions for syndication. Wants you to do others. You will find them on your desk."

HE HAD completed one jingle, the requisite twenty-four lines of labored humor, and the clock hands stood at two. He scribbled the opening line of a second, muttered at its inanity, crumpled up the page, and threw it away. At this rate he would be late again, and Milly always went home at six.

The telephone rang, and his heart leaped painfully as he grabbed it.

"McTigue," a voice complained. "Have Mr. Drace come down to my office at once. At lunch, eh? Very well, Hackett, come down yourself."

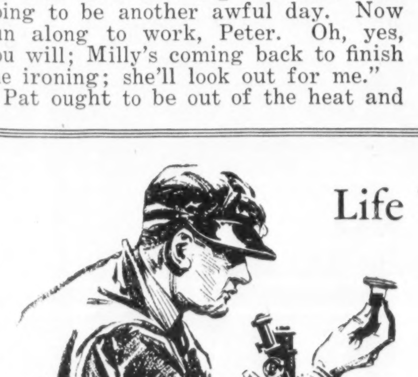
The managing editor beckoned peremptorily as Hackett appeared in his doorway and pointed to an ink-smudged page proof spread on the desk. A two-column headline was heavily ringed in blue pencil. "The Laughing Gas Company," the type proclaimed.

"Who authorized that?" the managing editor rasped.

"Why—why," Hackett stammered, "nobody. It's one of the series that Laine has been doing for us. What's the matter with it?"

"Matter!" McTigue exclaimed. "We've been carrying full-page gas-company advertisements for a month, and you ask me what's the matter with it. Don't you read what you dump into the magazine section?"

(*Continued on page 36*)

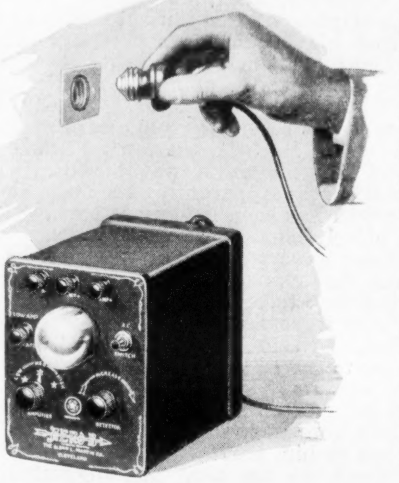


Life Writes the Stories

In next week's issue a famous novelist, known wherever the English language is read, begins a series of stories whose dramatic "plots" are taken right from the lives of his friends. The first is:

"What Shall It Profit a Man—?"

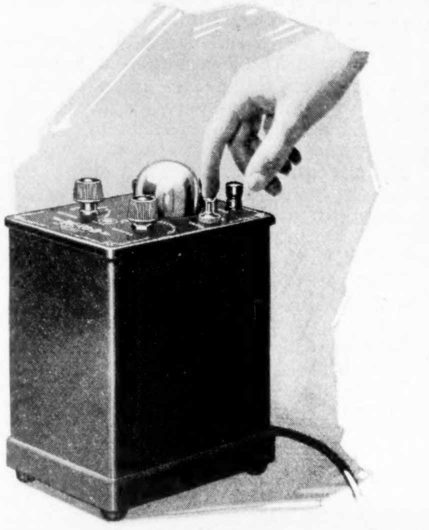
Make your lamp socket your B~battery



Plug an Aero B into the inexpensive, never-varying current in your home lighting circuit for the "B" current on your radio set. Be sure of a steady, maximum plate current supply that insures the clearest and best reception of which your set is capable,—*at all times.*

There is positively no distortion or loss of signal strength with an Aero B. It gives perfect reproduction within the abilities of your set. Results are consistently as good or better than with a new, fully-charged "B" Battery.

No bothersome testing~ no water ~ no acid



With an Aero B "B" Battery eliminator there is no bothersome testing, no water to add, no acid to mar furniture and rugs, no continual charging and never a weak "B" current just when you want the best reception.

Aero B simply plugs into any convenient base plug or lamp socket and gives a perfect, *full* "B" voltage *always.* It operates on any type of tube set, is adjusted to the set but once and requires no attention. Simply pull the switch on the panel and there is a constant "B" current that is never "run-down."

By the builders of the famous radio~ equipped Glenn L. Martin Aircraft

Back of Aero B is the reputation and precision craftsmanship of The Glenn L. Martin Company. For years they have been building the famous radio-equipped Martin Aircraft used by the U. S. Army, Navy and Post Office Department.

Aero B is fully guaranteed to operate on 110 volt, 50-60 cycle current and perform satisfactorily on *your* set or your money will be promptly refunded.

Aero B uses a UV201A or C301A tube when used on the average five-tube set (drawing 20 milliamperes or less) and a UX213 Rectron tube when used on larger sets.

Try an Aero B now—convince yourself that here is a radio necessity you cannot do without. The cost is but $42.00 without tube, performance is guaranteed and it will last a lifetime. If your dealer doesn't handle Aero B, write us.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, *Radio Division,* Cleveland, Ohio

AERO B

B BATTERY ELIMINATOR

Great Races Prove CHAMPION Dependability

In every great race during the past two years, both in this country and Europe, and in hundreds of minor races, every car to finish has been Champion equipped—with a *single* exception.

In literally hundreds of thousands of miles at today's tremendous racing speeds, Champion Spark Plugs have proved their dependability.

The experience of the leading racing drivers of the world is very definite proof that Champion two-piece construction, sillimanite core and special analysis electrodes make Champion the better spark plug.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, O.
London Windsor, Ont. Paris

CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. The genuine Champions have the double-ribbed sillimanite core. They are fully guaranteed.

Bluff

Continued from page 35

His mouth was traplike and merciless as he spoke. For an instant Hackett did not reply. The pulses behind his ears were beating more strongly. There was a strange prickly feeling at the base of his scalp.

"Certainly, Mr. McTigue."

McTigue clucked his tongue and jerked his head in exasperation. He picked up a pencil and slashed a broad blue X across the offending article.

"Kill that," he ordered. "Lucky I caught this before the mats were made. I'd hoped, Hackett, that, with Lawson gone, the magazine would show improvement. Apparently he isn't the one who has been holding it back. Of all utterly blind and senseless—"

Peter gave way suddenly to the impulse that clamored within him as one surrenders to an anæsthetic.

"Kill it yourself, since you want it killed," he said distinctly. "And don't speak to me like that again, McTigue. I'm not your hired help any longer. I'm going to a better job."

McTigue cleared his throat and looked at him narrowly.

"Don't be an ass," he suggested; "you're hysterical, Hackett. I may have been hasty about that story."

From afar the sane Peter Hackett applauded the laugh with which this strange, temporary Peter met this remark.

"The Star," he went on, "never believes its men are worth keeping until someone offers them a better job. I'm going where I won't be treated like a feeble-minded stepchild."

He said no more. He had forgotten that he was bluffing, had lost realization of everything but overpowering anger and an urgent voice that kept whispering: "Keep your head; keep your head."

He recognized that unfamiliar expression in McTigue's eyes. It was amazement and an unwilling respect. The managing editor's long upper lip twitched, and Peter hated him.

"You're not going to leave the Star," he began incredulously, "without giving us a chance to meet—"

"I already have left," Hackett informed him.

"But—but—" the managing editor sputtered.

"Oh," Peter snapped in a sudden whirl of anger, "shut up." He slammed the door viciously as he departed.

EXALTATION burned away quickly. All that remained of Peter Hackett's mood of madness as he climbed the stairs to his flat an hour later was a weakness in his knees and a faint gripping in his stomach's pit. He hesitated before his door and resolutely assumed a false smile of triumph before he entered.

"Peter," her voice reproached—"oh, Peter, you shouldn't worry so."

He felt the carefully prepared smile become a smirk, but he held to his determination as he knelt beside her bed.

"What's the matter?" Patricia gasped.

"Not a thing in the world," he assured her rather hoarsely. "I've got a better job, Pat. McTigue started to ride me to-day, and I—I rode him instead."

For an instant the blue eyes stared into his with a stricken expression. Then tears clouded them, her arms went tight about his neck, and she was sobbing so violently that the headboard beat a violent tattoo against the wall.

"Oh," she muttered brokenly, "I've been wicked, and I've hurt you, and Uncle Harry has scolded me and it's come out all right, and now I'm going to—cry—all I—darn please."

"What in heaven's name are you talking about?" he asked, bewildered.

She sought futilely for a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes with the hem of the sheet. Then she caught both his hands and held them tight.

"Peter," she begged—"dear, simple Peter. First, you've got to promise to forgive me—really, truly, absolutely forgive me. Promise?"

"Don't be silly," he muttered huskily and tried to draw her close, but she held back.

"No," she commanded, "you've got to listen first. I can't bear to look at you while I confess, Peter. I've been bluffing. I haven't really been sick at all. I'm sound in limb, body and wind. I pretended I was sick, so that—so that—"

He stared at her in complete bewilderment.

"I almost lost my nerve to-day," she went on hastily. "When I saw how I was hurting you I just couldn't stand it. And Uncle Harry was here this morning and scolded me. I was going to confess to-night; but, honey, it worked, didn't it?"

She met his eyes at last and saw comprehension dawning there.

"I just knew," she babbled, "that they'd give you a better job if you yelled for it. So I bluffed you and you bluffed McTigue, and everything's all right, isn't it? Oh, Peter, what's the matter?"

HE HAD dropped his head on his arms and his shoulders were shaking. She bent over him, her face white and stricken, and heard, not sobbing, but breath-taking laughter.

"Leave me alone," he gasped. "Oh, Pat—good gosh—" and shook again.

"You ought to be spanked, Patricia Hackett," he told her at last.

"Maybe," she retorted, "but bluffing was the only thing that worked, Peter, and you bluffed—"

"Pat," he said suddenly, "I've been bluffing too. I haven't any more job than a rabbit."

She was silent a moment. The dark eyes fixed on her face held the expression of a child who refuses to be frightened.

"You mean," she said slowly, "that you've been fired?"

"I mean," he replied gravely, though his lips twitched, "that I started to bluff McTigue for a raise and lost my temper and resigned when he tried to argue with me. I told him to shut up, Pat, and walked out of the shop."

She stared at him a moment and then plunged, face down, upon her pillow. The telephone shrilled rhythmically.

"It's probably Uncle Harry, with another installment of his lecture," she said at last. "You better go, dear. Only don't you dare let him know you lost your job."

She listened, wiping away the tears, but his monosyllabic replies held no sequence. Finally, when he returned to the room, his step was slow, his face long and lugubrious.

"Did he slander me terrific?" she asked.

"It wasn't Dr. Alexander," he said gloomily; "it was an offer of a job."

"Not a good one, though?" she ventured, watching his discouraged face.

"They'll give me," he replied sadly, though his mouth twitched, "one hundred and thirty-five a week, a three-year contract and an advance each year."

"Who will?" she gasped.

"The Star. That was McTigue. He wants me to come down right away and sign up."

"What did you say?" she whispered, awestricken.

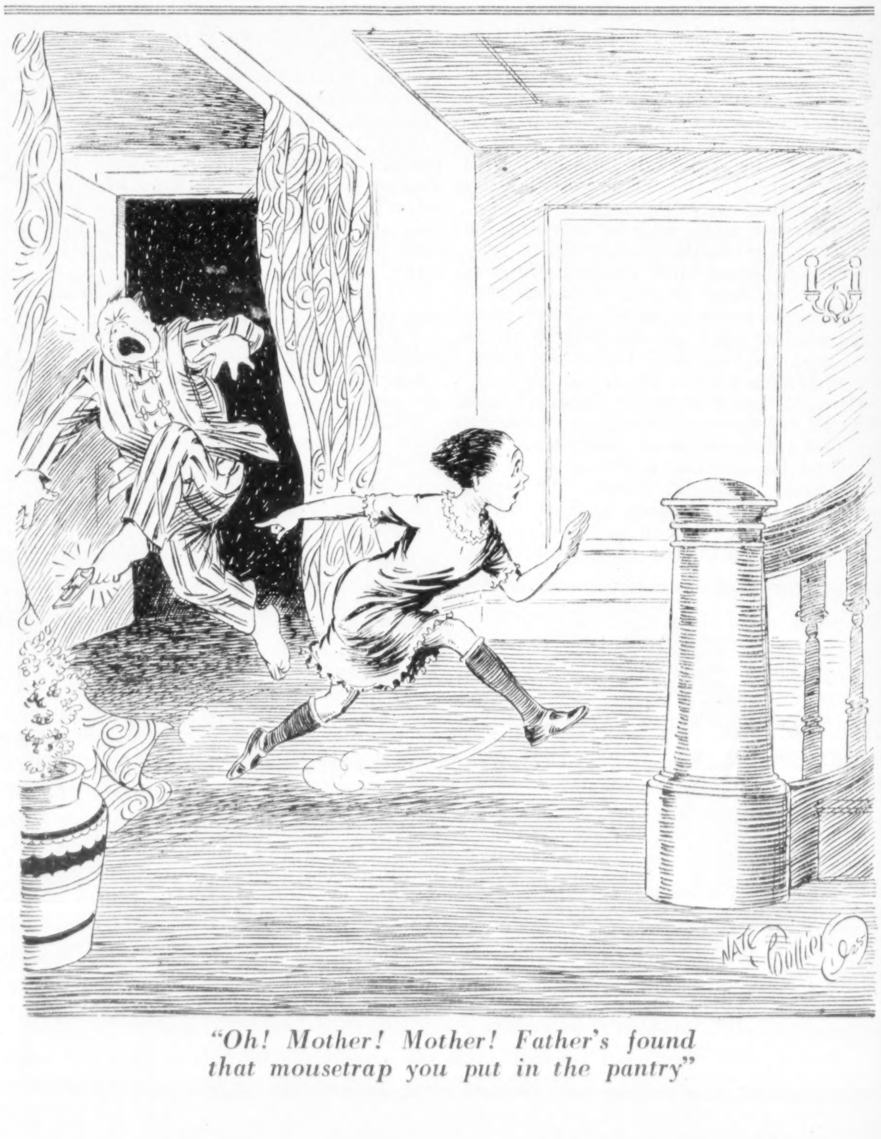
"I told him," Peter Hackett replied, releasing at last his wide grin, "that I'd think it over and let him know tomorrow."

Patricia stared at him.

"You old crab!" she said in a voice of worship.

Is "Bluff" True to Life?

HAVE you ever had to do what Patricia Hackett did? Would you do it if it became necessary? For the three best letters of experience or opinion Collier's will pay $50, $25 and $10. Address Letter Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



"Oh! Mother! Mother! Father's found that mousetrap you put in the pantry"

HAVE YOU READ ?

By GRANT OVERTON

"SURE, and the children are terrible heartscalds from the time y'r clothes begin to feel tight on y'," says a visitor to old Mrs. Walsh, the grandmother in Kathleen Norris' new novel, "Little Ships." And her daughter, Mollie, quotes Mrs. Walsh with conviction: "When they're little they break y'r back, and when they're big they break y'r heart!"

The grandmother lived with the poor half of the family, consisting of herself; Aunt Maggie, who sewed; Uncle Charley and Uncle Harry, "the boys"; and Robbie's girl, Kate, as handsome and wholesome a ger'rl as you'd find in all San Francisco. And what glorious chestnut hair!

Mollie had married Peter Cunningham, the prosperous grocer, and lived in a fine house on Howard Street. Peter's sister, Allie, kept the house, and there were slathers of servants. Tom was a winning fellow of eighteen, Cecy (Cecilia) was next, then came Mart, Ellen and the baby, Paul.

When you take leave of these people—flesh and blood if ever I found it in the pages of a book—Tom is past thirty, Cecy is a nun, Mart is married and so is Ellen. At that, Kate, a grand creature, is the real heroine of the story.

The history of almost any one of these children would have spun out to make an average novel, and very fair stuff too. Mrs. Norris has no trouble at all in scrambling the eggs, for this is an Irish family and the family is bigger than the individual.

The result is something richer in substance and more generous in feeling than any novel I can think of since Charles Dickens wrote 'em.

That is a dreadfully sweeping assertion, but I will stand by it.

Tom in love with Kate and being sent away to Paris by Mollie and Pete; Cecy kept from the convent and left to involve herself with a social butterfly; Mollie trying to frighten Kate out of marrying John Kelly; Tom in a mad affair with a divorced Jewess; poor Mart marrying a girl who won't be a wife to him; Ellen, "wild as a hawk," bearing a child whose advent is the first announcement of her marriage to her dumfounded parents—'tisn't any use. If you want a complicated recipe for fruit cake I can give it to you; I can't tell you all the ingredients of this novel.

Words? No, Heart Throbs

THERE are over 400 pages in "Little Ships," but when I got to page 300 I could hold in no longer and wired Mrs. Norris a tabloid reaction.

"Delighted, deeply moved," I telegraphed, thinking how barren words are. Yet it was nothing but words that wrote the book.

Nothing but words? Oh, I think the words are the least part of it. I think Kathleen Norris, who was Kathleen Thompson and whose mother was a Moroney, who herself in youth lived both the comfortable life of the Cunninghams and the harsh life of Robbie's Kate, has a big heart that has been filling up slowly these many years. And when she came to write this book she had nothing whatever to do but to turn that heart inside out and let it empty itself of the fullness of life.

I ought to do better by "Little Ships," but, you see, having no drop of Irish blood is quite a handicap.

Maybe, then, I can do justice to a novel that Mrs. Norris herself is enthusiastic about, "The Perennial Bachelor."

This is not an answer to "The Constant Nymph." It's the second winner of the Harper prize of $2,000. "The Able McLaughlins," by Margaret Wilson, was the first.

"The Perennial Bachelor" is by Anne Parrish, a cousin of Maxfield Parrish, the painter. She is the wife of Charles A. Corliss of New York. Some of her childhood was spent in Colorado Springs and she lived for a time in Claymont and Wilmington, Delaware. Delaware is the background for most of the scenes of her novel, which opens before the Civil War and glides almost imperceptibly down to the present.

Women especially will be interested in the book. From start to finish it mirrors the changes of styles in dress, decoration, popular songs, courtships, manners, toys, dances, social customs, amusements and intellectual whims.

Tragedy Without Gloom

VICTOR CAMPION was the only son, born on the day of his father's death. His mother, "a lady made of white velvet and stuffed with down," and all his sisters babied him. While he was still little he made such a fuss that his mother rejected the second marriage which would have brought her very real happiness and which would have meant security for them all.

Victor was half grown when, the mother being dead, his sister Maggie broke with the man she loved rather than "neglect" Victor.

All three sisters pinched and scraped to send the boy to Harvard. He lasted a year.

He came home to be petted and to loaf. He was weak but not bad. Selfish? Only in the passive sense. Just the center of a little universe, that was all.

Victor fell in love with Lucy Hawthorn. By most wonderful good fortune for her, Lucy went abroad and married a French count.

Poor May, Victor's sister, finally got a chance to marry, but Victor made so much fun of her suitor that May couldn't go on.

A tragic history, you say, but the tragedy comes by degrees, as we see it come in some lives, and it carries the same conviction that we feel as we watch it next door. There are offsets of comedy, moments of high good humor and exhilarating pleasure. And we feel that maybe it wasn't so much a tragedy to those who were living it as to us, looking on. Which is the way of life also.

I'll give you the end, for it won't spoil the book for you. Victor is now a chirpy little man of sixty or so, setting out to pay Sunday calls. He gets a "not at home" at the front door. He feels a little tired, of a sudden, and abandons the idea of further social effort, returning to the undistinguished house where he lives with his only surviving sister, Lily. She ran to the door to let him in.

"'Oh, Victor, you did look so nice coming along the road! I always think there's no one in the world looks as nice in a silk hat as you!'"

THERE'S a grand time in progress among the many thousands of readers of the late Gene Stratton-Porter. Her posthumous novel, "The Keeper of the Bees," is compact and redolent of everything they loved in "A Girl of the Limberlost" and "Freckles" and "The Harvester." I am not quite sure whether the child in the story is a boy or a girl, but he or she is called the Little Scout, and sentimentality needs no sex.

"Little Ships." By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Perennial Bachelor." By Anne Parrish. Harper & Brothers.

"The Keeper of the Bees." By Gene Stratton-Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co.

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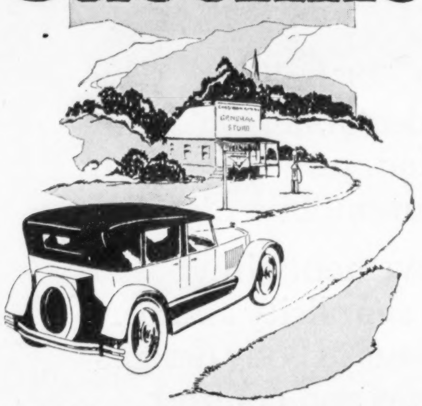

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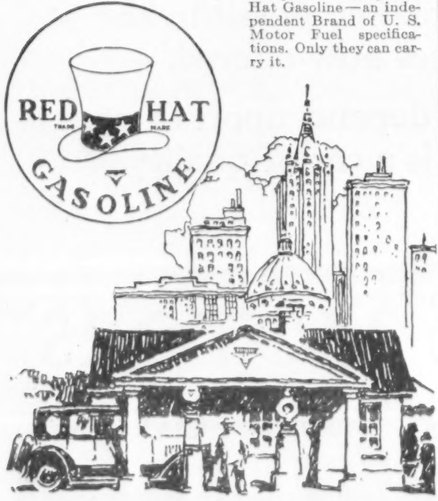

NOTE—A non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interest of Independent Oil. By the sign of the Spread Red Eagle you will know the oil men who are truly independent.

Etiquette for Railroad Travelers

Continued from page 10

engine pulls into its destination or, if not at that moment, as soon as the conductor opens the door and shouts, "Schwnabbolxwcraggawkl! All off!"

Sustenance, etc. The carrying of lunch in a satchel or box is not tolerated in the best day-coach circles, nor is it considered nice to tote crullers or doughnuts around in hand bags. The railroad generally sends venders through the coaches with cakes of chocolate which can be bought for a quarter and which are estimated to contain enough nourishment to sustain an average adult traveler 100.02 miles on an express or 67.005 miles on a local.

Emergency Cord and Axes. In every day coach will be found a glass cabinet containing one or more axes. They are for use only in case of wrecks or fire and should not be used, great as may be the temptation, upon the florid wholesale fruit merchant who is on his way to market in the seat ahead with his shoes off.

An emergency cord runs down the center of the car. It may be pulled only in an emergency, and one of the rules of the railroads is that ennui, acute boredom, a desire for a pinochle deck or a determination to get a sticky window open shall not be considered as constituting an emergency.

Parlor Cars. There is the same difference in traveling life between a parlor car and a day coach as there is in social life between a country club and a fire house. A parlor car has overstuffed chairs, extra thick carpets, neat curtains and woodwork in at least two tones. It is, in brief, a day coach that has been done over by an interior decorator.

The great advantage of traveling in a parlor car is that you can cover as much as 2,500 miles without being accosted by a passenger with a garlic breath and two bags full of barber supplies or annoyed by a Chinaman who wants to sleep with his head on your shoulder. The rules of etiquette in parlor cars are very few. All that is required of you is that you sit still and worry over your blood pressure undisturbed and undisturbing.

The Sleeper. A sleeping car is a parlor car reshuffled so it will look like a poorly lighted alley in a pool table storehouse and be considerably less comfortable. Its purpose is to enable a human being to dress or undress upside down, from left to right or when posing as a letter N.

Before one may undergo the tortures of a sleeping car one must first get a special form of ticket or invitation. This is daintily printed in small type on a small card, generally green, and reading:

The Great Eastern Railroad
Requests
The pleasure of Mr....·.....'s presence on the upper shelf of the car Calagatawnia on the night of Tuesday, September 22d.
Present this ticket and ask for ladder. Pajamas are requested.
No. 306715-M Series XD Not transferable

It has been stated upon reliable authority that some of the invitations call for lower berths, but there is not much evidence to prove the truth of the report.

Upon getting the above form the passenger should go to the railroad station, present it to a porter and prepare for the worst. The porter will do the socially correct thing by leading you down the dimly lighted alley through the middle of the car and pointing to a place directly under the roof and behind a red or green curtain. From that time on everything is up to you. Tradition requires that the passenger throw his bag in first and climb in after it, although there is nothing disgracefully incorrect about getting in first and pulling the bag in after him if it can be done.

Getting into an upper berth is comparatively easy. The hard part is to know what to do afterward. Again the true gentleman will reveal his breeding by a lack of excitement. He will draw himself into whatever position seems most logical, study his own topography and that of the bunk, and think. After a few moments it will be very clear to him that it will be impossible to disrobe standing up. He will then remove his hat and place it under the pillow. Next he will remove his collar and tie. So far so good. Custom specifies that the coat, vest and shirt be taken off in the order named.

Then comes the great test of class. Can he remove his trousers while sitting or lying down?

Experience over a period of 3,000 years has shown that they cannot be taken off over the head. The proper method is to crawl down to the extreme northerly end of the berth, fasten the legs of the trousers to a hook and then crawl due south until you are out of them.

By this time any fool will realize that there is so much clothing in the berth that practically no room is left for him. There is nothing to do but dress again and go to sleep fully attired or crawl into the little net hammock that hangs on one end of the berth.

Should one passenger find himself trying to get into a berth already occupied he should apologize promptly. There are several correct forms that may be used in such an emergency, and a choice may be made from the following:

(1) Good-by, and good luck!
(2) Oh gosh!
(3) Wrong number; awfully sorry!
(4) My mistake! Don't get huffy!
(5) Well, I guess I'll be going.

Or if one is not above subterfuge, one may allay the concern of the occupant by shouting "Manhattan Transfer!" or the name of some other station, and then sliding quietly away.

It is a cardinal rule of sleeping-car conduct that any and all persons entering the same shall go to bed at once. Card playing, intercollegiate debates, political arguments, business talks and crop discussions are in very bad taste, nor should a true gentleman sit on his berth and polish his golf clubs. Reading aloud, vocalizing or playing any musical instrument in bed will entail also social ostracism.

The dropping of watches, rattling of change, low cursing and any form of grunting should be guarded against also if one desires to create a good impression.

The practice of carrying alarm clocks into berths, allowing them to ring furiously at 7 A. M., is most improper. The correct course, if one wishes to get up at a certain hour, is to notify the porter, who will come in at that time and arouse the old gentleman two berths away by mistake. The subsequent argument will arouse the person putting in the original call.

Ladies accompanied by infants or children should be reasonable. The other occupants of the sleeper will be ready to give her a certain amount of time to get the kids to bed, but there is a limit. After a child has said, "But, Mommer, I dowantah sleep on that funny shelf," more than twenty times, common decency and respect for the rights of nervous adults should make her realize the time has come to stun the little cherub with a blunt instrument and chuck it into bed.

Getting Up in the Morning. After a sleeping-car occupant has risen and fought his way into his clothes he should inspect himself carefully to make certain he has not put his cuffs on his knees and his garters around his neck. He should then climb, leap or slide out of the mousetrap and look for his shoes. If everything goes according to custom he will find one tan shoe, size 8¼—and one black oxford, size 6⅞. If he is a gentleman, he will say nothing about it, putting on whichever shoe fits and awaiting developments. The porter is entitled to a tip for bringing back one shoe. There is nothing in the rules that makes it mandatory for him to bring back any.

Etiquette of the Washroom. There is no surer way to tell a gentleman from one of the common herd than by observing his actions in the washroom while trying to wash and shave on a sleeper. If he is perfectly at ease, no matter how much the car sways, and if he escapes without cutting his own throat or that of a fellow passenger while shaving on a sharp curve, it is a sign of one or two things: either he has spent much of his life on a moving dance floor or spends six months of the year cruising on a private yacht in turbulent waters, or both. In either case it is a cinch he is no bum.

Etiquette requires that but one gentleman use a washbowl or mirror at the same time. It is an unwritten law that if one gentleman, through a sudden lurch of the train, while washing his face, allows his own face to slip out of his hands and grabs the face of another gentleman by mistake, he should smile tolerantly and return the wrong face to the right owner, saying sweetly, "I've a terrible head, and for the moment I couldn't imagine where I got it," or something of that sort.

Note. The above rules of railroad etiquette have been certified by the Conference of Governors, the Brotherhood of Railway Engineers, the Junior League and the Association for the Advancement of Better Manners. If rigidly followed by railroad travelers they may not be entirely immune from social embarrassments, but their position will be much less precarious.

If you wish to be correct while getting a shave (or a bob) study "The Book of Barber Shop Etiquette" in an early issue of Collier's

You've always wanted to know what to do
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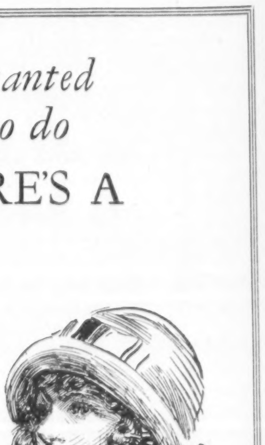
Solution by
H. C. WITWER



Aided by Bill Grimm, Barbara Baxter, Pansy Pilkington and a strong cast in next week's Collier's

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 22

Angus on the chest with a long forefinger. "You're forgetting something," he said. "It isn't a case of what you'd rather do. If preferences are to be considered, I think mine will come first and I want your daughter in my office."

McIvor was losing his coolness. A hint of his Scotch ancestry crept into his accent. "You canna have her," he defied. "The lass has flouted me and her worthless husband deserted her. Now she comes creeping back for me to keep her. I'll do it, but she will measure the error of her ways. Even if you are superintendent, I won't have you come between me and my daughter. She will stay at home because that's where she belongs and that's where I want her."

Selden asked a crisp question: "How old is your daughter?"

"She's twenty-three."

Selden snapped away his cigarette. He ignored the other's forbidding face. "She's of legal age and the only reason she is bound to you is because she takes food and shelter from you. That's why you don't want her to come to the office. Take the financial restraint off her and how long would she stay with you? Now I shall do two things: She will have the place in the office and she will live at home, because the job doesn't pay much at first. Now—"

McIVOR interrupted savagely: "I have told her that if she leaves my house again against my wishes she'll never come back, not if she crawls. And I tell you the same—"

"Yes, but it doesn't impress me as it did her. I've an answer for it. I'm beginning to lose patience with you, McIvor. Now listen to me. You will have your daughter in my office to-morrow morning and she will live at home in peace. You are not to be harder on her."

"Who says so?" bellowed McIvor, his fury breaking restraint.

Selden was imperturbable. "It is an order. You can have your choice. Do that or I'll take the house away from you and give it to her."

McIvor subsided under the ferocious menace. Selden's threat was not idle, as McIvor knew. The house was owned by the company. Their raised voices had brought the top-house crew out in curiosity, but a glance from Selden scattered them.

He was still pleasant. "There's another thing to consider too," the superintendent added. "How'd you like to leave West Virginia?"

McIvor wilted still further and mumbled a negative. He knew the power of the blacklist.

"I didn't think you wanted to leave this camp," Selden continued. "But that's where you're heading. You've been here several years and you're a good powder man, but when a miner can't agree with the superintendent, there's only one answer—one of them leaves. I'm not traveling."

McIvor had recovered his poise. He looked at Selden and his eyes glowed. Again there was a bur in his speech. "You're takin' an unco' advantage o' your position."

Selden deigned to explain briefly. It was not his custom. "I know that theoretically I haven't any right to interfere between you and your daughter. I know that I'm supposed to deal only with the mine. Actually, I've always held that anything that went on in the camp was of my concern because it is reflected in the mine. I'm telling you this so that you will not think there is anything personal in it. I've watched your daughter. I know what she faces and I shall not stand by and see you break her. The camp can think what it pleases, but if I were you I'd take pains to let it know that you are very grateful to the superintendent for giving your daughter a chance to help out with the family income."

Selden was laughing at the conceit as he turned away. "Have her in my office to-morrow morning at eight," he ordered.

McIvor looked after him. Helpless rage shone in his eyes, but did not break through the surface. "Suppose she does not want to come," he suggested.

Selden looked over his shoulder. "*You* have her there at eight," he repeated.

McIvor turned to clamber into a trip for the return to the mine. He gazed after the retreating form of the superintendent.

His eyes were malevolent.

CHRISTINE was waiting for Selden next morning. The office was in keeping with the camp. Instead of being built on to the commissary, the Ivanhoe offices were in a neat red-trimmed cottage set apart from the remainder of the camp buildings and affording from the wide windows a view of the tipple and the mine opening. The cottage was on a small knoll, and from Selden's windows Christine could see the whole life of the camp. It was one of the secrets of Selden's knowledge of the camp that sometimes puzzled Ivanhoe. The superintendent left nothing to chance.

Selden nodded pleasantly when he came in, immaculate, the lines of his face clean-cut and his gray eyes impersonal. Watching him, Christine resolved to change that. Once when he had looked at her his eyes held a message that was absent now, but behind his reserve it was there. The summons to Selden's office, given her the night before by her father, told her that. He was committed and he did not suspect that she was other than she seemed. It was worth the waiting.

"Just a minute until I get things going," Selden said and pressed a buzzer.

A clerk from the outer room answered and to him Selden spoke rapidly. Christine caught words about the airway, fall of rock in Thirteen Left, shipments for Pittsburgh, failure of the empties to arrive from the Lackawanna Southern, and it finally wound up with a demand for the mine foreman.

"There's been enough trouble with the roof in the third level," the superintendent said crisply when the foreman appeared. "Take your floating gang to-day and sweep the roof; pull down all the loose rock and clear it away. You may have to shoot some of it, but the rock boss will attend to that. When you get the roof clear renew all the timbering. Don't be afraid of putting in too much timber; it will be cheaper in the end. And see that there is no more trouble in there. It cost us forty tons in our production yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the foreman, a short, squat man whom Christine knew vaguely as Alex Pound. "And how 'bout the sprinklin'? She's pretty dry."

"How often are you sprinkling now?" Selden asked.

"Twice a week."

"That's enough for the present. We haven't enough men to do it oftener."

"All right, sir," Pound answered. "But she shore is gittin' dry. You want to watch out—"

"I will," interrupted Selden. "When I want it oftener I'll let you know. That will do. You can go."

WHEN the man went out Selden turned to Christine. His eyes were still impersonal but his tone was not as sharp as when he had spoken to the foreman. Then it had been dynamic, instantly decisive and brooking no argument.

"Ready to start to-day?" he asked.

"But—but I don't know what I'm to do or what it is all about," she answered, affecting bewilderment. "Father just told me to be here. He would not say another word. I wondered that he let me come. You must have spoken to him."

Selden's voice was a trifle grim. "I did."

"I wish I could find arguments as persuasive as yours," she said. "You see, previously they have been used

(*Continued on page 40*)

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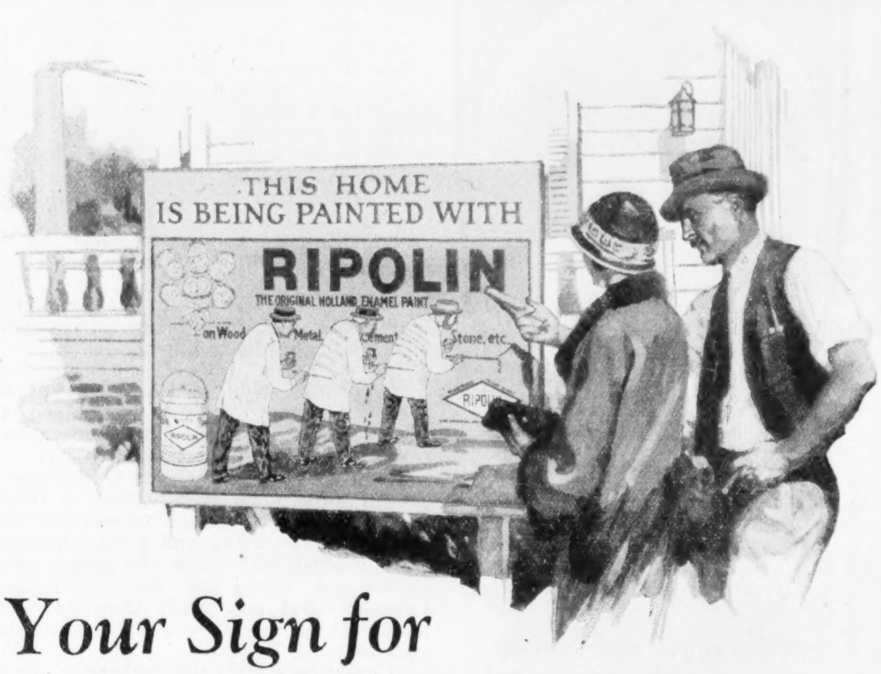

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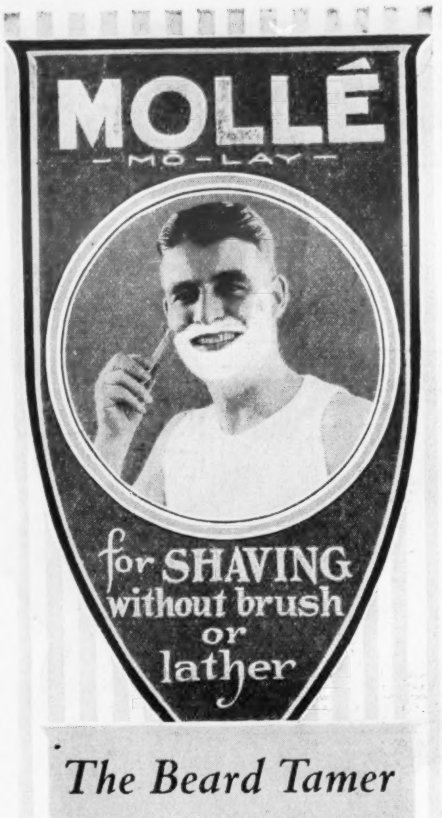
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The Deep Seam

Continued from page 39

against me and it is novel to find them on my side."

Selden dismissed it with a wave of his hand. "After all, the thing that matters is that you are here. Do you recognize this?" Christine nodded, but Selden answered anyway: "It is the first step toward carrying out the promise I made you. I am going to keep you with me."

"Here!" Christine's heart leaped. Then she remembered her pose and a discontented frown wrinkled her face. "But I wanted to leave Ivanhoe!"

"I did not promise to help you do that. It is not my plan to have you leave."

"Then I do not see that you are helping me. It is being in Ivanhoe that I particularly object—"

"That doesn't interest me," said Selden indifferently. "You aren't prepared to go on your own yet. You have to crawl before you can walk. I warned you when you appealed to me that you might not like my way. Of course I could have done differently. I could have given you enough money for you to have gone away and done whatever you wished, but when the money was gone you would not have been any nearer what you want than you are now. You would still have been dependent."

Christine could not forbear a question. "I wonder if you know exactly what I do want?"

SELDEN'S answer was confident. "A good bit better than you know yourself, I think. But that is beside the point. I am going to give you a job."

"A job! Here?"

"Yes. Here with me, where I'll be able to work out for you the plan I have decided upon. I don't know whether you'll like it or not; possibly not, because it isn't going to be particularly pleasant, but I think you'll find it much better in the end."

Christine was sure of it, but she only answered, "Suppose you tell me."

"I'm going to give you a place in my office. I've always had a man, but the last one left rather suddenly."

Christine dared a question. "Why?"

"He didn't know when matters were confidential. He won't work in the mine fields again."

Christine looked down. She did not want his keen eyes to see that she understood the thrust. "Women are supposed to talk more than men."

"You won't. Anyway, I'll chance it, and there's always a remedy. Besides, you have more at stake than just a job and that would keep you silent if loyalty did not."

Christine raised her brows. "You expect me to be loyal?"

Selden answered impatiently. "Of course. To your job if not to me. Any job that is worth holding at all should command the loyalty of the person holding it. That's the first lesson you'll learn if you expect to stand on your own feet in the business world."

"Is that what you are planning for me?"

"Naturally. As I understand it, you want something permanent, therefore it is necessary to begin with the foundation. As I told you, I could have given you money, but that could have been taken from you. What I plan to give you will be yours and no one can take it."

"What is it?"

Selden's long jaw snapped shut. Then he said: "Knowledge. That's what it takes to be independent. Knowledge of your own line. Be a little better than the average. I'm going to make a stenographer out of you."

"A stenographer!" Christine's scornful tone hid her growing pleasure.

"Wait a minute; don't turn up your nose. I don't mean an ordinary stenographer. You can get those by the hundred. I mean a mine stenographer, and they come high." He lifted a finger at her to emphasize his words. "Mining is a technical profession. It has a language of its own. Before I am done with you I intend for you to be my chief clerk. Are you interested?"

Christine nodded. "Very much."

"There is a lot more to mining than just digging coal. If your coal costs you two dollars a ton to get it to the surface and you sell it for $1.80, you're losing money. You must know what your coal costs and how to apportion your expense to see that it doesn't run too high. It isn't simple. That's one of the big things you'll have to learn—mine accounting. You can't do it by yourself, but I'll be here to help you and I'll see that you don't get side-tracked. Six months with me under that sort of instruction and you'll be welcome in any mine office in America. You'll command enough money to make you independent and that is what you want, if I understand you."

"That's what I want, but—but isn't this rather slow?" Christine was dissembling again. Six months in the same office with him under these conditions! She could only blame herself if she did not . . . succeed in that time.

Selden again showed a trace of impatience. "Slow? Of course it's slow! So is everything else that is worth while. Now, there is one other thing before we go into this. I can't do it all. You'll have to help and you'll have to study and you'll have to work hard. It isn't going to be easy. This is the way I have chosen to help you, but if you don't like it I'll wash my hands of the whole affair."

Again Christine dissembled. "You leave me no choice and you know it. When do I begin?"

Selden whirled to his desk and handed her a package. "Here are the first lessons in a stenographic course, the best that you can buy by mail. It'll be good enough and I'll help you. I learned from it and I'm a good stenographer myself."

Christine took the lessons a little dazed. "But—but how am I to study and work too?"

"You'll study at night and work in the daytime. One is the theory and the other the practice. It isn't as difficult as it sounds. Others have done it and you'll have to if you want to get anywhere."

"Very well. What shall I do now?"

SELDEN halted her as she rose and took off her hat. "One minute. There is something to be added. In the office we will set aside the personal equation. You have come to me for help and in view of the past I have brought you in here. But I shall expect the same from you as from any other employee."

Christine stiffened. All her anger at the man flamed up at his warning. Inwardly she resolved to make him pay dearly for the words, but all she said was:

"You mean that I am not to forget that you are the superintendent and that I— You need not worry. I shall not."

"Good!" Selden grunted. "There's your desk. Sort those car records according to dates and file them under Production in that cabinet."

Christine's work in Selden's office marked the beginning of a new life for her. She found her mind fully occupied with the tasks of each day and at first there was scant time for thoughts of anything save business.

It was not easy, but Christine learned much faster than she would have believed possible. To her surprise, Selden was not impatient when she made mistakes. There were mistakes, many of them, but she did her best not to make the same error twice.

As the days passed to weeks and the weeks to months, Christine became conscious of Selden's increasing interest. He grew less detached. She thought that his old feeling for her was stirring and she never failed to respond to the personal nuance in his voice. Sometimes he became conscious of his tone and abruptly checked himself, but Christine was content. She was progressing and that was enough.

Under Selden's guidance she learned prodigiously. The days seemed too short for what she must understand. First he introduced her to pay-roll work and her head swam while she transferred the figures from the top-house weight sheet to the cash ledger. He spoke of nothing but the pay-roll until Christine understood it and was able to work as swiftly as the cashier. Then Selden progressed to the shipping department; then cost accounting; then the commissary and the purchase of supplies; then into the organization of the workers underground. Designedly he saw that the mine held no mysteries for her.

THE growth of intimacy between two people is an intangible thing. Scarcely ever can one put a finger on a definite spot and say, "This is the starting point."

Not that Selden and Christine grew intimate—she was too wary for that. He must be over his depth before she could risk what she planned. Her manner toward him grew softer; sometimes when they were alone she ventured a reference to days before her marriage.

Once she came across some pension sheets and cried out at the sight of a familiar name.

"Is Tom Graham dead, Jerry? We knew him when he was fire boss."

The "Jerry" was involuntary, but she was not sorry after it slipped out. If there was no rebuke—

Selden looked at her and she fancied his face flushed. "He was killed by a gas pocket while you were gone."

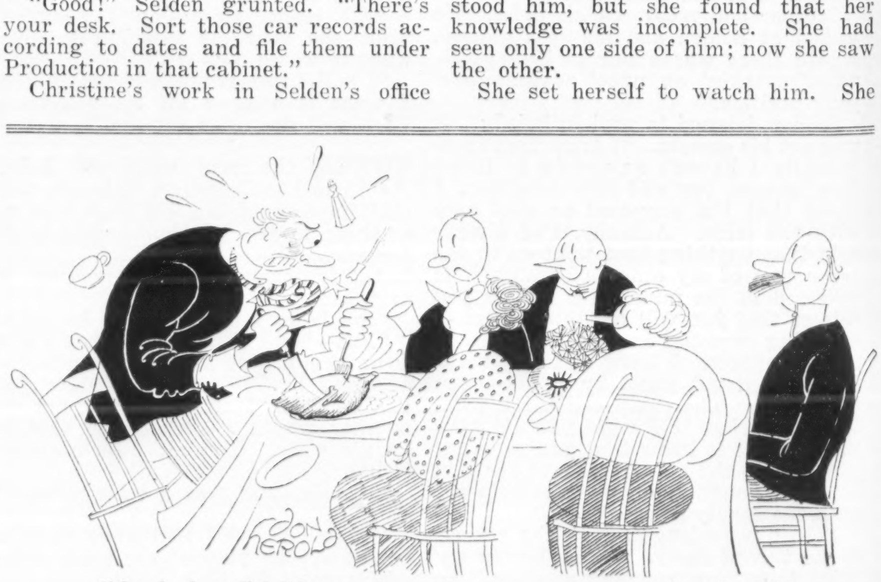
"A lot of things happened while I was away." Christine sighed.

"Yes," Selden agreed tonelessly. "Quite a lot."

Christine turned back to her notebook and Selden went on with his papers. She thought the flush lingered in his face. Certainly his tone had been meaning. She tapped the desk thoughtfully. If she could see him elsewhere than at the office, matters might be hastened. But Selden had not thawed that much and she feared to dare too greatly. She must not be obvious.

Christine realized early that she had much to learn about Selden. In the old days she had thought that she understood him, but she found that her knowledge was incomplete. She had seen only one side of him; now she saw the other.

She set herself to watch him. She



"Gosh, but I'd like to shoot the man who shot this duck!"

came to know how he governed the camp. She saw his hand heavily on Ivanhoe, and her sympathies were all with the men he ruled so ruthlessly.

She did not protest. She shrugged her shoulders and attended to her own affairs. She had no idea of attempting to change him. The more the camp hated him, the readier it would be to laugh when she—

Hall, the cashier, appeared one morning before Selden with a handful of papers. "Trouble here, sir," he said.

Selden turned alertly. "What is it?"

Hall spread the papers before Selden. "These are Enoch Simon's commissary checks, and they are twenty dollars out of balance. He hasn't traded them in at the commissary."

Selden picked up one of the cards. It was a square piece of cardboard with perforated coupons marked "5c," "10c" and "25c." In the center of the card was a serial number and on each of the coupons. The check, issued to miners against pay day on the first of every month, was signed by Selden as superintendent. On the card was the miner's name, "Enoch Simon," written in by the cashier when issued. These commissary checks are the currency of the mining camp. Selden shuffled the cards and the coupons, which had been assorted after being returned from the commissary. He frowned. "Get Simon up here," he ordered.

SIMON was boss chainer, and a telephone message to the foreman's office underground brought him riding a trip to the surface. Selden asked questions while the cashier stood by. Christine listened from her place at her desk.

"Where are the remainder of your commissary checks?" the superintendent demanded.

Simon shifted and looked around in distress. "I ain't spent 'em yet, sir," he said.

"That isn't true." The superintendent spoke brusquely. "Look here. Here's a check issued to you on the 28th and you've spent it at the commissary and the coupons have come back. The missing checks were issued on the 14th, 17th and 18th. That shows on the pay sheets. What did you do with them?"

Simon hesitated. "I—I had to have some money and—and—"

"And you sold them?" Selden questioned.

"Ye-es, sir."

Selden considered him coldly. "Who to?" he demanded.

"One of my buddies."

Selden's eyes bored into the man before him. "There's no use in lying to me. Who got those checks?"

Simon ceased to equivocate. "Mr.—Mr. Mann down to the depot," he stammered.

"What did he give you?"

"Eighty cents."

"So you got sixteen dollars for twenty dollars' worth of checks. Didn't you know that was against the rules? Look here." Selden's finger rested on the warning in red printed on every check, "Not transferable."

Simon shifted unhappily. "Ye-es, sir. But I needed money powerful bad."

"Right after pay day? You've been gambling. You know the penalty."

Simon's throat worked convulsively. "You ain't gonna fire me, Mr. Selden?"

Selden did not answer, but turned to Hall. "Send word to the commissary not to accept these checks when they are presented. You've got the numbers. And don't let the office cash them for anyone but Simon. I won't have check scalping started in this camp. I'll speak to Mann." Then he looked at Simon. "This will cost you a ten-day lay-off. The next time you do this come and get your time. Get out."

As weeks grew into months Christine became more and more certain that the end of her task was approaching. Selden, now, was increasingly conscious of her presence. His taciturnity was eased when they were alone.

Christine lured him subtly forward, hiding her bitterness behind smiling lips and eager eyes. She thought Selden found her frank homage pleasant and showed more and more inclination to seek it.

Selden was still self-contained, still dominant, but she felt the difference—intangible but none the less real.

After months in the office her moment came upon her unheralded. It was spring, and she gazed out the window of the office in dreamy contemplation of the hills. Behind her Selden came in unobserved. He glanced at her keenly, and then sat at his desk, his eyes still fixed on her. Feeling the weight of his gaze at last, she turned.

"The outside calling?" he asked.

Her heart leaped at the tone and what it told her. He had read her thoughts, and she nodded.

Selden threw himself back in his chair. "Still anxious to leave Ivanhoe?" he asked.

"Do you think I could?" she countered.

He made his announcement calmly. "You're finished. You have all I can give you."

"You mean I can stand on my own feet?"

He nodded. "You can hold your own in any mine office or anywhere else. There's no reason why you should remain in Ivanhoe longer than you wish."

Christine looked down and began marking tiny circles on her pad. Selden was watching her closely. "Suppose I am not so anxious to leave as I was?" she asked.

Looking up at him, she thought she saw a momentary expression of pleasure on his face. His tone when he answered was a little vibrant.

"If that is true, I have taught you even more than I hoped."

Christine accepted the opening offered by his words. "You have taught me many things I did not expect to learn. I—I quite realize what you have done for me." Her voice was purposely low, and she kept her eyes averted.

"You have been an apt student."

"I feel that I have reached the end of one part of my life." Christine spoke slowly. "I am about to begin another, and I would not like to leave anything unfinished." She raised her eyes to his and the lure showed plainly. She marked Selden's restless movements as she continued, "I feel that I owe you something for what you have done, and I don't know how to repay you."

It was Selden's turn to fall silent. He appeared to be debating with himself; his face was dark as he stared at his desk. Then he raised his head and looked at her. She was conscious that the barrier between them was being deliberately lowered.

"You honestly feel that what you have received has been worth the returning?"

"Very much so," answered Christine and prodded him again. "It isn't fair to take all this from you and not give something in return. But I have so little to offer."

Selden's voice was restrained when he spoke at last.

"You have more to offer than you know," he said.

Christine pretended surprised misunderstanding. "Have I? Tell me."

SELDEN tossed aside his pencil. He seemed to have reached a decision. "I—the office is no place for this. Could you come over to the lodge some night. Then we can talk without interruption. Perhaps I may have another place to offer you."

Christine could not mistake his words or his tone. They told her plainly that her task was done. She dallied with the thought.

"I—is that necessary?" she dissembled.

Selden nodded. "I much prefer it that way."

"Then I'll come," promised Christine. "Not to-morrow or the next day, but perhaps the third day."

Christine's delay was intentional. She must have time to think. When she went to the lodge she must be very sure of herself, and the wait would make him impatient. She looked down to hide the elation in her eyes. Selden spoke abruptly.

"Very well. I shall be waiting."

Christine was not deceived by his tone. She stole a look at him and was content with what she saw.

(To be continued next week)

A hint for the man who breakfasts in a hurry

"*Breakfast ready?*" says the average man, coming downstairs at a gallop. "*I've got to hurry!*" . . . So he eats a big breakfast in haste and repents at leisure—or he makes the nourishment fit the time and three hours later feels "all in"! But take it from the food experts, nourishment needn't depend on *quantity* alone. A small amount of tempting food, supplying a *large* amount of varied nourishment, is the best hint for the man who must breakfast in a hurry.

This one delicious food supplies five of the essential elements of nutrition

EVERYBODY'S breakfast appetite isn't the same. Yet every one of us is trying to get, from his favorite breakfast, nourishment to fit him for the morning's job.

And that's where modern foods and cooking fool us! They offer us countless dishes which please our palates and satisfy our hunger—*and cheat our bodies of the vital elements of nutrition!*

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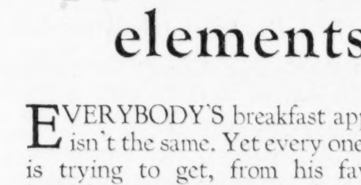
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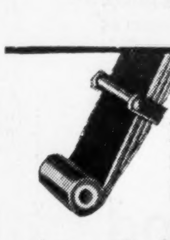

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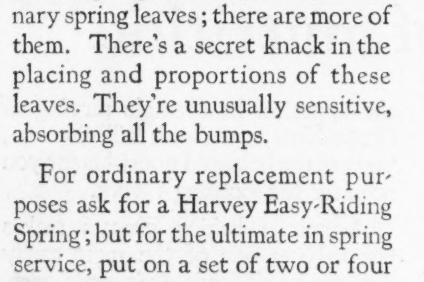

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RACINE

Yesterday's Gun Fighters

Continued from page 14

could exert upon those of their own class who were not as expert and as fearless as they. For this reason John Selman had the good element behind him. And because the permanent sporting element in the town and the itinerant toughs, who drifted in for a celebration now and then, both knew that nothing delighted the old cattle rustler more than to get tangled up in a gun fight he had their support also.

When strangers who didn't know John Selman, or who had, under the influence of bad whisky, disregarded warnings given them by their friends and started anything in the nature of a disturbance, Selman was generally on hand to see to it that the celebration was concluded with a funeral.

One occasion of this kind is of outstanding interest. Bass Outlaw, deputy United States marshal; "Kid" McKittrick, a cowpuncher from somewhere, and one other man whose name I have forgotten, dropped into El Paso for the purpose of "pulling off a spree."

In those days the ethics involved in the pastime of going on a spree required that, after a certain amount of liquor had been consumed, a sporting house had to be visited and the place shot up a bit—just for the amusement of the girls.

The trio chose the sumptuous establishment owned by Tillie Howard as the scene of their endeavors, and in the middle of a hot afternoon they rang Tillie's doorbell. No sooner had they been admitted into the gaudily furnished hallway than they jerked out their six-shooters and cut loose at the bric-à-brac and the chandeliers.

Tillie, who could see from this enthusiastic action on the part of her guests that there was a stormy hour or two ahead for everybody, ran out on the back porch and blew a police whistle, and John Selman, who was in the immediate neighborhood, responded to the call.

Was Proud of His Record

SELMAN came through the back alley and started to climb over a six-foot board fence. As he threw his leg up, Outlaw, who had come out on the porch to deprive Tillie of the whistle, took a shot at it, the bullet entering just above the knee. This little setback, however, didn't deter Selman for even a fraction of a second. On the contrary, it gave him a personal interest in the affair that had been lacking up to that moment. And so, clambering on over the fence, he limped his way across the yard, up on the back porch and into the hallway. As he opened the hall door and stepped inside he was welcomed by a regular fusillade of shots from the three joy makers—but he wasn't touched.

The trio, however, had no such good fortune. With his first shot Selman killed Bass Outlaw; with his second he accounted for McKittrick, who dropped in one of the parlors—thereby spoiling an expensive rug—and then, seeing the third offender retreating through the front door, he hobbled along in pursuit, followed the man across the street into an Italian saloon, and killed him.

Naturally services of this kind, rendered to a community by a man who was spoken of by one newspaper writer of the day as being "as gentle as a child," caused Selman to be respected and feared, and impressed everybody with the idea that it was much better to have him doing official duty as a peace officer than it would be to have him running at large practicing his arts on the best citizens.

Of course Selman was proud of his record—who wouldn't have been? And so were the citizens of El Paso, who, as time went on, came to look upon the old rascal as a regular part of the municipal machinery which could be counted upon to function efficiently at all times and under the most adverse conditions.

And then, just about the time that "Uncle John," as the younger generation called him, had filed the twentieth notch on the butt of his gun, word was received that a rival was approaching. The news came that John Wesley Hardin—the son of a Methodist minister, the greatest man killer that Texas had ever produced, an insatiable slayer with twenty-seven victims to his credit—was coming to El Paso to live.

On the day of Hardin's arrival El Paso's tactless mayor called upon the gentleman and paid tribute to his greatness by bluntly informing him that if he started anything in the town he was to be killed first and arrested later.

Naturally this unexpected sop to his ego only served to stimulate Hardin's activities, and he at once proceeded to do a lot of things that it would have been entirely impossible for any mere prairie gun toter or border tough to get away with. Then, as a culminating offense against society, he brazenly boasted that he had paid two men to assassinate an outlaw named McRose in order that he might become the possessor of a blond beauty with whom he was living openly and who had previously belonged to the dead man.

At that time Selman, who was then a county officer, had a son, "young John," who was a member of the El Paso police force. This boy precipitated trouble by arresting the blond lady and causing her to be fined $50 for carrying a gun. Hardin was out of town at the time the arrest was made, but when he returned and was told of it by the outraged woman he was justly furious and swore ample vengeance. Young John stayed out of Hardin's path. But not so his father.

Hardin opened the discourse by asserting that young John was a cowardly pup who would not have dared to arrest his "woman" if he had been in town. He was on the point of closing his remarks with some uncomplimentary references to the entire Selman family when Uncle John interrupted him.

"Hardin," he said, "there's no man on earth who can talk about my boy like that without fightin', and you yourself are just a low-down, cowardly skunk and—" Just a few other things.

"But I'm not armed," replied Hardin.

"Go and get your guns," retorted Selman. "I am."

"All right," said Hardin. "I'll get my guns, and when I come back I'll come smoking and I'll make you pull like a wolf around the corner."

The above somewhat censored conversation took place at about seven o'clock in the evening. Thirty minutes later John Wesley Hardin was dead.

The man killer had not kept his promise in full. He had gone home and armed himself, because two .41-caliber pistols were found upon his body. But he hadn't returned "smoking," as he said he would. Nor had he made any other demonstration which was calculated to make Selman "pull like a wolf around the corner." On the contrary, Hardin seems to have rather avoided the old man, who, after he had grown tired of waiting for Hardin to come out of the saloon, went in after him.

Hardin was standing at the bar shaking dice with a friend. Selman, seeing him thus engaged, jerked out a pistol, plugged him squarely in the back of the head, and then put three bullets through his body after he fell.

The killing of Hardin, however, was not as cold-blooded as the above description would make it appear because, according to the testimony which was introduced at the trial (on which testimony Selman was acquitted on the ground that he had fired in self-defense), it developed that when Selman opened the door and walked into the saloon Hardin saw him in the mirror back of the bar and reached for his gun. But he was too slow. Selman saw the hip motion, and drew and fired before Hardin could turn around.

Following this exploit, with John Wesley Hardin's demise to his credit, Selman at once became the super-gunman of the state of Texas. But the crown was one that he was not destined to wear for a great length of time.

When John Wesley Hardin had first appeared in El Paso, John Selman and a deputy United States marshal named George Scarborough had actually quarreled with one another in a delightful argument over which one of them would eventually have the honor of "bumping off" the great man killer. As we have seen, the honor finally fell to Selman. From that time on there was a slumbering animosity between the two men.

The climax of the rivalry came on so unexpectedly and with so few witnesses present that the event which terminated in the death of John Selman has always presented itself to the people of the Southwest as an insoluble mystery.

There are two stories told in regard to the affair.

The most picturesque version, and the one most popularly received, is that the two men met at the bar in the Wigwam saloon (the Wigwam was the place where the Bradley brothers, the gambling kings of Florida, got their start in life) and indulged in a quarrel as a result of which they agreed to step out into the alley and fight a duel. The men were to stand back to back, walk ten paces away from each other and, on the count of ten, were to draw, wheel and fire.

This program was carried out to the letter. But when Selman reached for his gun he found his holster *empty*, and Scarborough, not realizing that he was shooting at an unarmed man, fired four shots into his adversary's body, from the effects of which Selman died within a few hours.

Agree on One Important Point

THE other version, taken from a newspaper report printed on April 5, 1896, is as follows:

"John Selman, the victor in not less than twenty shooting affrays in Texas, the exterminator of bad men and the slayer of John Wesley Hardin, is dying to-night with a bullet hole through his body.

"About three months ago Selman and United States Deputy Marshal George Scarborough had a quarrel over a game of cards, since which occurrence the relations between the two men have not been cordial. This morning at four o'clock they met in the Wigwam saloon and both were drinking.

"Scarborough says that Selman said to him, 'Come on out, I want to see you,' and that after the two had gone out in the alley Selman, whose son is in jail in Juarez, Mexico, on a charge of abduction, said further, 'I want you to go over the river with me this morning. We must get that boy out of jail.'

"Scarborough expressed his willingness to go with Selman, but said that no 'bad breaks' must be made in Juarez, at which point Selman reached for his pistol with the remark, 'I believe I'll kill you.'

"Scarborough pulled his gun and began shooting. At the second shot Selman fell, and Scarborough fired two more shots as Selman attempted to rise. When Selman was searched no pistol could be found on him or anywhere around him."

These two accounts of the death of John Selman agree in only one important respect. In both it is positively stated that he had no gun on at the time he was killed and yet, in very recent years, two men have appeared, one in New Mexico and one in Texas, each one of whom violently asserts that he is the owner and possessor of the pistol that John Selman wore on that eventful night.

Not long after killing Selman, Scarborough was himself killed in a gun fight in New Mexico, his slayer being Tom Capecart, alias "Kid Curry," one of the most active and industrious bandits that ever came out of the territory of Arizona.

Next week Mr. White will tell the story of John Wesley Hardin, the minister's son who became a noted outlaw

What Senators Say

Continued from page 15

be considered as political patronage, but the officers should be held personally responsible and they should be permitted to select the men who they think will honestly and fearlessly perform their duties.

CHARLES CURTIS, Republican,
KANSAS.

Deneen Goes on Record

I would favor placing prohibition-enforcement officials under civil service through the law.

CHARLES S. DENEEN, Republican,
ILLINOIS.

A Forceful Statement

I believe selection of prohibition-enforcement officers should be made regardless of politics and in no way a part of the patronage of senators. Even if changes in officials are made, it only substitutes one set of politicians for those who have failed so miserably in prohibition enforcement up to this time.

C. C. DILL, Democrat,
WASHINGTON.

He Passes the Buck

What is your suggestion as to selection of prohibition-enforcement officers?

T. COLEMAN DU PONT, Republican,
DELAWARE.

"Unreasonable and Unwarranted"

I am quite sure senators would not abuse the privilege of selecting prohibition directors, whatever might be their individual opinion of the wisdom of some of the Volstead Act restrictions. They have full appreciation of the exacting responsibility of the office and the necessity to endeavor to enforce all laws.

However, because of the admitted failure to secure anything like observance in the past, and with the conviction that the unreasonable and unwarranted Volstead Act is largely responsible for general law disrespect, I would personally prefer that General Andrews have unrestricted power to select his entire organization and have so advised him. Then, after a reasonable opportunity to secure results, we would better know whether enforcement is at all possible.

At least lack of appropriation or political interference could not be used as reason for failure in that event. Some practical relief might be possible.

WALTER E. EDGE, Republican,
NEW JERSEY.

This Senator Treads Water

I believe it to be the duty of senators, congressmen, public officials and everybody else to help in all ways possible the officials to enforce the law. If I know a man who is exceedingly efficient and happens to be a Republican and I should suggest an appointment, it might be charged political patronage. If the man happened to be a Democrat, it would mean of course that it was not.

In my state it happens that my party has been the party who advocated prohibition and urged its enforcement, so naturally it is thought the officials are taken mostly from my party. This is not altogether true, for I believe there are one or two of the opposing party who are enforcement officers, and I have no doubt they are very efficient.

In other words, when a senator knows a man (and he ought to know the men in his own state better than outside officials) and knows him to be efficient and the right man for the appointment, he should not hesitate to recommend him.

Now, this applies equally to Republicans and Democrats. I know very many Democrats who would make excellent officers, and I would be glad to recommend them, so that I do not believe that the selection should be a part of political patronage.

BERT M. FERNALD, Republican,
MAINE.

Against Patronage

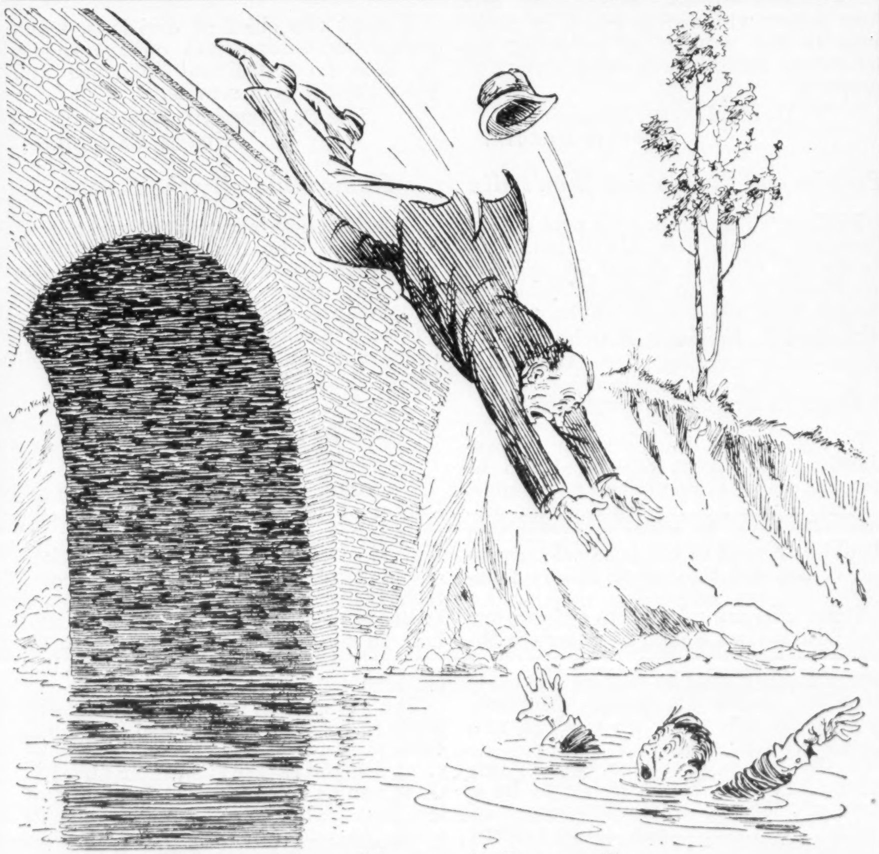
The selection of prohibition officials should not be a part of political patronage of United States senators. Law enforcement should not be distinctively political. It should be the function of the United States Government and not the function of a political party.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS, Democrat,
MICHIGAN.

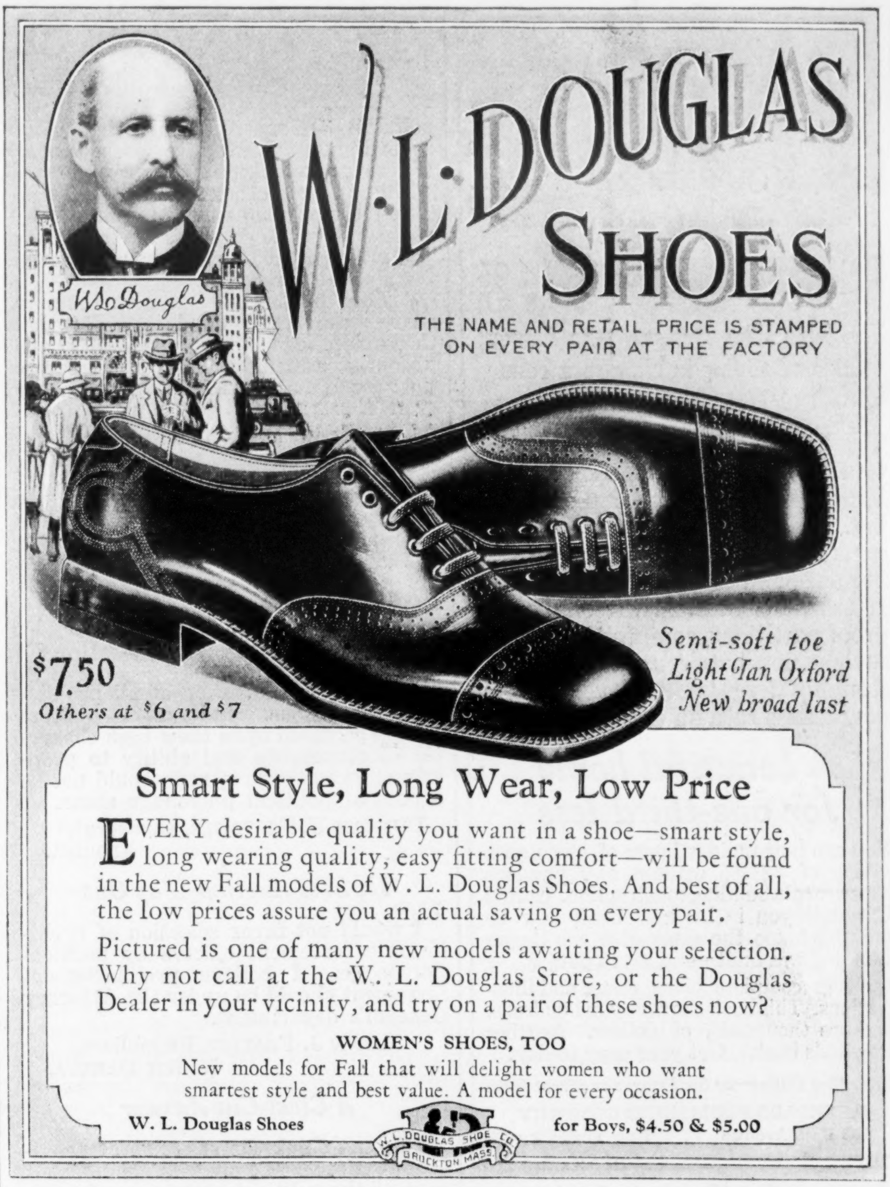
He Says Give Them a Free Hand

There is only one way to insure effectual administration of this law. Every

(*Continued on page 44*)



Drowning Man: "Save me! Save me!"
Diver: "Can't do it. I'm committing suicide!"



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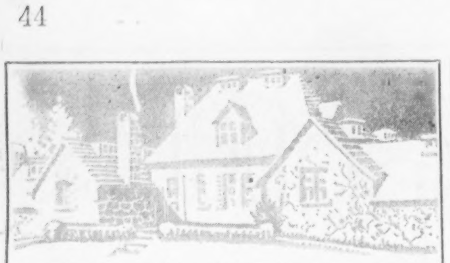

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, *of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1925.*

State of New York, County of New York, ss:
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank A. Mansfield, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Comptroller of P. F. Collier & Son Co., publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. (owners); stockholders of P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; George D. Buckley, Hearst Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; Albert E. Winger, 52 East 19th St., N. Y. C.; Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.; Joseph P. Knapp, 52 East 19th St., N. Y. C. Mrs. Myrtle Carpp, care of S. M. Carpp, Hartford, Mich.; S. M. Carpp, Hartford, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Peabody, Houghteling & Company, Chicago, Ill.; First Trust Co. of Appleton, Appleton, Wisconsin; Knapp Securities Corporation, New York City.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

F. A. Mansfield, Comptroller.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of September, 1925. [Seal] Michael J. Ducey,
Notary Public, Bronx County, N. Y.
Certificate filed in N. Y. County.
(My commission expires March 30th, 1926.)

What Senators Say

Continued from page 43

political influence should be made subordinate to effective enforcement. Wherever appointments are dictated with a purpose other than an eye single to effective administration the cause must suffer. It destroys responsibility and removes the one necessary essential for wise enforcement.

I very much prefer to give those in charge the freest hand in order that the public can fix responsibility and properly administer discipline where the law enforcement is winked at or evaded.

SIMEON D. FESS, Republican,
OHIO.

[*Note: Senator Fess answered our inquiry by sending a copy of his letter to our state enforcement officer, who had asked to have a friend appointed to the federal enforcement staff. Above is an extract from that letter.*]

He Hedges in One Word—"Alone"

I believe the selection of all prohibition-enforcement and other officers should be based upon their high character of citizenship and ability to properly enforce the law, and should not be a part of political patronage alone.

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, Democrat,
FLORIDA.

He Sees Another Way Out

I would not favor selection of prohibition-enforcement officers by political patronage. I believe prohibition-enforcement should be under the Attorney General's department.

LYNN J. FRAZIER, Republican,
NORTH DAKOTA.

A Clear-Cut Answer

I do not think the selection of prohibition-enforcement officials should be a part of the political patronage of senators.

WALTER F. GEORGE, Democrat,
GEORGIA.

Senator Glass Doesn't Want Patronage of Any Kind

I most assuredly do not think prohibition-enforcement officers should be a part of the political patronage of United States senators or anybody else. The fact is, I do not believe in political patronage, anyhow. I agree with Mr. Cleveland that public office is a first trust.

CARTER GLASS, Democrat,
VIRGINIA.

Patronage With One "However" and One "But"

I believe that as a general thing the endorsement of senators for official appointments is the best method of making a selection in connection with prohibition enforcement. However, I think senators should not be governed by the general rules concerning federal patronage, but should confine themselves to considerations of merit only in making endorsements.

J. W. HARRIS, Republican,
OKLAHOMA.

Take It Out of Politics

I believe the administration should be charged with the duty of handling the affairs of the government properly and held accountable by the people for same; but in the selection of administrative officials for the enforcement of the prohibition law I am of the opinion that the very best men obtainable should be procured for the positions and the selection disassociated from politics in every way possible.

WILLIAM J. HARRIS, Democrat,
GEORGIA.

What is Patronage?

I think that senators should be consulted regarding the fitness of men to be appointed in their states, but I do not believe that the selection of these men should be made a matter of political patronage for senators.

J. THOMAS HEFLIN, Democrat,
ALABAMA.

Out of Politics Entirely

I do not believe the selection of prohibition-enforcement officials should be part of the political patronage of United States senators. More important still, their selection should be a part neither of political patronage nor of politics at all. So far as I am concerned, none who have been selected in the state of California have been either suggested or recommended by me.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, Republican,
CALIFORNIA.

On Both Sides of the Fence

No man should be appointed a prohibition-enforcement officer about whose devotion to prohibition and law enforcement there is any serious question. If the men endorsed by senators and representatives are of this kind, they should be appointed; otherwise not.

WESLEY L. JONES, Republican,
WASHINGTON.

"Separate Unit is Absurd"

I believe it is absurd to create an independent organization such as a prohibition unit to enforce the criminal provisions of Volstead Act. Enforcement of all laws, including prohibition act, should rest with Department of Justice, and Attorney General should be held responsible for any failure to enforce the laws. If the prohibition unit is continued, I favor the selection of personnel outside of official patronage.

WILLIAM H. KING, Democrat,
UTAH.

Perfectly Definite

I favor taking appointment of prohibition-enforcement officials out of politics.

IRVINE L. LENROOT, Republican,
WISCONSIN.

He Has Faith

President Coolidge and General Andrews are making every effort to give to the country thorough and efficient enforcement of the prohibition law. Any policy which they adopt in reference to the manner of selecting enforcement officials will receive my full support.

W. H. MCMASTER, Republican,
SOUTH DAKOTA.

Politics and Prohibition Won't Mix

Politics will not mix with prohibition, therefore should be prohibited. Enforcement officials should be selected for fitness and free from political patronage from any source whatsoever.

CHARLES L. MCNARY, Republican,
OREGON.

Remove Entirely from Politics

In my opinion the selection of prohibition-enforcement officers should be removed as far from politics as possible. I therefore do not believe that the officers who are to enforce prohibition should be a part of the political patronage dished out to United States senators.

Those who are selected to enforce our prohibition laws should be chosen without reference to politics. The very best men possible should be chosen, and their selection should be based absolutely upon their integrity as citizens and their ability as officers.

If the selection of our prohibition-enforcement officials is going to be a part of the political patronage of United States senators, it is evident that politics will very largely control their selection, and we will not, in my opinion, have as capable officials to enforce the prohibition laws of the country as we would have if their selection were removed entirely from politics.

EARLE B. MAYFIELD, Democrat,
TEXAS.

"Helpful Advice from the Senate"

I think it perfectly proper for government officials to secure information from senators and congressmen as to qualifications of candidates for the prohibition-enforcement work where they are certain of helpful advice. I believe, however, that the failure of enforcement in many states is traceable to the fact that members of Congress who were unfriendly to the enforcement of the law in some cases secured the appointment of their friends for these propositions.

I commend the attitude of the President and General Andrews in insisting that first of all should be the fitness of the candidates and that political considerations should be unnecessary.

PETER NORBECK, Republican,
SOUTH DAKOTA.

Take Enforcement Off the Pie Counter

Prohibition-enforcement officers should be selected without regard to politics. The placing of these offices on the political pie counter will result in all kinds of corruption and will mean that the law will not be honestly enforced. The prohibition law will become the laughingstock of bootleggers, and political machines will be getting their revenue from violators of the law, who will be recompensed by having their representatives appointed to enforce a law, when, as a matter of fact, the very object of their appointment will be to select men who will go into partnership with them on a revenue basis in the violation of law.

Because these enforcement officers are scattered all over the country, it will mean the building up of a political machine as corrupt and as dishonest as ever existed. Men will contribute to campaigns for the privilege of indulging in the illegal sale of liquor. It will bring in, it is true, an enormous amount of money, but it will make prohibition enforcement a sham and a mockery.

The appointment of prohibition-enforcement officers should be based entirely upon merit and politics should be completely ignored.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican,
NEBRASKA.

Place It Under Civil Service

Except the chief of divisions, think prohibition-enforcement officers should be free from political influence and placed under civil service.

LEE S. OVERMAN, Democrat,
NORTH CAROLINA.

Home Rule—By the Senate

Prohibition-enforcement officers should be appointed by the executive department with the advice and consent of the senators. They should be honest, intelligent and efficient and reside in the territory assigned them. I believe in home rule by representative government.

W. B. PINE, Republican,
OKLAHOMA.

Enforce or Repeal

I am strongly opposed to having selection of prohibition-enforcement officials part of political patronage of United States senators. Prohibition-enforcement officials should be selected entirely because of merit without regard to party or the wishes of senators and held to strict accountability for faithful performance of duty with no political club held over them.

The prohibition law is extremely difficult to enforce at best, and if its officials are to be at the beck and call of party leaders rather than their director, there can be no effective enforcement of the law. They should be responsible solely to one directing head and he should be armed with full authority to see that the law is rigidly enforced.

In no other way can prohibition be

effective, and the law should either be enforced strictly or repealed.

JOSEPH E. RANSDELL, Democrat,
LOUISIANA.

Page Mr. Daugherty!

If the prohibiton statutes are to be honestly and decently enforced, the task should be turned over to the Department of Justice and should be, so far as possible, divorced from politics.

The outrages and corruption which have heretofore characterized the enforcement of the prohibitory laws urgently demand a change, but to transfer the patronage to the dominant political party is calculated to bring its standards to a level almost as low as the standards of those who have hitherto dictated these appointments. The bootlegger will become an important part of the political machine. Politics will be debased. Even the moonshiner will be further contaminated.

JAMES A. REED, Democrat,
MISSOURI.

For Patronage

I believe that the advice and consent of the Senate is highly desirable, as the Constitution designates.

THOMAS D. SCHALL, Independent,
MINNESOTA.

He's Hopelessly Optimistic

I do not believe that the selection of prohibition-enforcement officers should be part of political patronage. I believe that Secretary Mellon, General Andrews and Colonel Haynes will do everything within their power to separate the selection of these officers from political influence.

MORRIS SHEPPARD, Democrat,
TEXAS.

"Patronage is a Cheap Form of Bribery"

The enforcement of law is the function of the executive branch of the government. It has always been my opinion that the executive and legislative branches should not interfere with the functions of each other. The executive department should be free and independent in the selection of its personnel, with such exceptions as the Constitution provides.

Patronage handed out by the executive department to members of Congress, whether the House or the Senate, has, in my opinion, in many cases the effect of a cheap form of bribery of public officials who have been elected by their constituents to make laws and not to enforce them. Very often this system interferes with the proper enforcement of law.

I favor abolishment of all patronage given to members of Congress by the executive department of the government.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD, Farmer-Labor,
MINNESOTA.

Yes, But No—

Emergency prohibition enforcement requires appointment of only the trustworthy, capable and efficient. Recommendation of senators should be accorded due consideration, but should not be deemed controlling.

FURNIFOLD McL. SIMMONS, Democrat,
NORTH CAROLINA.

"May the Best Man Win"

I believe the best man that can be found should be appointed.

REED SMOOT, Republican,
UTAH.

Merit Only—With Advice

I believe that the selection of prohibition-enforcement officials should be entirely upon merit and should not be a part of political patronage. The enforcement of the prohibition laws has been one of the most unsatisfactory things that we have had in the administration of our public affairs, and it is absolutely necessary to divorce the enforcement of the prohibition laws from politics.

We will never have the prohibition law put in force as long as it is the football of politics. I believe the recommendations of United States senators should be given full weight and consideration, but that in the final appointment of officials merit solely should determine the appointment, regardless of political affiliations of the senator or the appointee.

LAWRENCE D. TYSON, Democrat,
TENNESSEE.

He Says He Never Recommends

I have made it a rule ever since the enactment of Volstead Law to refrain from recommending any person for appointment in the prohibition-enforcement service. I shall not presume to discuss what other senators differently situated should or should not do in this connection.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR., Republican,
NEW YORK.

Civil Service Again

I think that the selection of prohibition-enforcement officers should not be part of the political patronage of United States senators. I think prohibition-enforcement officers should all be placed under civil service and their appointment taken entirely out of politics.

THOMAS J. WALSH, Democrat,
MONTANA.

He is Loath to Let Go

Prohibition-enforcement officials having endorsement of senators should receive favorable consideration, provided their records show that they are competent, honest and worthy; otherwise not.

FRANCIS E. WARREN, Republican,
WYOMING.

He Supports Patronage

I voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and for the Volstead Act, and for every appropriation of funds to enforce both. Therefore I am interested in the selection of the men who are to enforce the act.

I believe that I am better qualified to make a suggestion as to the proper enforcing officers in Indiana than some outside man who has never been in the state or has been there merely to look up some individual whose name may have been suggested to him.

To say that I would not select the best man for the position is to reflect upon either my integrity or my knowledge of my constituents, and I therefore think that I should be consulted as to the proper persons to aid in the enforcement of prohibition in my state.

JAMES E. WATSON, Republican,
INDIANA.

He Spills the Beans

Prohibition enforcement should be free from all political influences. It therefore, in my opinion, should not be part of political patronage of United States senators. But why discuss it? Every appointment will be dictated by a Republican politician, whether the general public know it or not.

BURTON K. WHEELER, Democrat,
MONTANA.

He Favors Civil Service

In my judgment, selection of prohibition-enforcement officials should be determined on the basis of efficiency and ability and purpose to enforce the law. In general, prohibition officials should be in sympathy with the law. If an official does not believe in the law and has no confidence in his ability to enforce it, he will probably prove to be an inefficient officer.

I am one of those who in the last Congress actively supported the proposition to put enforcement officials under the civil service, and I still favor that principle.

FRANK B. WILLIS, Republican,
OHIO.

Vinland
Greenland
Iceland
The Path to VINLAND the good
EUROPA

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West—West to Iceland—West to Greenland—West to Frisland—to Vinland, with its gentle clime, its grapes, its fertile soil! Such was the path of the Vikings to America and New England five hundred years before Columbus touched San Salvador. When these settlements disappeared, Vinland became forgotten—became a myth like Atlantis.

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Arms and the Home

To the Editor of Collier's:

IN THE recent week's issue I note an editorial comment on the matter of so-called "gun-toting," and certain observations in regard to this matter.

Now, I'll readily grant the evils of promiscuous carrying of weapons by the undesirable section of the population; for this we have already excellent laws, were they but enforced to the letter, without political favor, etc., entering into the enforcement. But I firmly believe any national move will have about the effect of the present prohibition law: the crook will have all the weapons he desires, while the law-abiding man will have nothing to defend himself with should the need arise.

Remember, we haven't the police protection that is afforded citizens of the British Empire and a certain amount of protection must be afforded by our individual efforts. How about the office man; the pay-roll employee; the woman in the lonely home?

The United States Revolver Association, a body of citizens of excellent standing in every community, have had their attorneys formulate a most excellent law, and one widely adopted in individual states, including my own, and which does not forbid the carrying of weapons by American citizens, unconvicted of felony, but permits this when proper permits are issued by the authorities, on the recommendation of two freeholders in proper form. Weapons are allowed to be kept without formality in homes or places of business by the above-stated class of citizens, but woe betide the criminal caught with weapons in his possession while committing a crime. DONEGAN WIGGINS,
Salem, Ore.

His Funny Bone's All Right

To the Editor of Collier's:

Husband and I are distressed by the changed appearance of dear Uncle Henry, who, along with 'Lonzo, has given, and yet gives us, so much real delight.

A few short months ago his picture showed him to be keen and alert. It was clean-cut and impressive, full of verve. Now, for some reason, more than twenty years have been added to that face. The eyes have become lusterless, the mustache has grown scraggly and vagrant, and he looks fuzzy and moth-eaten, ready for the shelf.

As you are such an intimate friend of his, dear Mr. Editor, do persuade him to take the gland treatment or to do something that will restore him to his former vigor and comeliness.

MRS. F. W. S. LONERGAN,
Vancouver, B. C.

So Kansas Isn't Perfect Yet!

To the Editor of Collier's:

What's on your mind? What is on the mind of every father and mother with children in the public schools right now? *School books.* And we are not suited about it either, especially out here in Kansas, where there is no "Free Text Book" law, and where every four years all books are completely changed, and this happens to be the year.

To place three children in the grade schools this year I had to spend close to a week's salary for a working man, and discarded as useless perfectly good books that would amount to over twice that much.

Why can't we have Free Text Books, and in this way make our public schools what they really claim to be, "Free Public Schools."

We build fine school buildings and take away the means of education—books—and call our schools Free. How come? MRS. JOHN H. FORTUNE,
Atchison, Kans.

Good Americans, Né Japanese

To the Editor of Collier's:

I notice your offer to send a copy of the Constitution of the United States to any reader asking for it.

Please send me a copy, or if you like send two. I would like to send one to a Japanese friend—no mistake about this word friend—who is deeply interested in the U. S. Government.

He is a peculiar man, this friend of mine. In his family, which consists of himself, wife and three children, never is a word of Japanese spoken—all the conversation being conducted in English.

This man, whom I knew in Japan more than a quarter century ago as a cavalry officer in his country's army, a few months ago told me:

"Your government will not permit me to become an American citizen, nor my wife, because we were born in Japan, because we are not 'white' people; well, that's your government's business. I am training my boys to be good Americans, for your government will recognize them as citizens when they are grown, and this training is *my* business. J. B., Vernal, Utah.

We Aren't Always Right

To the Editor of Collier's:

The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police "always get their man." The Canadian courts are not corrupted by politics, privileges and sentimentality. Justice is certain and swift. As you rightly stated, in a recent issue of Collier's, where enforcement of law falters, respect for law is inevitably weak.

Perhaps if our government enforced some of the basic principles of the Constitution all this hubbub about the ineffectiveness of the eighteenth amendment would have no foundation for truth. Maybe, after all, our "Americanism" needs a bit of "Canadianism."

LESTER R. ROBERTS, Moscow, Idaho.

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The Old Soak's Family Suffers

To the Editor of Collier's:

Don Marquis, in his recent rampage about evolution (not for or against it), seems to be worried about enforcing prohibition. I figure he is a hard-nosed old sinner who likes his sniff of whisky regardless of who it strikes or how hard it hits.

He goes ahead and forgets that legislation never seeks to make people good. It strives only to establish an equitable and just balance of the possibilities of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—*between men!*

No man can get drunk without affecting unhappily at least a few other people. It is not so much the effect upon himself as it is the imposition upon and pain to others. The bigger and more powerful his car, the wider is his circle of destruction.

This thing of personal liberty being encroached upon is puerile talk. There is no such thing in a world like ours, with its millions of individuals and its tens of millions of interdependencies.

EARNEST T. PEARSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Just What We Meant

To the Editor of Collier's:

In printing the short letters from Edward William Bok and me as to whether it is right to use abbreviations, you say in your headline "Mister Bok." Permit me to call your attention to the words of the Oxford dictionary, the greatest of English dictionaries, which says that mister "is merely an occasional (chiefly jocular) rendering of the pronunciation of the word of which 'Mr.' is the accepted spelling."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON,
Ballard Vale, Massachusets (unjustifiably spelled "Massachusetts," which is decidedly worse than the "Mass." of which Mynheer Bok complains), September 19, 1925.

Speaking of Sport

To the Editor of Collier's:

I think I know something of real sport, for I have been more or less defaced in football, forced a bicycle from San Francisco to Los Angeles nearly thirty years ago over roads not at all fit for our gasoline-driven "wheels" of to-day, have boxed and wrestled, and have battled my way through the chilly autumnal breakers of Old Orchard for the sheer joy of getting outside them, and pitting my skill and endurance against the power and numbing cold of the surf and gambling on my ability to return when there was no one that could possibly give aid.

I have camped high in the Sierra Madres within a few yards of the decaying carcass of a grizzly-killed donkey, and tied my own burros close to where I slept with my rifle tucked under the edge of my blanket.

Although in my fiftieth year, I play tennis, ride an aquaplane and enjoy keeping track of intercollegiate and international athletics, but by no stretch of my imagination have I ever been able to understand how the word "sport" applied to satisfying the blood-lust of a mob of maniacs, few of whom are sports enough to even risk their own precious skins, but who will pay big money for the chance to gloat over professionals knocking out each other's teeth, deforming noses, splitting lips and finally, perchance, knocking an opponent senseless for a sum of money.

No, I believe I have lived and am living the life of a pretty good sportsman, but I agree with Collier's that prize fighting as it is to-day, was or ever will be is "no sport at all."

P. E. LENFESTEY, Oaks, Pa.

The Modern Portcullis

IN DAYS of old when knights were bold, the heavy grated portcullis served to keep the enemy out.

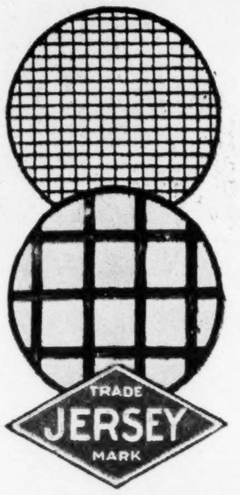
Today Jersey Copper Screen Cloth protects you from enemies far more deadly than those the portcullis baffled. Flies and mosquitoes—the carriers of typhoid, yellow fever, malaria, cholera and other fatal diseases—beat in vain against its lasting strands of pure copper.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth cannot rust because it is made of copper 99.8% pure. Furthermore, it has a decided advantage over ordinary copper screen cloth. The wire used in weaving it is made by a special Roebling process, which gives it stiffness and tensile strength comparable to steel.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, *16 mesh*, is a true *insect* screen cloth. It keeps out mosquitoes and other small insects as well as flies.

Jersey is made in either bright or dark finish, but most home owners prefer the latter. It goes through no weathering process. It is as nearly invisible as a screen cloth can be and *stays that way*.

If you cannot obtain Jersey Copper Screen Cloth in your locality, write us. We will tell you where you can get it and send you a booklet, *A Matter of Health and Comfort*, which you will find worth reading.



In the upper circle is shown an unretouched photograph, actual size, of Copper Screen Cloth (heavy grade) made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than twelve years.

In the circle below is the same Copper Screen Cloth enlarged 4 diameters.

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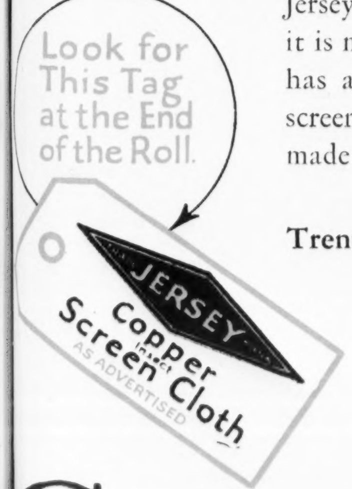
All Grades of Wire Cloth Made of All Kinds of Wire



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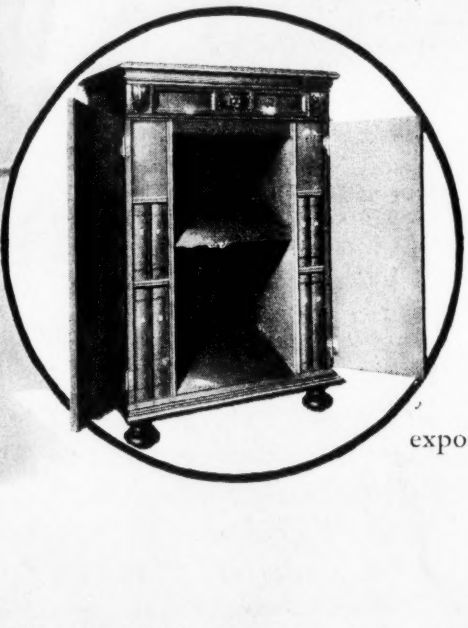

Instrument opened
exposing part of new amplifying system

One hearing of the new Orthophonic Victrola will change your whole conception of music in the home, in spite of all that the world has had to offer up to this time.

Hearing is necessary because description is inadequate. When you hear it we suggest that you note particularly how the bass "stands out" and gives a naturalness and fullness to the reproduction. That is the quality which is almost entirely absent from all other forms of reproduced music; and so it affords the most specific and the most obvious evidence of the great improvement which has been effected.

The principles which produced this fundamental development affect the whole range of performance. Note, for instance, the clarity and definition of each "voice" whether instrumental or vocal. These qualities appear as they have never appeared before; and throughout the whole performance there is a roundness and a resonance wholly new.

The Orthophonic Victrola increases the range of musical vibrations audible in reproduced music, and gives to each its proportionate value. To do this requires the large opening here shown and a scientifically designed amplifying system which is now employed for the first time in the history of the art.

Your dealer will be ready to show you the new instrument by October 30th.

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